









Happenings on the Pacific Slope.

**DOG CATCHES BOLD BURGLAR.**  
Well Done!  
Holds to His Trousers While He Holds to Rope.  
Afraid to Let Go, Man "Holders" for Help.  
Heaves Sigh of Relief When Policeman Comes In.

**SELLS LANDS FROM HIS CELL.**  
Seattle Prisoner Wanted in Kings County, Cal.  
Charged With Forging Deeds to Oil Properties.  
Convict Declares He Himself Is Victim of Forgery.

**SCRUTINIZE THE LEVEES.**  
River Consulting Board Decides to Inspect System in the State.  
River Consulting Board today it was decided to make a trip over the Sacramento and San Joaquin River systems to determine just where the most vulnerable points in the levee systems are and to ascertain which are most in need of the \$150,000 that will be available after July 1 and the \$100,000 still in the funds available between the present time and July 1, the end of the fiscal year. The board finally allowed the claim of the city of Suisun for \$5000 expended in rights of way for the work done by the Federal government in the Suisun Slough.

**AT MERCY OF CANINE.**  
To jump to the floor meant that he would be at the mercy of the canine, so the burglar remained in his precarious position until a policeman came to his rescue. He submitted to arrest with a sigh of relief.  
Early this morning the proprietor closed his saloon and as his custom left the watchdog in the place. An hour or two later the burglar climbed to the roof, opened the skylight and thrust in a piece of knotted rope. He lowered himself to the end and was about to jump to the ground when the bulldog sprang at him. The dog bit at his trousers and hung to him like a leech.

**KICKS AND SQUIRMES.**  
The burglar kicked and squirmed, but he could not make the dog release his hold. Then came the policeman, who had been attracted by the man's cries. It was with difficulty that the man was made to release his hold. And that he did with a mouthful of dirt in his teeth. The man arrested said the name of the dog was Knickerbocker and that he was a sailor.

**RUSSIAN BANK LOSSES.**  
Seattle Banking House Gets Decision in Suit Over Flour Cargo Lost in Japanese War.  
SEATTLE, March 1.—The suit of the Russian-Chinese Bank of St. Petersburg against the National Bank of Commerce of Seattle to recover \$150,000 paid by the former bank as agent of a flour importer at St. Petersburg during the war with Japan, was decided in the United States District Court today by a verdict in favor of the Seattle bank. While the Russian bank was the plaintiff, the National Bank of Commerce was the defendant. The case was brought by the former bank as agent of a flour importer at St. Petersburg during the war with Japan, was decided in the United States District Court today by a verdict in favor of the Seattle bank.

**SHIP ORCHIDS TO KING.**  
CALIFORNIA PRODUCTS CHOSEN.  
BY A. P. DAY WIRE TO THE TIMES.  
SAN MATEO (Cal.) March 1.—A shipment of 1500 rare orchids gathered largely from the Philippines and Central America and valued at \$10,000 has left a local nursery for England, consigned to the collections of King George, the Duke of Westminster and the Duke of Sutherland. Great care in the packing for shipment was required. Preliminary tests were made by sending plants to England and return in wool lined boxes, the result being entirely successful.

**PRISONER TO WEALTH.**  
CONVICT INHERITS ESTATE.  
BY A. P. DAY WIRE TO THE TIMES.  
SAN QUENTIN, March 1.—William Meyers laid aside his prison stripes today and walked out of the penitentiary with a parole in his pocket, free to return to Germany and claim the \$75,000 estate that awaits him. Meyers, who is a young man, left his home on becoming of age and fell prey to drink. While intoxicated he forged a check for \$25 with which to treat friends. His five-year term would have expired next December. But the prison directors were moved to grant a parole by his excellent conduct and the fact that the estate would revert to others if not claimed before that time.

**HIS PARTY IS HOSTILE.**  
MAYOR WILSON IN CHANCERY.  
BY A. P. DAY WIRE TO THE TIMES.  
BERKELEY (Cal.) March 1.—The West Berkeley branch of the Socialist party is out for the recall of J. Stitt Wilson, the Socialist Mayor, on the ground that he is unscrupulous and traitorous to his class, in resolutions passed by the branch. Wilson is further condemned as "seeking only his personal aggrandizement" and as "endeavoring to make a socialist issue out of a personal fight to maintain political office." The "personal fight" referred to relates to the quarrel over the proposed dismissal of School Superintendent Bunker, which has also resulted in the circulation of recall petitions for the school board.

**DIVORCES IN EVIDENCE.**  
SHOW STRONG IN MARRIAGE.  
BY A. P. DAY WIRE TO THE TIMES.  
SACRAMENTO, March 1.—Startling statistics showing the large proportion of marriages among divorced persons in the total number of marriages in California during 1911 were issued yesterday by George B. Leslie, of the State bureau of vital statistics. The figures show that approximately in every ten marriages during last year, one bride was divorced; and in eleven, approximately, one groom had been divorced. The number of divorces during the year was 9,800, or 1.7 per cent. of the total number of marriages during the year, against 9.5 per cent. in 1910; 1.4 per cent. in 1909; 1.7 per cent. in 1908; 1.4 per cent. in 1907; and 1.9 in 1906. These figures mean that as the proportion of divorces among divorced persons increases, the proportion of marriages between "divorced" and "maiden" increases. In 1911 the proportion of the "first marriage for both" variety in the total number of marriages was 34 per cent.; the annual average of these marriages during the years 1906-1910 was 73.9 per cent.

**WHOLESALE GRAFT ALLEGED.**  
Freight Department of the Northern Pacific in Spokane Reported to Be Honeycombed With It.  
BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.  
SPOKANE, March 1.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] An investigation of the Spokane freight department of the Northern Pacific Railroad is being prosecuted by a special agent from St. Paul and the local auditor. Graft on a wholesale scale is alleged as the result of the investigation. J. M. Rapelle, superintendent of the Idaho division, with headquarters in Spokane, today admitted the investigation was under way and that irregularities to an alarming extent have been discovered. The padding of the pay rolls to include the names of dead men formerly in the employ of the railroad is the specific charge that will be made. Large amounts are said to have been taken by this method. From two to eight men in the department are involved in the investigation and the speculations are said to date back between two and three years.

**LOSES A LEG.**  
SUES FOR DAMAGES.  
BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.  
STOCKTON, March 1.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Alleging that he had been seriously injured through the carelessness of the Southern Pacific Company, John M. Golins today filed a \$100,000 damage suit against that corporation. Golins alleges that on October 4, 1911, he was a passenger on train No. 31, running between Sacramento and Stockton; that he got off the train in Lodi, believing there would be a ten-minute stop, according to the time table, but that the train started sooner, necessitating him to run to catch it. He avers that, in boarding the car, the hand rail came loose and precipitated him under the wheels, with the result that his leg was fearfully mangled. Subsequently he had it amputated. In addition to exemplary damages he demands \$1452 medical fees.

**SLOPE BRIEFS.**  
Surety Concern Pays Up.  
OLYMPIA (Wash.) March 1.—[By A. P. Night Wire.] A check for \$15,000 was paid to the Attorney General of the State today by the bonding company which was security for Alexander Keay, the absconder from the City of Everett. This money will be turned over to the City of Everett. Keay left that place November 2, last year, saying he was going hunting.  
Gift for Mrs. Taft.  
SEATTLE, March 1.—[By A. P. Night Wire.] Two thousand young cherry trees, consigned to Mrs. Taft at Washington, D. C., formed part of the cargo of the steamship Mary, which arrived yesterday from the Orient. The trees are the gift of the Agricultural college of Tokio University.  
Entitled to Damages.  
SACRAMENTO, March 1.—[By A. P. Night Wire.] The Superior Court of Kings county was reversed in an opinion handed down yesterday by Associate Justice Burnett of the District Court of Appeals, in the case of Harriet Lindner, appellant, versus the San Francisco, Vallejo and Napa Valley Railroad Company. This was an action for injuries received in a collision between an electric car and an automobile in which the plaintiff was riding. Judgment had been entered in favor of the defendant.

**ONE GLASS OF COL-SO GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF FOR SICK STOMACH, GAS, HEARTBURN AND INDIGESTION.**  
Stops Headache. Absolutely Harmless. A Delicious Foamy Drink.  
Sold by all druggists, cafes and soda fountains.  
Celery Soda Co. S. F.

**WHEN YOUR EYES HURT OR TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY**  
No Irritation, No Stinging, No Smarting, No Itching, No Redness, No Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Illustrated Book in each package. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—see a "Patient Medicine"—but used in accordance with the directions on the package. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c and 50c per bottle. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

**Bell and Wing**  
By FREDERICK FANNING AYER  
Absorbing, astounding, inspiring, baffling—London Academy.  
Power and originality.—Cork Examiner.  
A great work.—Boston Herald.  
Marks of genius constantly.—Troy Record.  
A wealth of ideas.—Boston Transcript.  
Genuine aspiration and power.—Ocala Review, England.  
Near the stars.—Portland Oregonian.  
Astounding fertility.—Brooklyn Times.  
A striking book of verse.—Boston Post.  
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, Publishers, N. Y. Price \$2.50

**Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey**  
taken in moderation.  
It gives the best results, because it is made from the purest, malted grain, free from harmful adulterants.  
Sold at druggists, grocers and dealers everywhere, or direct.  
\$1.00 large bottle.  
The Duffy Malt Whiskey Co., Rochester, N. Y.

**My, Such Fine Russia Calfskin in these Angelus \$3 Boots**  
—Why you'd hardly expect such quality in footwear selling at \$3.50 and \$4. But then you know Angelus Shoes are known to be "50c better than the price."  
—They are just crowded with style-distinction.  
—The nobby round toes that are not even eclipsed in daintiness by the high priced lines.  
—Genuine Goodyear welts.  
—There are a dozen and one merits which we might point out, but then you'll learn so much more if you visit the department today or Monday, and inspect them in your own hands.  
—That's the only way to appreciate the real meaning of "Angelus" as it pertains to footwear.  
—We repeat it, they are "50c better than the price"—\$3.

**ARTHUR LETTS Broadway Dept Store**  
HOME 10571. BOWY 4944. BROADWAY COR. 4TH. L.A.

**158 Miles Through Orange Groves**  
—through Pasadena—San Bernardino—Redlands—Riverside—Corona—Fullerton—past the famous Arrowhead Mt'n, through Santa Ana Canyon—

**Kite Shaped Track**  
No other trip or combination of trips out of Los Angeles combines so effectively the scenic charms of Southern California—

**Santa Fe**  
Before Going East Buy a Leather Pillow Cover \$2.00 UP  
SUNTAN LEATHER CO. Mfg. 818 South Broadway Opposite Hamburgers

**S.S.S. DRIVES OUT RHEUMATISM**  
One glass of Cel-so gives immediate relief for sick stomach, gas, heartburn and indigestion. Stops Headache. Absolutely Harmless. A Delicious Foamy Drink.  
Rheumatism is in reality an internal inflammation—a diseased condition of the blood cells which supply the nourishment and strength necessary to sustain our bodies. Uric acid, an irritating, inflammatory accumulation, gets into the circulation because of physical irregularities, and then instead of nourishing and invigorating the body, the blood irritates and inflames the different nerves, tissues, muscles and joints, because of its impure, acrid condition. The pains and aches and other disagreeable and dangerous symptoms of Rheumatism can never be permanently cured until every particle of the cause is driven from the blood. S. S. S. does this because it is a perfect blood purifier. It goes down to the very bottom of the trouble, purifies and cleanses the circulation, invigorates the blood, and completely drives Rheumatism from the system. Plasters, liniments, soothing lotions, etc., may be used for the temporary relief and comfort they bring, but a cure cannot be effected until S. S. S. has removed the cause. It frees the blood of every impurity and makes it a rich, health sustaining fluid, to bring permanent relief and comfort to those who suffer with Rheumatism. Book on Rheumatism and any medical advice free to all who write.  
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

entertainments.  
ROADWAY TO LOS ANGELES  
tonor"  
TRE—MATINEES TODAY  
TOMORROW MATINEE  
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HEATER—  
Operetta Co  
Century  
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THEIR BABY  
ARK"  
Wild Animal  
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CLOWNE, ANIMAL  
AND BIRD  
CARNIVAL OF CAME  
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MUSICAL COMEDY  
HARTMAN PR



PROSPERITY  
ON ALL SIDES.

Increased Activity in Commerce Is Indicated.

Government Deficit Soon to Become a Surplus.

Best News of the Season in These Statistics.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

WASHINGTON, Mar. 1.—Increased activity in commerce, due to the approach of spring, has reduced the deficit of the Federal government to \$22,570,000. A month ago the deficit was \$22,580,000, while a year ago it was \$22,580,000.

Treasury officials are relying largely on his returns from the corporation tax, which will be paid during June, to turn the deficit into a surplus.

SPLENDID SHOWING.

The balances for February made a splendid showing, the receipts exceeding the disbursements by \$1,788,000. From all sources during the month \$53,935,000 came into the treasury, while \$52,147,000 went out.

In January, on the other hand, the disbursements overstepped receipts by \$960,350, and for February a year ago receipts exceeded disbursements by only \$146,000.

The total amount in the general fund when the treasury opened its doors today was \$121,893,000; a month ago it was \$121,414,000. The working balance in the treasury—the actual cash in the government pocketbook—was \$60,880,000, as compared with \$64,451,000 at the close of January.

CASH IN THE TREASURY.

Today's balances showed that the government holds \$1,506,482,000 in the trust funds pledged for the redemption of notes and certificates.

The total cash in the treasury is \$1,506,482,000.

The Panama Canal took \$2,461,000 from the treasury in February, making a total of \$28,852,000 for the current fiscal year. There now remains only \$5,338,000 of the \$60,000,000 authorized for Panama Canal bonds issued last June.

MAJ. RAY IMPREGNABLE.

"Political Paymaster" Cannot Be Dismissed as Injured Clerk Will Not Appear Against Him.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

WASHINGTON, March 1.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Maj. Decker B. Ray, the "political paymaster," cannot be

dismissed from the army even if the House of Representatives passes a resolution recommending his dismissal. Neither President Taft nor the War Department can dismiss him, no matter how much this action might be desired, as the facts in this case are so legal grounds for such action.

The President cannot dismiss an officer of the army without court-martial, and in the case of Maj. Ray there can be no court-martial unless the civilian paymaster's clerk, whose home was wronged by the officer, is willing to appear against him. This is the clerk's unwillingness to do so, and his wife has become reconciled and he does not wish to risk his future by becoming embroiled with a man of "Ray's political power."

CALIFORNIANS AROUSED.

Purpose of the Democrats to Cripple the San Francisco Mint Sits the Coast to Action.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

WASHINGTON, March 1.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The Los Angeles Clearinghouse and many individuals and organizations having wired to Washington their protests against the proposed bill to abandon the San Francisco mint, Senator Perkins today wired the Los Angeles Clearinghouse as follows:

The treasury estimates are the same as usual for the mint, but the Secretary of the Treasury is opposed to making it a receiving office. If this is not done the Democrats will cut out the appropriation entirely. The California delegation in the House should be urged to restore the appropriation in the pending bill. Please notify all who are interested.

Senator Perkins says: The Secretary of the Treasury is opposed strongly to abolishing the coinage department, believing it necessary to maintain the force of skilled men, though perhaps it will not be necessary to coin as many pieces in the immediate future as in the past, but he believes that later the customary coinage will be demanded. He is met by the strong determination of the Democrats in the House to make a radical change in the operations and character of the mint with a threat of absolute abolition if the treasury does not yield.

In order to avoid this the Democrats indicated above was suggested.

The entire California delegation should be urged to take immediate and vigorous action to prevent any crippling of the mint's usefulness. The Los Angeles Clearinghouse Association, in its resolution adopted February 2, deprecated any reduction in the appropriation for carrying on the branch mint in San Francisco.

IN A ROUNDABOUT WAY.

Knowland Hears That the "Money Trust" Is Opposed to Legislation Against Ship-Ownership by Railways.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

WASHINGTON, March 1.—Representative Knowland of California told the House Commerce Committee today that officials of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company had been told by members of the New York Clearinghouse that no money would be advanced for ship-building if Congress

Order.

The argument of small quantities absolutely has no value for legal foundation and is most dangerous.

No more dangerous concession to the interests seeking to deceive and adulterate and misbrand food products could be made. I urge the importance of refusing in any way to permit the use of satcharine in foods.

A decision was made that the use

of satcharine would be prohibited after July 1, 1911. On appeal from the manufacturers, however, the time was extended.

Secretary of the Treasury, Macdonald signed the original decision prohibiting the use of satcharine, but further hearings which were held

eventually convinced him that his use in very small quantities should be allowed, so that he dissented from the opinion rendered today.

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The Pure Product of Nature's Springs, which acts surely and gently, but without any bad after-effects

Hunyadi Janos Water

Natural Laxative  
Drink Half a Glass  
on Arising for  
CONSTIPATION

legislation against the trans-continental railroads in connection with the Panama Canal.

The money must, he said, be opposed to legislation against ships owned by railroads.

Representative Adamson, chairman of the committee, said government officials had advised elimination of the prohibitory clause in the proposed bill because it would delay legislation.

PACIFIC DRY DOCK.

ITS CONSTRUCTION DELAYED.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

WASHINGTON, Mar. 1.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Secy. of the Navy Meyer fears nothing will be done this year toward constructing a dry dock on the Pacific Coast. He told Representative Kahn, who conferred with him on the subject today, that because of the construction of a dry dock 882 feet long and 110 feet wide at Lee Island, on the Atlantic Coast, at Lee Island, on the Atlantic Coast, with a 1000-foot dry dock building in Pearl Harbor, Honolulu, legislation for another dry dock on the Pacific Coast is not probable this year.

Meyer recommended the dry dock for the Pacific Coast and Kahn sought to obtain it for San Francisco.

WASHINGTON BRIEFS.

More Time in Hetch-Hetchy.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—[By A. P. Night Wire.] Secretary of the Interior Nathan, at the request of San Francisco city authorities, extended today until June 10 the time granted the city to submit its plan for the Hetch-Hetchy Valley water-project controversy. Former Secretary Ballinger's order provided the case should be closed today.

Land Office Appointment.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—[By A. P. Night Wire.] President Taft today to the Senate today the nomination of Glenn H. Rankin to be registrar of the land office at Vancouver, Wash.

Thomas to Be Retired.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—[By A. P. Night Wire.] Rear-Admiral William H. B. Southern, commander-in-chief of the Pacific fleet at Honolulu, has been ordered home until his retirement, April 27. Rear-Admiral Alfred Reynolds, governor of the Philippines, will succeed him.

Postmaster of Tombstone.

WASHINGTON, Mar. 1.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The President today sent to the Senate the name of Francis B. Crocker to be postmaster at Tombstone, Ariz., succeeding himself.

Like Fiction.

PART OF A VAST ESTATE IS HERS.

LOS ANGELES WOMAN PROVES HER CLAIM TO WEALTH.

Born After Her Mother Had Been Driven from Home, Before the War, Relationship Is Established by Personal Remembrance to Father and by Memory of Mother.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

COLUMBIA (Mo.) March 1.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Residents of Blackfoot, a rich section of Boone county, are discussing the Supreme Court decision today in the Vandine-Butler case.

The court's decision sustains that of the Boone county court that Mrs. Lizzie Vandine of Los Angeles is the daughter of the wife of John Butler, whose estate is valued at \$100,000.

"dove away from his door before the Civil War. As such she will share the rich Butler estate."

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**WEEK-END TRIP**  
**ing is Good**  
**Accommodations at**  
**METROPOLE**

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**Accommodations at**  
**METROPOLE**

**New**  
**ington**  
**Hotel**  
**Barbara, Cal.**  
**P. P. DUFFY, Manager.**

**TEL**  
**Plans**  
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## REACH CHICAGO FOUR DAYS LATE

Fourteen Santa Fe Trains  
Clear the Snow Drifts.

Tie-up by Storm Costs Thousands of Dollars.

Passengers Will Long Remember Garden City.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)  
 CHICAGO, March 1.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Fourteen Santa Fe trains broke out of the grip of stormbound Kansas today. They began racing into Chicago early and followed one after another in rapid succession—each four days late.

Twenty trains on the Santa Fe were caught in the drifts of the blizzard that swept over the plains of the western part of Kansas. The tie-up cost the road \$125,000, according to an estimate.

Hundreds of travelers were tied up for the four days in Garden City, Dodge City, Newton and other points in Kansas.

Some were condemned to the desolation of Las Animas, Col., where they rode nothing but sugar heels and magnificent distances.

ENGULFED IN SNOW.  
 The first of the trains to arrive was one that had been engulfed in the drifts at Garden City, the town where the land agent has become the successor of the road agent of the winter days.

Pulling into the teeth of the driving storm the first train crept into Garden City and stalled in a big drift. The train quit. So did five others bound for Chicago, which were trailing behind.

"Why Garden City?" inquired the passengers, looking out over an expanse of bear grass and snowdrifts. Also it was cool.

"That started things," said George Wheeler of Concord, Mass., a passenger, who arrived today. "The land agents, they are very fierce out in Kansas, too, began to tell us why it was Garden City. We didn't buy any town lots or alfalfa factories, but we had a lot of fun."

The land agents held a reception and dance for the marooned passengers. We had whisky and bridge and all kinds of parties.

"There was plenty to eat and if the worst came to the worst we could 'go uptown' and see the moving pictures. There was a theatrical troupe aboard our train and we staged a performance in Garden City, much to the delight of the people there."

"By the way, there are some pretty girls in Kansas."

"Any romances?" inquired the interviewer.

"I absolutely refuse to be quoted," Gov. Marshall of Indiana, was a passenger on the first of the storm-bound Santa Fe trains to reach Chicago.

A weary and disgruntled assembly poured into the La Salle and Dearborn-street stations from the snow trains. William Allen White, question was on the lips of every other passenger.

"What's the matter with Kansas?" was the question and "snow, sand, wind and prairie" was the immediate answer in every case. Some of the travelers were more specific.

**A NAVY ASHORE.**  
 That is the logical conclusion of the Meyer Reorganization Plan Foss Declares.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)  
 WASHINGTON, March 1.—Secretary Meyer and Representative Foss of Illinois, former chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, clashed today at a hearing before the committee.

Mr. Foss declared that Secretary Meyer's plan of reorganization had been a failure and that his evident intent was to build up the navy ashore rather than afloat. He quoted figures intended to show that the number of officers on shore duty and the amount of pay to officers and men so detailed had increased, while the pay to the navy had decreased.

Secretary Meyer did not question the figures, but declared the attack on the passage between the men became quite bitter.

**THE FERNLEY RAILROAD.**  
 ADVERTISEMENT FOR BIDS.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)  
 SAN FRANCISCO, March 1.—It was announced at the offices of the Southern Pacific Company today that the company would advertise tomorrow for bids for the construction of the proposed Fernley and Lassen branch to run northwest from Fernley, Nev., to a point twenty miles north of Susanville, Cal. The line will be known as the Fernley Northern Railroad and will pass through rich agricultural and timber lands. The line will be built from Fernley through the Pyramid Lake reservation. It will be 124 miles long and will traverse the big meadows country and the Honey Lake Valley.

**POLES AS LUMBER.**  
 SAME RATE APPLIES.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)  
 WASHINGTON, March 1.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Rates on poles and biling from Oregon points to California cities over the Southern Pacific today were declared unreasonable by Interstate Commerce Commission in the event that the rates exceed lumber rates between the same points.

In the case decided today the California and Pilling Company of San Francisco was the principal complainant. The road charged a rate of \$6 per ton from Oregon points to San Francisco. The commission decided that the lumber rate of \$5 should have been charged and awarded reparation of \$1274.27, with interest, to the San Francisco firm.

**THE DEMURRAGE TARIFF.**  
 It Will Remain One Dollar on Interstate Business Until July, the Commission Rules.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)  
 WASHINGTON, March 1.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The Interstate Commerce Commission today suspended the demurrage tariff of compensation operating in California, which was to have become effective March 1, until July 6.

The demurrage rate now is \$1 and is proposed to increase to \$1.25, which is the rate charged on State business.



Luisa Tetrazzini,  
The greatest coloratura soprano now living, who charmed a huge audience at the Auditorium last night.

## MUSIC AND THE STAGE.

Probably 2000 persons, at the Auditorium last evening, heard Luisa Tetrazzini sing a varied programme, ranging from the familiar Mad Scene from "Lucia," which she has voiced thousands of times, in costumes or in peacock dresses, to "Loves Hour," a delightfully non-understandable that the only way to get a stanza was to put the letters of the notes together and make new words.

To my mind, the most beautiful thing of the whole evening was the encore to the "Lucia" Mad Scene, "The Last Rose of Summer," which she sang absolutely perfectly, with flawless intonation, serene and sympathetic, and a clear, though careful, pronunciation of the words.

Mme. Tetrazzini's opening number elicited more interest comment than any other on the programme. It was the "Ritorno Vincitor," from "Aida," a dramatic, entirely different from anything that local audiences have ever heard Tetrazzini offer. It was sung in a voice of great dramatic significance, in a tone of heavier and more somber quality than we have ever heard Tetrazzini use, and what is perhaps more to the point—an apparent intelligent appreciation and understanding of the text, which—especially in the majestic and somewhat mysterious phrase beginning "Xumi prieta, del mio soffrir"—the conclusion of the song and the scene.

Harold Meek, a young American baritone, exhibited a remarkable dramatic voice, perhaps not fully developed and at times a bit uncertain in use, but at the same time of such power and force that it seems to me that his is a genuine and highly hopeful future.

Ives Nat, pianist, gave a very fine rendition of the familiar second rhapsody.

Enlilio Puyans, a capable flutist, completed the trio of assisting artists.

At the beginning of the concert Tetrazzini's voice appeared slightly tired and worn, but it improved steadily until it was perfect on "The Last Rose."

**BANDITS ROB SALOONIST.**  
 Two bandits, one masked and armed, held up the Fountain saloon, No. 1123 North Main street, shortly before 11 o'clock last night. The desperadoes made away with \$40 in cash and the gold watch of the proprietor, Louis Barnabe, who was alone at the time. Each of the robbers is described by Barnabe as being less than twenty-six years old. Both wore dark suits. One of the men was short and chunky while the other was tall and slim. The shorter of the two bandits went through the till while his pal held Barnabe covered with a gun. Three patrons had just left the place when the men entered.

**UNDELIVERED TELEGRAMS.**  
 There are telegrams at the Postal office for W. L. Barclay, J. A. Euber, Frank Holcomb, Mrs. Ida McCreigh and Dr. P. O. Wilcoxon.

**At the Western Union:** Mrs. H. B. Frank, Mrs. C. C. Wales, Mrs. O. L. Demers, Mrs. Kate M. Hamilton, B. T. Northern, B. N. Waters, Wm. Jones, Thos. C. Galbraith, Rev. Harry G. Gray, W. J. Elliott, Ernest Lang, A. H. Dearing, Robt. Fallis, R. W. Jones, Steve Barnes, W. F. Schmitt, E. Frohroff, Hal Lane, Bliss Pool and E. D. Morgan.

**Twenty Zapatistas Minus.**  
 CUERNAVACA, (Mex.) March 1.—[By A. P. Night Wire.] Federal troops under Col. Santibanes today killed twenty Zapatistas in a fight at Texcala in the State of Morelos. The Federals reported nine casualties.

**Concerted.**  
 NINE BIG CORPORATIONS  
 UNITE IN AN ATTACK.

Constitutionality of the Statute Under Which the California Board of Equalization Assesses Franchisees Is Assailed—Declare that the State Has Gone About the Matter in a Very Slipshod Manner.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)  
 SAN FRANCISCO, March 1.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] A concerted attack by nine big corporations on the constitutionality of the statute of 1911 under which the State Board of Equalization assesses corporation franchisees was begun today in actions instituted in the Superior Court against the State.

The complainants allege that the Board of Equalization fixed the value of the franchisees arbitrarily and without sufficient investigation into the value of various estates and properties owned by the corporations. It is charged that the result was the imposition of illegal taxes, which were paid under protest, and for the recovery of which the corporations ask judgment. In addition the allegation is made that the law under which the board proceeded is in violation of the constitutional provision relating to taxation of corporation franchisees.

The law requires that in levying an assessment on franchisees the board must learn the value of the stock and bonds of the corporation, and also the value of all other kinds of property, and that the difference between the value of stock and bonds and the value of the other properties is to be taken as the value of the franchise and the good will of the corporation.

It is charged that no reasonable effort to determine any of these values was made by the board, and that therefore the assessed valuation of the right to do business has not been legally fixed, and that the imposition of a tax on this illegally determined franchise valuation is to be declared nugatory.

As to values of franchisees, it is set up that should the franchise of any corporation created by the laws of California become void another similar franchise could be obtained at a cost not to exceed \$500, including expenses of transferring properties. This and smaller amounts are set up by the complainants as the true values of the franchisees to do business in California.

All of the corporations paid the taxes levied under protest and now ask the courts to award them damages against the State in the amount of excess alleged to have been paid.

The corporations which have sued are the United Merchants' Retail Company, United Clear Stores Company, Bryant and May, Spring Valley Water Company, Holbrook, Merrill and Stetson, People's Water Company, San Francisco Land Company, Security Savings Bank and the Pullman Car Company.

Various lawyers represent the complainants and the cases are expected to create widespread interest in California and to be watched with interest in other States where similar taxation laws are in force or under consideration.



**Royal**  
**BAKING POWDER**  
**Absolutely Pure**

Used and praised by the most competent and careful pastry cooks the world over

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar—made from grapes

**TO BLAST RAIN.**  
 (Continued from First Page.)

quently it can be expected to prove a form of entertainment to many persons who will go great distances to witness as much of the rain making as is possible to see from a safe vantage point.

Mr. Post told the Chamber of Commerce of his experiments on his Texas ranch. Some of his side observations were very interesting. At first the heavy detonations, he said, caused headaches to the cowboys who were setting off the blasts. They gradually overcame this by leaving their mouths open just as the powder exploded. Later they stuffed cotton in their ears and that completely prevented the aches in the head. Only the persons very close to the battle line are thus affected.

**—IS SURE OF RESULTS.**  
 Mr. Post admitted that he did not understand the scientific principles behind it, but he knew rain resulted. At the last experiment in October there was no great need of rain, but the dynamite had been procured and he thought he would try it just for fun. It rained that night, covering an area of about 25 miles square. A couple of days later a norther came along with snow.

"I don't know who caused that," added Mr. Post, amid laughter.

Resuming the discussion of his theories, Mr. Post said there was always more or less moisture in the air and it was only a question of how to get it out. One belligerent Texas editor had questioned Mr. Post's right to extract for his own use what belonged to everybody, but the local paper had not been pressed. Mr. Post held, however, that there was enough moisture in the air for everybody and that there was no danger of anyone getting a monopoly on it. Furthermore, the man who started the rain did not have anything more to do with it as it rained on other folks' land as well as his own.

"I know I can start it, but I can't stop it," said Mr. Post.

Mr. Post was very interesting in describing the gathering of vapors. The experiment, he said, has been undertaken on perfectly clear days. Shortly after the firing started fluffy clouds would appear to rise and be dispelled, while others would rather. On one occasion an army of dark clouds marched up from the horizon and stood at attention with the bombardment before advancing farther, or showing any inclination to retreat. But one never could know how the vapors would act. Sometimes the action was immediate and the men would be firing their blasts in downpours.

**STEADY AND DRENCHING.**  
 Mr. Post had observed that the method did not cause any violent downpour, but that the precipitation would be steady and of the drenching sort.

The only theory that Mr. Post could advance was that the detonations caused swirls in the air. The heavier air swirls near the earth were carried upward, until they attained such weight they just had to let go of the coveted rain.

To fire off the entire charge at one time, he said, would not bring the results. He had taken his lesson from real battles and he figured that a constant disturbance of the atmosphere was needed. He believed the charges as used affected the air to the height of a mile. Mr. Post has not tried his experiment outside of Texas, and because of that fact the trial planned here is bound to attract the widest attention, especially if the dry spell lasts until the bombardment is planned to begin.

Mr. Post said he was destined to conquer all the elements and make them do his bidding.

"If you were to have said a few years ago that a man could fly, they would have called you bughouse," he said. "I believe we are here for education. I do not care to preach a sermon, but I have a profound reverence for some great power—call it what you may—that bids us to these things. In this thing we will probably make a lot of blunders before we have obtained absolute control of the air and can bid it to precipitate at our will. But the problem, whatever it is, will be solved."

After having made his address Mr. Post retired and the chamber took immediate action. Mr. Post expressed himself as pleased with the promptness of the action and will await a further conference with the committee.

**Steamships.**  
 CANADIAN PACIFIC  
 "EXPRESS OF THE ATLANTIC"  
 AND OTHER LINES  
 MONTREAL, QUEBEC AND LIVERPOOL  
 VIA THE  
 SCENIC ROUTE TO EUROPE  
 1904 MILES  
 ON THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER  
 AND  
 LESS THAN 4 DAYS AT SEA  
 2431 MILES PORT TO PORT  
 THE SHORTEST OCEAN PASSAGE

First Cabin.....\$25.00 and up  
 Second Cabin.....\$12.50 and up  
 One-Class-Cabin (1st).....\$12.50 and up  
 Third-Class-Lowest rates on request.

Canadian Pacific Office, 405 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, and all local agents.

**Victims.**  
**BROTHER PROSPECTORS**  
**FOUND DEAD IN SNOW.**

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)  
 TACOMA (Wash.) March 1.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] A messenger from White Horse, Yukon Territory, reports the discovery on the shore of Wolf Lake, seventy miles east of Teslin Post, of prospectors, of a human body wrapped in canvas and covered with fir boughs.

They are positive the body is that of J. M. Danielson, who with his brother, Nels Danielson, entered that country eighteen months ago. Since then neither has been heard of. The Danielson brothers were old prospectors in Yukon and had spent several years in the Stewart River coun-

try. W. S. Copeland, another prospector, saw wild dogs chasing caribou in the Wolf Lake country last summer. It is believed the dogs were those taken in by the Danielsons. Last summer Teslin Indians reported seeing camp-fire smoke. They fired their guns as a signal but the smoke ceased as though the fire was smothered. Indians found tracks of hobnail boots. It is believed that one of the Danielsons died and the other perished after losing his mind.

Mike McMurray, another old prospector, left Teslin last August to prospect and has not been seen since.

## Public Notice:

In order that we may be enabled to provide the equipment necessary to carry East in comfort those who desire to go during March, April and May, we should be advised as far in advance as possible by passengers securing their sleeping car space.

If this is done and we find that we have not sufficient sleeping car accommodations, we are prepared to order more out from the East.

Our wish is to make everyone comfortable and to this end we will run the California Limited to Chicago in two sections, on as many days as are necessary to meet the demand. In addition to the California Limited, we will run

The Santa Fe de-Luxe to Chicago every Tuesday during March and April and later if there is reasonable demand.

*John D. Smith*  
 Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager  
 ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE RY. CO.  
 City Office: 334 South Spring Street  
 Phone: A 5224; Main 738; Broadway 1599



Delivering

This scene, enacted before the Factory every day, where auto-trucks and heavy drays meet and are loaded with hundreds of cases of

## Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate

for delivery to dealers, to ships and trains for out-of-town business, speaks well for this high-grade product with its million consumers

Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate has been appreciated for years in the West and is growing in favor daily, because it is a pure, wholesome and delicious food-drink—an economical, nutritious and health-giving beverage

It costs less than a cent a cup.

D. GHIRARDELLI CO.

SAN FRANCISCO

Our Factories at Richmond, Indiana, are the Largest of Their Kind in the World.

**The Starr Piano Company**

Warehouses and Executive Office for Pacific Coast,  
 628-630-632 South Hill Street, Los Angeles, Cal.  
 Sold for cash or on monthly payments.

USE  
**RUB NO MORE SOAP**  
 and  
**POWDER TOGETHER**



## STRIKE BEGINS AT SHIPYARDS.

Shipwrights, Calkers and Joiners Walk Out.

Increased Wages and Eight-Hour Day Demanded.

All Yards Around San Francisco Bay Affected.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)  
SAN FRANCISCO, March 1.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Obedient to the order from the Pacific Maritime Builders' District Council, nearly 400 shipwrights, calkers, and joiners laid down their tools this morning and walked out of practically all of the shipyards and ways around the bay. The strike was decided upon Tuesday night of this week, when the shipwrights and calkers of San Francisco and Oakland met to discuss the open-shop declaration that had been issued by the Shipbuilders' Association. When the letter of the Shipbuilders' Association was read, a vote was taken to give the shipbuilders a 14-day strike to reconsider their demand. Having received no further word from the employers, the district council, in accordance with the intention of the membership, called the men away from their work.

**DEMAND INCREASED PAY.**  
The calkers, shipwrights and joiners are demanding an increase of \$1 a day and eight hours for all men on regular work. Increasing wages from \$4 a day to \$5. This scale does not prevail on new work. This scale was presented to the officials of the Union Iron Works over a week ago. The men met with a flat refusal. Thereupon about forty men walked out. Then the scale was presented to the other shipyards. A meeting of the Shipbuilders' Association was held and the open-shop letter was the result.

In the declaration issued by the Shipbuilders' Association the employers declare that the men working on the wooden and iron vessels shall work the same hours as the men of the iron trades. The men of the iron trades are now working eight hours, but there is a keen contest on between the members of the iron trades unions and the metal trades association before the San Francisco Industrial Arbitration Board to make the hours of the iron trades men nine instead of eight.

**TAKEN AS FORECAST.**  
While the Shipbuilders' Association is most directly affiliated with the Metal Trades Association, it is believed that the clause in the open-shop declaration of the builders that the shipwrights, calkers and joiners work the same hours as the men of the iron trades is a forerunner of the ultimate decision of the Metal Trades Association in the controversy existing between it and the iron trades council.

The labor council will take no action in the shipwrights' strike because none of the unions involved is affiliated with the labor council. The building trades council, however, has decided that no union carpenters will be allowed to do any work in the shipyards where a strike is in progress.

The Pacific Maritime Builders' District Council today sent a letter to all of the small shipbuilders and repairers, declaring its willingness to allow the men to go back to work if the union scale and hours are granted.

**APPROVES UNIFORM CODE.**

Russian Emperor Sanctions a Bill to Replace the Existing Set of Laws in Empire.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

ST. PETERSBURG, March 1.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The Russian Emperor has approved a bill for the introduction of a uniform civil code for Russia, to replace the code of Napoleon, in Poland, the Lithuanian code and the Armonopolis laws in Bessarabia.

The Duma has approved a bill turning over to the Ministry of the Interior the powers of the Governor-General of Warsaw. In the new province of Chelm, Poland, the temporary code of Napoleon will remain in force.

The government insists that Chelm province shall be subject to the Kiev Appellate Court and that all ties with Warsaw must be cut. The government does not conceal that the Chelm bill is purely a political measure against Poland.

**ATT'DRESS IS BARRIED.**

Radical Changes Ordered in Dress of Officers and Men at Army Service School.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

LEAVENWORTH (Kan.) March 1.—Officers are prohibited from wearing civilian evening dress in barracks by an order posted at the army service school at Ft. Leavenworth today.

Radical changes in habits of dressing among army men are provided.

Officers will not be allowed to wear the olive drab uniform outside the limits of the post except when it is prescribed for special duty or when making exercises. Enlisted men will be required to wear the dress uniform at retreat when on parade and campaign hats will not be allowed except when prescribed for some formation.

Heretofore officers seldom have been seen outside the fort save in the olive drab uniform.

**SIDESTEP'S CONTROVERSY.**

William Watson, English Poet, Refuses to Attend Banquet Where Shuster is to Speak.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

NEW YORK, March 1.—To those who wondered why William Watson, the English poet, was not present at the annual dinner of the Economic Club of New York last night, after he had been announced as the guest of honor, it was explained today that the name of W. Morgan Shuster on the list of speakers had scared him away.

The poet declared he was too loyal an Englishman to listen quietly to an attack on English policy such as he felt Mr. Shuster would make if he touched upon Persian affairs.

Mr. Shuster promptly offered to speak on some other subject, but the committee insisted that his original speech be delivered.

## To Make Old Gilt Frames New

Any gilt picture frame worthy of preservation, but lacking in luster and perhaps inharmonious with surrounding furnishings, can be made much more attractive, and at little cost, in complete change can be produced by our refinishing in any of the low tone gold effects now so popular. We would be pleased to give you an estimate of such work.

Some new and snappy framed pictures have just been received. At their price of \$1 they are the finest productions recently published.

Sanborn, Vail & Co.

735 SOUTH BROADWAY.

Life's Seamy Side.

## LANDS THIEF, GETS PROPERTY.

Pretty Portland Woman Plays Sleuth.

Recognizes Stolen Furs on Street Pedestrian.

Other Stolen Goods Found and Man Confesses.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

PORTLAND (Or.) March 1.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Mrs. Mary A. McDonald, a pretty widow, played the heroine part last night in a drama of sleuthing which ended in the arrest of a theatrical man from Vancouver, B. C., and his 19-year-old wife, to whom he has been married but a short time.

McDonald today confessed having robbed Mrs. McDonald and to having committed other robberies also.

Mrs. McDonald was driving in her automobile at East Third and East Morrison streets, when she saw a little woman going by wearing a fur coat and muff that had been stolen from her home in a recent burglary.

Alighting from the auto, Mrs. McDonald accosted the woman and questioned her about the coat, whereupon the man with her handed Mrs. McDonald his card bearing the name of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. McDonald, and the woman.

The living Apostle of God's love, grace to save humanity from crime and prison.

The card also bore a small picture of McDonald. After handing out the card the man attempted to push Mrs. McDonald aside, but she followed the couple to their hotel and into the room, where she seized a telephone and summoned the police.

McDonald fled, while Mrs. McDonald was captured. She wept bitterly and declared she had not known her husband was thief. McDonald was arrested on the street later and at the station confessed. In the room of the couple were found large quantities of wearing apparel and jewelry, which they admitted were stolen.

McDonald, the thief, said he was an actor, but had been in the theatre and so resorted to burglary. He tried to shield his young bride, declaring she knew nothing of his peccadilloes, but she is held as an accomplice, as it was found she had pawned much stolen property.

**God Bless Them.**

TAFT WOMEN TO ORGANIZE.

CALL FOR A MEETING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Appreciating the Constructive Work Done by the President and His Fidelity to the Policy of Protecting California Industries They Mean to Enlist Big Vote for Him.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Mar. 1.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] That the women of San Francisco intend not to be outdone by the men when it comes to matters of politics was evidenced today when the following call for a Taft mass meeting was sent to the Republican women voters of the city:

"The undersigned, as consistent Republicans, appreciate the great constructive work accomplished by President Taft, his friendship for California and his fidelity to the policy of protecting California industries, invite the women of San Francisco to attend a meeting in the ballroom of the Palace Hotel tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, to assist in perfecting the arrangements to enlist the co-operation of all Republican women and men in effecting his re-election."

(Signed) Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs (Temporary Chairman), Mrs. Belinda Bailey (Temporary Secretary), Mrs. Aylett R. Cotton, Mrs. Alfred Roncovieri, Mrs. Lovell White, Mrs. Ella Tyler Hall, Miss Laura McKinstry, Mrs. E. North Whitcomb, Mrs. Thomas M. Graham.

**NO CHRISTIANS INVOLVED.**

Missionaries in Korea Have Not Been Molested and Reports of Persecutions Are Denied.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

SEOUL (Korea) March 1.—No Christian missionaries have been arrested in Korea and the reports of persecution of Christian converts are absolutely without foundation, according to the statement today of an official here.

The prisoners arrested in connection with the plot against the Governor-General are being examined slowly and carefully. The plot was deep-rooted. It was connected both in fact and in spirit with the conspiracy for the murder of Durham White Stevens, the adviser to the Japanese emperor in the United States, who was killed in San Francisco by a Korean at Harbin by a Korean, in October, 1909, of Prince Ito, and with the

attack on the Korean Premier, Yi Wang Yong, who was stabbed by a Korean at Seoul in December, 1909.

**FIVE MILLIONS INVOLVED.**

Widow of a Colonel Who Founded a Missouri Military Academy Alleges She Was Defrauded.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

HANNIBAL (Mo.) March 1.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] A suit involving nearly \$5,000,000 in which Mrs. Mary S. R. Liebling, widow of Col. Frederick B. Liebling, of New York, Fred B. Liebling, of New York, are plaintiffs against Otha F. Matthews, Mayor of Macon, Mo.; Clyde L. Martin, State Bank Examiner of Missouri, and about twenty other defendants, was filed here this afternoon in the Federal District Court.

The main object of the suit is to have certain instruments, bills of sale and warranty deeds procured by Mrs. Liebling and Frederick Liebling from Otha Matthews, Clyde Martin and R. N. Miller set aside as being fraudulent. It is alleged that the Brees Matthews, acting as attorney for Mrs. Liebling, and Martin as secretary, were ordered to execute this loan.

It is alleged Matthews and Martin agreed to effect the loan of \$12,000, which was to be used in preventing the sale of the military academy by the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee, Wis., that Martin and Matthews later announced the only way to get the money was for them to lend it to Mrs. Liebling, that R. N. Miller of Unionville and J. N. Miller of Kirksville agreed to co-operate in obtaining the money. Mrs. Liebling alleges Matthews and Martin told her the \$250,000 of the academy company capital stock had never been issued to Mrs. Liebling at the meeting in which the stock was ordered issued; that Matthews and Martin divided the stock obtained from her and apportioned it as follows among themselves: Otha Matthews, \$80,000; Clyde Martin, \$50,000; R. N. Miller, \$40,000; and J. N. Miller, \$40,000, and that they got the stock through fraudulent means.

**WANTS TO BE FREE AGAIN.**

Wife of ex-President of the Frisco Railway Now in Portland, Sues for Divorce in St. Louis.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

ST. LOUIS, March 1.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Alfred J. Davidson, former president of the Frisco Railroad, who disappeared from St. Louis soon after his resignation in the fall of 1910 and was later found in Chicago after a sensational search, was sued for divorce here today by Mrs. Pearl Davidson.

A memorandum attached to his wife's petition, filed by Attorney Thomas B. Harvey, states that Davidson's present address is Portland, Or., where it is stated, he is in the employ of the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railroad.

Carl R. Gray, former vice-president

of the Frisco and a friend of Davidson, is president of that road.

The petition states that Davidson was married February 1, 1891, and separated in May, 1910. The wife alleges that Davidson deserted her, leaving her alone in their apartment in the Aberdeen apartment-house, No. 20 North Kings Highway, St. Louis. He left unpaid bills, she states, and his creditors annoyed her and attacked her furniture.

Mrs. Davidson, whose maiden name was Pearl Elliott, was regarded as the most fashionable-dressed woman in St. Louis. Davidson resigned the Frisco presidency about the time that the Frisco and the Rock Island systems were separated, and took a position in Chicago as the head of the American Cerecoting Company. In November, 1910, he disappeared and a check for \$1200, which he cashed in the Congress Hotel in Chicago, was returned by a St. Louis bank with the notation, "no funds." Davidson was later found by the Platters Hotel in St. Louis; the check was squared, and Davidson was taken by Carl Gray and other friends to a sanatorium.

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**GOES NORTH MONDAY.**

Jacob Finkelstein, convicted of white slavery, will be taken to McNeil's Island Monday by Deputy United States Marshal Durlin. At the request of ex-Judge Bruggemyer, the prisoner's counsel, the remaining indictment against Finkelstein must serve six years and pay a fine of \$2000.

# HYLOCHOICE STORE

## Forced to Retire

Store leased over our heads; we must get out. Decision came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. No time to find new location—We must vacate at once. It compels the absolute sacrifice of our \$40,000 stock.

## Shoes at Any Prices They Will Bring Quickly

There is no time for us to consider cost or what shoes should sell for. It's coldly up to us to turn the shoes into money in the short time left us in which to do business. No ifs or ands—no hesitancy—we're prepared to stand a big loss and get it over in a hurry.

## Sale Starts Saturday Morning

Come prepared for the most phenomenal Shoe values ever offered in the country. You've never seen such bargains before and you never will again—It's

## The Chance of a Lifetime

Classy Shoes for Men and Women at less than cost of production. Positively no lines reserved. All new Spring styles—just received—are included in the sacrifice—no restrictions of any kind.

Don't Forget the Place, and Shop Early

## HYLOSHOE CO.

430 South Spring Street

Exceptional.

STAGE FRIGHT

AT A WEDDING.

ACTRESS LOSES NERVE AT HER OWN NUPTIALS.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

LONDON, March 1.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Gabrielle Ray, London's concert-hall queen, who has flourished in the spot-light for years, fell a victim to stage fright when called upon to be married before a big and fashionable audience in the Windsor Roman Catholic Church. She just couldn't go on with the part.

That was the explanation made today of the dancer's apparent flitting of Eric Loder, the wealthy son of the famous English family, that set all London agog.

After the audience had been shoed out Miss Ray got her nerve back and early today the marriage was performed. It was merely a case of delayed curtain.

For twenty-four hours titled society had been gossiping over Gabrielle's probable reason for leaving young Loder waiting in the church. Her explanation that she was ill did not satisfy because the bride party was waiting for hours, during which time no word came from the fair Gabrielle.

Miss Gabrielle was married in the same church and by the same priest who stood several hours in his vestments yesterday while a fashionable congregation gathered material for gossip which will enliven society for many weeks.

According to friends of Miss Ray she decided at the last minute that she wanted to be married quietly and not in the presence of a critical congregation of society folk.

**CHARGED WITH FORGERY.**

Two Confidential Employees of an Arizona Smelter Are Alleged to Have Enriched Themselves.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

PHOENIX (Ariz.) March 1.—W. C. Meek, a book-keeper employed by the American Smelting and Refining Company at Hayden, sixty miles north of Phoenix, and T. J. Knowles, assistant manager of the company's store in Hayden, were arrested today, charged with forgery. Both men are married and have families. They have lived in Hayden several years. The specific amount involved is \$200.

Their plan of operation, according to the authorities, was for Meek, as book-keeper, to fill in fictitious names

of the Frisco and a friend of Davidson, is president of that road.

The petition states that Davidson was married February 1, 1891, and separated in May, 1910. The wife alleges that Davidson deserted her, leaving her alone in their apartment in the Aberdeen apartment-house, No. 20 North Kings Highway, St. Louis. He left unpaid bills, she states, and his creditors annoyed her and attacked her furniture.

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**STEAMSHIPS.**

TRANS-ATLANTIC LINES

The Largest and Finest Steamers in the World.

OLYMPIC

Mar. 16, Apr. 6

TITANIC

Apr. 20

White Star Line

Atlantic Transport

Red Star Line

London, Paris via Dover-Antwerp



## SENDS URGENT APPEAL TO AMERICAN EMBASSY.

Mine Manager and Seven Other Americans and Britons in Danger of Assassination by Mexican Rebels. President Madero Declares Situation Has Improved in All Districts Save Chihuahua.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

MEXICO CITY, March 1.—G. P. Robinson, manager of the Sularia mine near Matamoros, Guerrero, who a month ago was reported to have been captured by Salazar's rebels, telegraphed the American Embassy for help today from Toluca in the northern part of Guerrero, stating that himself and wife, seven other Americans and an Englishman were in danger of assassination by Salazar's rebels.

They had been attacked at the Sularia properties and fled overland. The party has been promised an armed escort from Toluca to Matamoros. The Vera Cruz, a manifesto by Gabriel Carrizosa, recently defeated for the governorship, calls upon the people to rise that "the vampires shall no longer suck their blood," and calls for the overthrow of the Governor and the Legislature. The proclamation was dated at Tacuba, a suburb of this city.

In the States of Vera Cruz and Durango, citizens are organizing to suppress uprisings. Three hundred rebels near Toluca in the north and another body at Molecatlan in the east, have created alarm. The important town of Mocorito, Sinaloa, was taken by rebels yesterday. Troops are en route to dislodge them. Reports from Cuernavaca are that Santa Saturnina was burned by Federalists after a skirmish there today, the women and children of the place being brought to the State capital.

While admitting ignorance of the attitude of Orozco toward the administration at the present moment, because of lack of means of communication, President Madero says the revolutionary situation throughout the republic with the exception of Chihuahua, has shown improvement since a week.

"Conditions are better in the region of the Masas in Durango and in the rest of the republic, excepting Chihuahua, where the situation is more delicate owing to the fall of Juarez," said the chief executive tonight. "Occurrences in Chihuahua, Durango and the region of the Masas were unexpected, for that reason, great proportions apparently before the government could send sufficient elements of war, particularly in view of the sudden interruption of communication."

"Now that the government is pushing operations, however, with the intention of sending more troops into the theater of events, the government is sure that within a relatively short time it will succeed in dominating the situation completely."

Ambassador Wilson said tonight he had received no communication from Washington for presentation to the Mexican government relative to the reported declaration of Juan Sanchez that a massacre of Americans would follow intervention. Ascona declined to make any comment on the subject.

### GETTING READY TO ATTACK CHIHUAHUA.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) EL PASO (Tex.) March 1.—Enthusiasm in the rebel camp at Juarez found expression today in the appointment by the local junta, and consent by El Paso and the loading of supplies preparatory to the advance on Chihuahua. The equipment for the expedition to the south was secured from the Mexican Northwestern. Thirty-eight cars are being loaded with horses, and some 700 men under Gen. Antonio Rojas will be in the column which Gen. Ines Salazar expects to get under way tomorrow. On account of the necessary train repairing, the troop train will not arrive in the vicinity of Chihuahua before Monday.

The rebels profess to believe that Pascual Orozco will not oppose them. General Cienfuegos, formerly a private secretary to Benito Hernandez, who resigned the Secretaryship of the State of Chihuahua in order to head a band of insurgents, is the principal representative of the rebel government. Consul Lorente of the established government was disturbed by the creation of a competitive junta. Gonzalo Enrique, the author of the manifesto in which Orozco was named provisional President and in which there was a strong anti-American note, was placed in jail today, according to a statement issued at the rebel headquarters late today.

**MANY REVOLUTIONS  
SAYS KRUTTSCHNITT.**

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) SAN ANTONIO (Tex.) March 1.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Julius Kruttschnitt, Jr., with his family, reached San Antonio from Mexico this afternoon. Young Kruttschnitt was an official of the American Cattle and Hauling Company, with headquarters at Asientos, State of Agua Calientes. The Kruttschnitts experienced many difficulties in escaping from the bandit-infested State of Agua Calientes and were several times delayed by instruction of railroad bridges.

"One cannot theorize on the future of Mexico," said Kruttschnitt tonight. "Only a few months ago Fuentes was elected Governor of Agua Calientes. Two or three nights ago those persons who elected him wanted to hang him. For that very reason I left Mexico."

"I should like to say more, and if all Americans were out of there I might go into details. It is not merely one revolution, it is a lot of them. No one knows what the result is going to be."

**YAQUI DECLARATION.**

**LOYALTY TO MADERO.**

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) GUAYMAS (Mex.) March 1.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] One thousand Yaquis today declared their loyalty to President Madero and were provisioned by the Peace Commission at Oroz. This is the major part of the band of renegade Indians who have been causing trouble in this section of the country and leaves only a small group of the outlaws. State troops are closely pursuing those who have not accepted the peace terms and the campaign is progressing satisfactorily.

Today at Naco, Sonora, a dis-

charged official named Lopez, arose with twelve men against the government and in a fight with loyal troops Salazar's men were killed and two were wounded. The rest of that State is quiet.

It is reported that yesterday, near Chihuahua, Simola, young Almada, a "Porfirista," took up arms against the government with 100 men. Troops were sent today from Torih to pursue Almada.

**REBEL ACTIVITY.**

**MORE BRIDGES BURNED.**

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) DOUGLAS (Ariz.) March 1.—The rebels burned out two bridges on the Naco and Railway, fifteen miles south of here this morning. Trains are not running. A train started from Naco and was stopped by the rebels. It is reported a train was held up just outside of Naco. Angel Lopez, who shot up the customhouse the other night, today denied he intended looting. He had been scouting with five men, returned late and was fired on by the guards, who mistook his party for bandits. He says he intends to hold his position of captain in the Federal army and is loyal to Madero. It is stated here he will be arrested if he returns to Mexico. Lopez denies he is a brother of Red Lopez, and says he could easily have taken Naco, but never thought of such a thing.

**ANOTHER BANDIT BAND.**

**RURALS ON THE TRAIL.**

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) CANANEA (Sonora, Mex.) March 1.—Another bandit band has sprung up in the vicinity of Cananea, and rurals were sent out today to rout them. A Chinese rancher came into town today and reported that a band of men had stolen his horse, his gun and ammunition, butchered a hog and then rode away. At Arispe, the people, tiring of repeated petty raids, have taken the matter of guarding the town in their own hands. A strong force is now out, day and night, and all approaches to the place are well guarded. A few soldiers who remained loyal are assisting the citizens.

**LA FOLLETTE STILL IN.**

And Over His Own Signature, Which Required Time to Write, He Says He Will Stay In.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) MADISON (Wis.) March 1.—"I shall continue in the contest as a candidate for well-defined principles and for a definite programme of legislation which, once enacted into law, will break the hold of privilege on the industrial life of the paper and free them from the burden imposed by thousands of millions of fictitious capitalization."

This is the gist of a statement over his own signature, addressed to "Progressives" and made public today by Senator Robert M. La Follette. The letter is an appeal for delegates and leaves no room for doubt, but, that he will stay in the contest to the end. Mr. La Follette reiterates that he will "not halt or turn aside to find the easy way" and that he is "steadfastly refusing to make combinations."

He also indicated that after a brief rest he would be back "on the firing line" directing his own campaign. He denies that his health is broken.

## TAX FOR INCOMES.

(Continued from First Page.)

but incomes derived from other sources of business than those named in the corporation tax act will be subject to a tax of 1 per cent, where the net income exceeds \$5000 annually.

The statement further says: "If these bills become laws they will have repealed a burden of taxation now borne by the American people on a food product that all must consume of \$107,000,000, and will have substituted in place thereof taxes probably aggregating between \$50,000,000 and \$60,000,000 and collected from persons whose income is more than \$5000."

The sugar bill submitted to the caucus would eliminate the much discussed Dutch standard tax and contains the following provisions:

"Sugars, tank bottoms, syrups of cane juice, melada, concentrated molasses, concrete and concentrated molasses, maple sugar, maple syrup, refined syrups, glucose or grape sugar and sugar cane shall be admitted free of duty."

"Saccharine, 65 cents per pound duty."

"Sugar candy and all confectionery not specifically provided for in this act or in the first section of the act cited for amendment, valued at 15 cents per pound or less, and sugars after being refined, when imported, colored, or in any way adulterated, 2 cents a pound; valued at more than 15 cents a pound, 25 per centum ad valorem. The weight and the value of the immediate coverings other than the outer packing case or other covering shall be included in the dutiable weight and the value of the merchandise."

Chairman Underwood's statement continues:

**NEW REVENUE NECESSARY.**

"The removal of all taxes at the customhouses will, of course, reduce the revenue that the government needs by \$52,000,000, and it was necessary for the committee on Ways and Means to provide other sources of revenue to take the place of the loss from the removal of the taxes on sugar."

"Under the present law persons who have their money invested in corporations that are employing labor and developing the country are taxed on the per centum on the net earnings of the companies."

"Why is it not as equitable and just to impose a similar tax on individuals whose money is invested in lines of business not organized as corporations? Under the present law the stockholder in a corporation is compelled to pay a tax; the bondholder, who as a rule takes little or no risk in the business, is not taxed. If the bill becomes a law the bondholder can be taxed on the same basis as the stockholder."

"There has been a universal and general demand from all parts of the United States for free sugar. The removal of this tax will bring relief to all, no matter how humble, no matter how poor, and the burden will be shifted to those who are possessed of more than comfortable fortunes and can bear the additional tax without serious inconvenience."

**WILL DEDUCT EXPENSES.**

Some of the special provisions of the income tax or excise bill provide that in computing incomes, expenses actually incurred in carrying on a business not including personal living or family expenses shall be deducted as shall interest on indebtedness. National, State, school and municipal taxes, not including those assessed against local benefits, shall be deducted from the profits on incomes of the persons who actually paid them. Losses by fire, shipwreck, storm, etc., not compensated by insurance, and worthless debts are to be exempt.

The term business as employed in the act is held to embrace everything about which a person can be employed and all activities which occupy time, attention and labor of persons for livelihood or profit.

One provision is drawn to eliminate salaried men who contribute to the taxed income of firms or companies. Another provision would direct all postmasters and disbursing officers of the United States to deduct the tax from payments to government employees.

**FLOWER-STREET SALE.**

The sale of a piece of vacant property on Flower street, just south of Sixteenth street, has just been closed. The lot is 6x115 feet in size. The reported consideration is \$13,500. Emery will improve the site in the near future.

**SCHMITZ CASE AT STAKE.**

**DECISION COMING TUESDAY.**

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) SAN FRANCISCO, March 1.—Judge Lawlor will decide Tuesday in the trial of former Mayor Eugene E. Schmitz accused of bribery, whether the case shall go to the jury at once or not. This information was made public today in an affidavit by Judge Lawlor submitted before the District Court of Appeal today as respondent to a petition for a writ of mandate ordering an immediate decision, sought in behalf of Schmitz. The affidavit was read by Asst. Dist. Atty. Fred L. Berry, when the hearing on the petition was called, and Judge Lennon refused to issue the writ.

The present inquiry touches the question of whether there has been a surrender of the Standard Oil subsidiaries in accordance with the recent dissolution decree order of the Supreme Court of the United States.

**LOOK FOR THE AFRICAN.**

Row Between Standard and Waters-Pierce Oil Companies Affords Chance to Search Woodpile.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) ST. LOUIS, March 1.—Charles M. Adams, former secretary of the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, testifying at the oil hearing before Special Commissioner McDonald today, declared the Waters-Pierce company had been succeeded in Texas by the Pierce Fordyce Oil Association, but so far as he was aware the method of carrying on the business had not been changed since Waters-Pierce dominated the situation.

The Waters-Pierce Oil Company was ousted from Texas on the ground that it had violated the anti-trust laws. It was succeeded by the Pierce Fordyce Oil Association, which bought the property of the Waters-Pierce at a foreclosure sale.

Adams' disclosure that the Waters-Pierce and Pierce-Fordyce corporations virtually were one was brought out under cross-examination by Daniel N. Kirby, one of the attorneys for the Standard Oil Company, which is seeking to get control of the Waters-Pierce.

The present inquiry touches the question of whether there has been a surrender of the Standard Oil subsidiaries in accordance with the recent dissolution decree order of the Supreme Court of the United States.

**CHINA**

Russia's dragon is tyranny; China's, superstition. Each is the subject of an article, the intrinsic interest of which is unusual.

"Pictures in a Chinese Temple," by Thornton Oakley, emphasizes that side of Chinese life which is picturesque rather than progressive. But Harriet Monroe's description of "The Education of Chinese Children" shows how the picturesque is giving way to ideas and ideals from the western world. Her description of the ancient methods is all the more timely because those methods are slowly disappearing. Naturally a Chinese mother graduated from Bryn Mawr has ideas against compressing either feet or heads.

George Kennan, to whom we already owe so much of what we know about Russia, tells of the workings of the "mouse-trap," one of the methods by which the police try to throttle the enemies of the government. Kennan quotes Dumas for his description of a device not unknown outside Russia; but only so great an authority on Russian affairs as George Kennan can adequately describe the modern "mouse-trap" of that country.

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**de-Luxe**

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Santa Fe, 254 So. Spring St.  
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A5224; Main 738;  
Broadway 1559

**Neither can you build up your nerves with alcoholic remedies.**

To be Self-Reliant, nerves must have a food-tonic that nourishes and builds up the entire system.

**Scott's Emulsion**

is the World's Standard Body-Builder and Nerve-Food-Tonic.

ALL DRUGGISTS

TRADE-MARK

11-07

## STRIKE MENACES IN MIDDLE WEST.

MINERS, OPERATORS AND BIG CONSUMERS PREPARING.

Unable to Agree on New Contract Opposing Forces in Kansas, Oklahoma, Missouri and Arkansas Fields Look Forward to Tie-up of Coal Mines There.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) KANSAS CITY (Mo.) March 1.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The miners, the operators and the big consumers of coal in Kansas, Oklahoma, Missouri and Arkansas fields are preparing for a strike.

A month ago both sides said they expected little difficulty in agreeing on a contract for another two years, fixing the wage and the working conditions in the mines. It is all changed now.

Some of the operators say they expect a world-wide coal strike following the walk-out of nearly one million miners in England. They say the strike in England was timed with the expiration of the contract between the miners and the operators in the anthracite fields of this country. That contract is for five years and will expire this spring. A strike is threatened in both the anthracite and the bituminous fields they say. That would tie up all the mines of the country except those in the extreme west. In this field the railroads and all the big consumers of steam coal are prepared for a suspension of the mines. The last three months they have worked quietly, storing coal to use if the strike comes. They are buying coal today in excess of what they use.

Eight coal operators and six miners representing the Southwest, met here today and agreed to adjourn subject to the call of James Elliott, president of the Interstate Southwestern Coal Operators' Association, and George Manual, secretary of the conference of the three districts of miners. They said they desired to postpone action on the mining situation in this territory until conditions assumed more definite form in the anthracite fields, and the bituminous fields east of the Mississippi River. The miners are demanding an increase of wages and the operators say there must be a reduction.

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## THOROUGHLY RELIABLE BAKER'S PREMIUM NO. 1 CHOCOLATE



The best results are obtained by using . . .

(Blue Carton, Yellow Label)

In making Cakes, Pies, Puddings, Frosting, Ice-Cream, Sauces, Fudges, Hot and Cold Drinks

For more than 151 years this chocolate has been the standard for purity, delicacy of flavor and uniform quality.

53 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

The trade-mark, "La Belle Chocolatiere," on every genuine package. A beautifully illustrated booklet of new recipes for Home Made Candies and Dainty Dishes sent free.

**WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited**  
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Established 1760

## DRAGON RIDDEN



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11-07

## This Girl Recovered From Consumption

The makers of Beckman's Alkali, which is doing so much good for Consumption, are continually in receipt of wonderful reports of cures brought about solely through the use of this remedy. These reports are always at the command of anyone interested, and will be sent to writers in their gratitude have suggested that like sufferers write direct and let what it did for them. Here is one special case:

"Gentlemen: Pardon me for not replying sooner, but I wanted to see if I would cure. I can now truly say I am cured. I never felt better in all my life. I wish to express my heartfelt thanks to you for what you have done for me. I am now 411 Second Ave., Aurora, Ill."

"I will answer all letters sent to asking a history of my case, from any suffering from lung trouble."

"I remain with many thanks to you, grateful friend."

(Signed A. J. Davis) "ETTA PLATT"

Three years later reports still well. Beckman's Alkali is effective in Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Throat and Lung troubles, and in upbuilding the system. Does not contain poisons, opiate habit-forming drugs. For sale by The Drug Co's Stores and other leading druggists. Ask for booklet of cured cases write to Beckman Laboratory, Philadelphia, Pa., for additional evidence.

**Never \$3.00**







**FOR SALE—**

[illegible][illegible]



### Classified Liners.

## GOVERNMENT LANDS—

**WANTED FOR AUSTRALIA.**  
A large expert irrigators to take up government land in the State of New South Wales. Government will give them 100 dollars (twelve hundred dollars) to take them to Australia. Also proportionately to families. Will pay railroad transportation from their present home to the place. Their arrival in Australia take them to the State owned railroads to the section where the land is. They will fence a large farm. The farms selected by them, to an acre or more.  
Will build houses (if required) to be made equal to the establishments extending over 18 years.  
The settler in return to work his farm such a way as to afford demonstration to other settlers on the area as to how to properly conduct his production with land.

Only stable and trustworthy men will be considered.

NIEL NIELSEN,  
Australian Government Commissioner,  
672 Market st., San Francisco.

**FINE LEVEL GOVERNMENT LANDS**  
Plenty of water. Close to railroad. LAKESIDE, CALIF.

I also have high-grade relliquishments at the right price, in the Imperial Valley, Chucuma Valley, and the Colorado Valley and Victorville fruit lands, school lands and other relliquishments at Otila and of all sorts everywhere.

EDWARD C. CHAMBERLAIN, of Commerce Bldg., 1005 E. 4th St., Los Angeles.

**DO YOU WANT 160 OR 320 ACRES GOVERNMENT LAND** close to R.R., irrigation, 150 miles Los Angeles, San Bernardino and for all the fruit varieties. I have them. We guarantee every word we say. Do not pay big locating fees. Write for particulars.

**OR SALE - OR EXCHANGE BY OWNERS**  
 railroads, from 40 to 220-acre tracts  
 on change. Located in the beautiful  
 in the San Joaquin valley, Riverside county.  
 RYSON BLDG., corner 2nd and Spring st.  
**OR SALE - REINDEMENT, IN ACRES**  
 apple land at a bargain. Adjacent  
 improvement is in a live locality  
 approved, Cal. Address: F. box 24, TIM  
 OFFICE.

**IS YOUR SCHOOL LAND RIGHT**  
 fore too late. Buy local school land  
 before they are withdrawn March 22nd. Now  
 sell, at long time, easy terms. PRICE,  
 railway Bldg.

**ON SALE -**  
 and Orange Groves.

**OR SALE—**  
**LEGAT, TULARE COUNTY, CAL.**  
 BUT ORANGE land and bearing grove  
 California's earliest and safest district.  
 Free plantings with 1000 trees, citrus  
 tree culture. Cheap water. No a-  
 pests. No fumigation. Entire navel  
 shipped before the trees are cut down  
 and the grove is on this district and  
 advancing. Buy now while the district  
 is available. For information, address  
 the agents, **W. J. Lindsay, CAL.**  
 or any Lindsay bank.

**OR SALE—NAVEL ORANGE ORCHARD**  
 margin—over thirty trees in full be-  
 lieve. Navel large profits. Situated at  
 one of the most desirable locations. The  
 best average 100 per cent factor. The  
 best average highest price. Never fail  
 to supply. Price \$1000 per acre.

**SALE - BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED** year-old Valencia orange grove, 14 0000 country home, just completed, is west of Riverside, Calif. Can be had for \$10,000 cash, balance of \$6000 from crops. Address K, box 789 OFFICE.

**SALE - 12-ACRE ORANGE GROVE** 6-room house, barn, fruit crop. 22 shares water, fine location. OTTMAN, Corona, Cal.

**SALE - MUST GO! EARLY 12-ACRE** grove in Los Angeles valley. Early orange trees. 12 acres 10-year-old navel; 2 acres 12-year-old Santa Claus seedling fruit; 2 acres ready to plant. Cable cash offer. Write agents, PORTERVILLE.

**EXCHANGE - 22 ACRES PART**

**SALE—**  
Poultry Ranches.  
**SAL— AT SACRIFICE OF \$7000**  
all fenced, 28x38 barn and you  
600 capacity, piped for water;  
in 4-room bungalow, 14x14 feet,  
electricity and telephone; two b-  
P. O. and stove, one line, school  
macadam road to Redondo.  
to the county. **MUST SELL**, w-  
k. If you want a nice home and  
much close to everything, you  
**AFFORD TO LIVE IN IT.** IN-  
LAND CO., Inglewood, Cal.  
**SAL—**

DOING RAMONA ACRES  
-770-  
CASH and \$10 A MONTH

Handy acre is right on Garfield  
-acres to live. Best place to raise c-  
ma and water, graded and ciled st-  
-house from the city.

ANNS INVESTMENT COMPANY,  
611-13 South Hill  
-1006. Broadway

VELA, LODGING-HOUSES-  
Sole, Lease, Exchange, Wanted

MENTS-  
-SPECIAL

our lists before you buy. This de-  
sign has made a specialty of Cole  
plans for years and has the best  
A-grade buildings in the city. If  
you have what you want

**WE WILL BUILD TO SUIT.**

Leasing Dept.  
**ROBT. MARSH & CO.,**  
Second Floor Trust & Savings Bldg.  
Sixth and Spring sts. Main

**SALE—**  
**AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER.**  
Taken this week, I will sell my  
Hotel for \$100,000 cash. This  
\$250 a month, good lease, good  
and full of first class people

**SALE - THE BEST PAYING**  
Business in the city; cheap rent; well fitted all the time. Fine lot is going away; must sell; a great price for some one with the cash. See me at **THE WILSON HOTEL**, corner First and Main.

**SALE - FURNITURE AND LEASE**  
An apartment hotel, practically a brick building, three blocks of city streets - 14th and 15th. Good furniture at cost; no bonus to account other than business interest. **EN. 316 W. Ninth St.**

**SALE - FURNITURE AND WARE**

ment or rooming-house to value  
not mentioned for clear residence.  
same value. Address H, box  
OFFICE.

**SALE—11 ROOMS ON S. FLOWER**  
181; very close in. Must go at  
INVESTMENT Co. 117 & N. W.  
St. 2848.

**EXCHANGE—MY EQUITY OF**  
10-room apartment house for  
COMMON INVESTMENT Co. 117  
S. Main 2848.

**WANTED TO BUY FURNITURE**  
in rooming-houses between 4th and  
5th and Flower; have \$2000. Write  
Joe McIntosh, 117 S. Main  
Address J, box 118, times office.

**WANTED — TO BUY, 5 OR 6-**  
room rooming house, close in.

**SALE-HOTEL OF 28 ROOMS.**  
In ready business; good lease; off  
the city. Call at 609 N. WILSON ST.  
**SALE-3 COZY FURNISHED**  
clean, modern, rooms full; easy to  
see THE KOHLER ST.  
**SALE-BOARDING AND ROOMS**  
always full; cheap if taken at  
long city.  
**SALE-BEST ROOMING-HOUSE**  
in city. 14 rooms, new furniture,  
on right party. 1503 S. FIGU  
ST.  
**SALE-3 ROOMS HERBERT M.**  
right in town, cheap rent.  
You can handle for \$28. ARTH  
RD 28 S. HILL.  
**SALE-2 ROOM HOUSE.** 3 f  
clean, good rent. Cheap. 28 V  
RD.

WALKER - INCOME, RATH, VARIO,  
 MONTHLY near Main: \$500 P  
 MAYAN 1966.  
 STARRS - HAVE HOME NEW A  
 (or leave, or will build  
 part of city. E. A. NOVER, 101  
 1966



## MARCH 2, 1912.—[PART I.] 11

**MONEY TO LOAN—**  
Salaries and Chattels.

[illegible]















Story of the Day's Events Below Tehachepi's Top.

NEWS REPORTS FROM CORRESPONDENTS OF THE TIMES.

STIFF FIGHT IN PROSPECT.

Men Arrested for Talking Employ Lawyers.

Cases Will Be Called Next Monday Morning.

Aged Woman Proves Too Eloquent in Court.

SAN DIEGO, March 1.—Hearing of the thirty-eight defendants, charged with conspiracy in alleged violations of the street speaking ordinance, when called in township court this morning, was again continued to next Monday.

Application for this continuance was made by Asst. Dist. Atty. E. D. McKee, who, by affidavit, showed that he is engaged in conducting the prosecution of George W. Harrington, in the Superior Court, for murder, and that by reason thereof, he could not be in two courts at the same time.

No objection to the continuance was raised by the defendants. It was also announced by the defense that E. E. Kirk had retired as counsel and that the defense would be conducted by F. C. Owers and H. W. Schell, assisted by Los Angeles attorneys.

The retirement of Kirk was the result of a disagreement between some of the defendants and Kirk, as to the method of procedure. Harry M. McKee, a defendant, and a State organizer of the socialist party, objected to Kirk's tactics. McKee stated this morning that he had been told that the defense would be conducted by F. C. Owers and H. W. Schell, assisted by Los Angeles attorneys.

While Kirk and I have always been and will remain the best of friends, I did not think he was conducting the defense in the right manner. He had his ideas and I had mine," said McKee. "Kirk was in the position of the man employed to dig a ditch, and the employer had his idea as to how the ditch should be dug, while the employee looked at it from another angle. The result after another digger was put on the job."

TO BUILD AUDITORIUM. At a meeting of the Federated State Societies at the Savoy Theater, yesterday afternoon, President D. F. Glidden announced that plans are maturing for the erection of a four-story building to contain an auditorium to hold from 2500 to 3000 persons and a central building committee is working out the plans. President Glidden stated that a stock company will be formed at once and that he has been assured that a local capitalist will subscribe \$10,000 toward such an enterprise. The building will be erected for use of the federated and other societies by the several state societies, as well as for all public gatherings and banquets. The estimated cost of the structure planned will be from \$200,000 to \$250,000. Other speakers at the meeting were President D. F. Glidden and Commissioner At-Large John I. Fox, of the Panama-California Exposition. They gave the building plan their endorsement.

BOOST MILK PRICES. With hay selling at \$30 a ton, dairymen found that beginning March 1 they were forced to increase the price of milk. Various today experts are announcing an increase in prices of from 5 to 7 cents, quart, 10 to 12 cents.

The greater number of dairymen charge their consumers by the month. The notice states that hereafter a quart of milk delivered will cost \$1.50 a month, instead of \$1.30; three pints will cost \$1.50, two quarts \$1.30, three quarts \$1.10, and one gallon, \$1.10.

Counting on 10,000 consumers in the city, the increase of 50 cents a month means that \$500,000 additional will be paid out for that one item of living alone.

According to Dr. I. W. Parks, dairy inspector, many dairymen have not fed left over from last year's hay crop, consequently their cows have dried up and are useless as revenue producers.

RAILROAD CONTRACT. Engineer Bryan of the Santa Fe, while here yesterday, awarded to G. E. Gabrielson and E. C. Codd of this city, a contract to level the ground for a material yard at National City. The contract calls for the expenditure of about \$10,000. Five miles of side-tracks are to be laid. Each roadbed will be thirty-two feet wide, making room for double tracks. The double tracks are to be 20 to 30 feet apart. They will accommodate continuous strings of cars that can be unloaded from the two sides. The contract for leveling the ground of the yard calls for the removal of 35,000 cubic yards of dirt.

ELUQUENT WITNESS. Mrs. Christine Green, aged 74 years and a devoted follower of Mrs. Katharine Tingley, was one of the witnesses for the defense in the Thurston case here today. Mrs. Green was eloquent in her praise of Mrs. Tingley and the tragedy of Mrs. Patterson's life. She also dwelt upon the alleged ingratitude of the son, George Patterson. At times her eloquence was such that she was restrained. Iverson Harris, also a member of the Theosophical Society, was on the stand when the court adjourned until Monday.

FINE ROAD TO "LAKEVIEW INN." Fine roads to "Lakeview Inn." San Bernardino Orange Show Directors Award Prize for the Greatest Attendance During the Week.

REDLANDS, March 1.—President C. M. Grow of the San Bernardino Chamber of Commerce, was in the city today to make arrangements for the formal presentation of the cup which was won by Redlands at the National Orange Show, by having the largest number of visitors.

The affair will take place next Thursday night, in either the "M. C. A." building, or the "Theater." The presentation of the cup, accompanied by prominent men of Redlands, will be formally presented by President Grow, and will be made by Mayor J. H.

STRAIT, President A. C. Denman, Jr., of the Board of Trade; President J. J. Sues of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association; President A. E. Brown of the Redlands Realty Board and others.

During the Orange Show, over 1400 residents of Redlands registered visitors at the show. The nearest competitor was Riverside, which has a total registration of 150.

Lakeview Agency, 324 Spring street. HATFIELDS IN THE GAME. Brother of "Wizard" Makes Proposition to Cause Three Inch Precipitation For Three Thousand Dollars.

ESCONDIDO, March 1.—Paul A. Hatfield, a brother of Chas. M. Hatfield of Los Angeles, "rainmakers," has made a proposition to the Chamber of Commerce to "attract" three inches of rain during March and April for a consideration of \$3000. He declares that his brother and himself have conducted fourteen commercial contracts, "with satisfactory results."

SHORT NEWS. Five members of the board of city trustees are to be elected at the municipal election, April 8. The terms of W. H. Baldridge and Ed. J. Hatch expire this year, while the other three members, W. N. Bradbury, Chas. R. Libby and Frank H. Chapin are filling out unexpired terms. A special election necessary in each case. A clerk and treasurer are to be elected. Henry Nulton, incumbent, is a candidate for the clerkship. L. B. Hooper will not be a candidate for re-election as treasurer. Under the new law the City Marshal, who also serves as superintendent of streets and collector of taxes, is appointed by the city trustees. The time limit for filing nomination papers is March 5.

At the meeting Tuesday evening the city trustees will take up the matter of the contract for the grading and surfacing of five miles of city streets, calling for an expenditure, under the Freeman Act, of \$22,948.61. A protest to the award of the contract has been filed with the board, signed by 113 of the property owners.

LEGAL BATTLE OVER AN ESTATE

San Bernardino Sisters Ignore the Family Relation.

Court Grants Non-suit in a Commission Case.

Cheap Power and Light Are Hoped For.

SAN BERNARDINO, March 1.—J. N. Lane and Mrs. Rose Heck faced Mrs. Mary McDonald, Mrs. T. E. Kott, their sister, Mrs. Catherine Brush and Fred Brush, in the Superior Court today, for a final settlement of the bitter family difference which developed over the estate of their mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Allan. When the aged woman died Fred Brush, her son-in-law, appeared with an option, which gave him a five-year residence of the Allan foothill ranch free, with the privilege of buying the property at the end of that time.

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# THE CITY AND ENVIRONS.

## NEWS IN BRIEF.

### Evening City Club.

Councilman Reed will be the principal speaker at the meeting of the Evening City Club in the rooms of the Federation Club next Tuesday. His subject will be "Transportation Problem."

### Cham Clark Club.

Owing to a change in plan, the meeting of the newly-organized Cham Clark Club, which was to have been held last evening, will occur tonight instead, at the old Masonic Hall, No. 421 South Hill street. E. B. Drake is temporary president of the organization and W. D. Tugate secretary.

### Her Boy Is Dying.

Dr. Brougher of Temple Baptist Church, received a message yesterday from Huntington, W. Va., stating that Mrs. Vaughan's son, who has been notified that her son is dying in Los Angeles. Dr. Brougher is not acquainted with the facts, but will forward any information sent to him at the church.

### Closing Luna for Changes.

Ending a season that has continued since months without interruption, Luna Park will close tomorrow evening to complete various new amusements. A special programme of free shows, rides and amusements will be given to the public until the park is reopened three weeks from today.

### For Horticulturists.

There will be two meetings of the members of the Los Angeles County Horticultural Society next week. At the first, in Kruecker Hall, No. 217 Franklin street, Tuesday evening, Charles Wines will talk on "Lawns and Lawn-Making." The second meeting will be held in the Chamber of Commerce building, first floor, Thursday evening, and will be open to the public. The speakers will be Messrs. Horne, Reeves and Brautson.

British Royal War Men's Association of the British War Veterans' Society will hold a special meeting tonight in Capt. Nickerson's office, Wright & Callender building. The society's membership is composed of forty officers who saw active duty in the three years' conflict. The members are seriously considering the advisability of taking into the society non-commissioned officers and privates who served in the British war. Sir Arthur Hill is president and Lieut. N. H. Gobrecht secretary.

### Doesn't Hurt a Bit.

A broken leg that didn't hurt a bit and that was sustained by means of a hammer and nail, was sustained by an unknown man at Fourth and Spring streets yesterday. The man was carefully picked up by a patrolman on the west street when he stopped and told the traffic cop he couldn't budge. In some manner he had broken a wooden leg.

### Thanks to Sore Throat.

Miss Edna Little and her mother, Mrs. J. Little, might have been buried to death in their handsome home, No. 14 South St. Andrews place, yesterday morning had not the smoke from the fire in the attic irritated her sore throat, causing her to cough and sneeze, which awakened both. They had only time to don a few clothes and seek shelter with neighbors. Crowsed wires are believed to have caused the fire. The loss is partly covered by insurance.

### "Comme il Faut."

Tonight Hotel Alexandria will banquet the Dismal Association of Southern California. The occasion will mark the first anniversary of the organization and an installation of officers will follow the feast. In contrast to the arbitrary decrees and "dreamy" creations of these artists of the tape and shawl, the association is organized along thorough practical lines and with a view to permanency and expansion. Its aims are social and protective and it already has a large active membership and a dozen or more on the honorary list. It is probable that the annual banquet will be preceded eventually by an elaborate "show" or function to which the public will be invited.

Messrs. C. H. Wolffert Company, proprietors of this hotel, tendered a banquet to the salesmen in their employ at the Maryland Hotel in Pasadena, last Wednesday evening. The annual banquet is an established custom with this progressive firm, and serves to bring the men closer together, with uniformity of aim and a betterment of the service to patrons. Covers were laid for four hundred. In addition to the members of the company, Messrs. Wolffert, Allen and White. The salesmen present were Messrs. Ellis, Anderson, Crowland, Hawley, McGovern, Harland, Culver, Kleps, Robinson and Cook.

Substantial Increase.

The February statement of the Los Angeles postoffice shows receipts of \$14,570.57, as compared with the corresponding period of 1911 of \$12,462.02. The increase is \$2,108.55, or 15.9 per cent. The number of pieces of mail received by the office during the month, either misdirected or not addressed to street number was 745, 127, disposed of as follows: correct address found and forwarded to points outside of the city, 71,851; correct address found and delivered by letter carrier, 24,543; pieces of mail sent to the general delivery to await call, 428,232; average number of pieces searched through the direct-mail daily, 23,499; number of callers at the general delivery, exclusive of Sundays, 323,468; daily average, 3,884; number of changes of addresses filed in the postoffice, 30,394; daily average, 1945. Station No. 47 of the local postoffice was opened yesterday in the Boston Store, No. 219 South Broadway.

### BREVITIES.

Harris & Frank are showing a most complete line of the very popular mannish cut Norfolk suits for spring. Navy and other desirable shades are obtainable at \$25 and \$30, splendid values. 437-443 S. Spring st.

New cream serge, whipcord, basket weave and like fashionable materials are beautifully worked up into smart spring suits, now on display at Harris & Frank's, 437-443 S. Spring st. Make it a point to see these while assortments are complete.

Thousands of andirons, fire sets and basket grates refitted at wholesale prices at J. W. Fry's Mantle House, corner Twelfth and Los Angeles streets.

### The Times Branch.

Office, No. 118 South Broadway. Advertisements and subscriptions taken.

### HE CUTS CORNER.

J. M. Sarrail, a driver for a bakery, was fined \$5 by Police Judge Chambers yesterday, for having cut a corner at Fifth and Los Angeles streets. The man pleaded guilty.

## LETTERS TO "THE TIMES."

### Praying for Rain.

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 29.—[To the Editor of The Times:] I have been a resident of Los Angeles for twenty-seven years and I have noticed that when we lack rain there will generally first appear some frivolous remarks in the papers about the myths, etc., but when it gets very serious some one will put in a good straight prayer to Almighty God for rain and perhaps pardon for sin will also be expressed or implied in the petition; and a large majority of the well-thinking people who know what a serious thing drought is, say amen in their hearts if not with their lips; and the Lord God takes notice when we bow and confess that He still holds the wind and rain in His hand, and that He has not delegated the control to any one, and He graciously gives us rain.

And with what result? That the people as a whole remain contrite and walk safely and give Him the praise that is His due. I am aware that a great many think God has nothing to do with rain, but a perusal of such passages as Leviticus 26-1, 26-2, 26-3, 26-4, 26-5, 26-6, 26-7, 26-8, 26-9, 26-10, 26-11, 26-12, 26-13, 26-14, 26-15, 26-16, 26-17, 26-18, 26-19, 26-20, 26-21, 26-22, 26-23, 26-24, 26-25, 26-26, 26-27, 26-28, 26-29, 26-30, 26-31, 26-32, 26-33, 26-34, 26-35, 26-36, 26-37, 26-38, 26-39, 26-40, 26-41, 26-42, 26-43, 26-44, 26-45, 26-46, 26-47, 26-48, 26-49, 26-50, 26-51, 26-52, 26-53, 26-54, 26-55, 26-56, 26-57, 26-58, 26-59, 26-60, 26-61, 26-62, 26-63, 26-64, 26-65, 26-66, 26-67, 26-68, 26-69, 26-70, 26-71, 26-72, 26-73, 26-74, 26-75, 26-76, 26-77, 26-78, 26-79, 26-80, 26-81, 26-82, 26-83, 26-84, 26-85, 26-86, 26-87, 26-88, 26-89, 26-90, 26-91, 26-92, 26-93, 26-94, 26-95, 26-96, 26-97, 26-98, 26-99, 26-100, 26-101, 26-102, 26-103, 26-104, 26-105, 26-106, 26-107, 26-108, 26-109, 26-110, 26-111, 26-112, 26-113, 26-114, 26-115, 26-116, 26-117, 26-118, 26-119, 26-120, 26-121, 26-122, 26-123, 26-124, 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27-000.

For small boys' sizes (ages 2 to 6 years), who cannot be dressed in the little men—we show handsome

Wash Suits  
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Sox  
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### FARM WASHED AWAY?

Damage Suit for Alleged Loss by River's Overflow Transferred to United States District Court.

The damage suit brought by the Bradbury Estate Company against the Santa Fe Railway, praying damages amounting to \$14,999, has been transferred from the Superior Court to the United States District Court, on motion of the defendant.

The allegations of the petition recite that the plaintiff corporation is the owner of a large tract of land in the Santa Fe River valley, which has been the subject of a long and expensive litigation, and that a stream known as the Santa Anita wash flows through the land, the outlet having heretofore been used for carrying water from the mountains to the sea.

It is alleged that the railroad company, in running its track along the north and west lines of the land, built a levee, the effect of which was to prevent the passage of water so that the water and debris could not get by the levee, so that the water washed off the soil. It is alleged that the land was fertile up to that time, but that by reason of the overflow it has become almost useless for agricultural purposes.

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It is alleged that the railroad















### EXAMINING THE FARMS.

Dynamite is likely to come into extensive use on the farms of the land. The Florida railroad king and scientific farmer, Mr. Flagler, states that by loosening the soil with dynamite the roots of a plant are enabled to suck nourishment from a much greater depth and insects are destroyed. An Alabama cotton grower raised a dynamited soil four and one-half bales to the acre, while fields which had not been dynamited produced but one bale to the acre. The boll weevil, which has proved so destructive to cotton fields, may be exterminated by the use of dynamite.

Grapefruit trees planted in holes blown by dynamite, in soil so rocky that picks and spades could not be used, grew rapidly and endured drought and hot weather better than trees planted in good soil. The dynamiting of the hole made fissures in the rocky soil through which the roots of the tree could descend and pump up the rich nutrient food in the depths.

other countries commercial paper is taken upon as a basis for the circulation of bank notes, and wherever it is tried under proper restrictions it works admirably, adjusts itself perfectly to the exigencies of business. In times of great activity and business expansion these bills of exchange are abundantly numerous. In times of stagnation they shrink in proportion to the depression in business. It is perfectly automatic.

So far as we know, there is nothing in the proposed legislation, at least so far as its main features are concerned, that does not stand against anything like a banker's monopoly, or the control of the central funds of the "financial kings" at the great centers of activity. Of course this is a point upon which all intelligent and honest people are agreed. To provide against undue inflation

in enforcing the provisions of the Sherman law, the President has been very successful, but successful, but successful. The Standard Oil American Tobacco trusts have ceased exist. The great steel corporation is being vigorously prosecuted and scores of trusts need the handwriting upon the wall and scurried away from the banquet hall.

In the civil war in Mexico which resulted the retirement of Diaz, President Taft undied a very difficult situation with skill and with success. He may surely be relied upon to deal with the questions created by the Gomez revolt against Madero in such a manner as to guard the rights of American

It has been calculated that a single tree is able through its leaves to purify the air from the carbonic acid arising from the respiration of a considerable number of men, perhaps a dozen or even more. The volume of carbonic acid exhaled by a human being in the course of twenty-four hours is put at about 100 gallons, but by Boussingault's calculation a single square yard of leaf surface, counting both the upper and the under sides of the leaves, can, under favorable circumstances, decompose at least a gallon of carbonic acid in a day. One hundred square yards of leaf surface then would suffice to keep the air pure for one man, and the leaves of a tree of moderate size present a surface of many hundred square yards.

got on suit of tweeds whose trousers bagged at the knees. Shouting carmen loaded the wagons and the circus *got by* the next morning under a management with an entire change of programme at each performance.

What did I care? That was part of excitement. The parable had been incomplete without the closing chapter in which the moral of half-blind self-deceit fell. For the first place of the trumpets and rattles the drums which ushered in the gall knights and beautiful ladies on white horses in the "Grand Entry" to the rolling "walk around" which closed the "celebration" and reduced misrule to the after-performance. I had drunk life the less. I had been a "journalist." I was on the box of the golden chariot of the handeling the silver rubies myself. So then I have walked humbly in the ranks of the "newspaper men," who are very forest.

*John F. Sheridan*

'Neath Kipling's verse, and no one  
Doc Wiley for a pure-food theme.  
How unfamiliar would life seem!  
—[Denver Republic]

It will be many years, he  
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Button Boots. PATENT COLT. FRENCH CALF. TAN IMPORTED RUSSIA. Bluchers. HIGH AND LOW CUT. HEAVY DOUBLE SOLES. FRENCH TAN VEAL.

\$6.50 and \$7.50. Other makes \$4 to \$6. See our window display. Harris & Frank

REORGANIZATION RECOMMENDED. ADVANCEMENT IS KEYNOTE OF GOVERNOR'S REPORT.

Escudero Strongly Favors New Political System for Northern District of Lower California—Successful in First Reforms He Urges Other Changes.

As immediate political and administrative reorganization of the northern district of the Territory of Lower California is strongly recommended by Gov. M. Gordillo Escudero in his annual report issued at Tacubaya.

Bring the youngsters here today for footwear. We can fit them accurately in the models you want them to have.

Our Juvenile Department is stocked with the best of Children's Shoes. Prices are right. Glance at our windows.

Beeman & Hendee. 336 So. Broadway. Spring Dresses For Girls—New Patterns.

These were made up exclusively for us and especially well. Many colorings to choose from in a good range of sizes.

New Location. Our new store at 351-353 S. Broadway will be ready soon. Watch for Opening Announcement.

Better Watch Work—Lower Prices. Our experts not only do the finest watch repairing in the city, but our prices are lower than you'll pay anywhere else.

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OFF & VAUGHN DRUG CO. 352 South Spring—Corner Fourth. Three Hundred Per Cent. Per Annum—Investigate.

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J. W. Robinson Co. Broadway and Third Station 47 of the United States Postoffice. Also Branch Office of the Wells Fargo Express Co. and Western Union Telegraph Co. (Main Floor, rear)

Kites and Airships Specially Priced for Today These offerings will insure Christmas-time activity in our Toy Department today.

Eddy Kites, 5-ft. high and 4-ft. wide, strongly made and linen covered, on sale today only, at 85c; regularly \$1.25. Linen and paper box kites, 30x22 inches—linen, 45c; regularly 75c—paper covered, 15c; regularly 25c.

Yankee Flyer Airships with strongly built linen wings—will make long flights outdoors—26 inches long and 16 wide, \$1.35; regularly \$2.

Others made of fine silk, on steel framework—real works of art which we import from France—\$1.35 to \$12; regularly \$2 to \$18.

Dolls at Half Table load of dolls—kid body, composition and unbreakable sorts, which have become more or less soiled by serving as samples—to be sold today at half former prices. Sizes 6 to 36 inches.

We carry Reach Baseball goods and Wright & Ditson Tennis goods. (Fourth Floor, rear)

Sales for Today Details of Which Appeared In Yesterday's Papers: Misses' \$3.50 to \$5 wash dresses—8 to 20-year sizes—at a dollar-fifty.

Misses' \$15 to \$20 one-piece dresses of silks and woollens, in 14, 16 and 18-year sizes, at nine seventy-five.

Misses' \$35 and \$40 tailored suits—this Winter's latest models and materials—at twenty-five dollars. (Third Street End of Second Floor. Use Rear Elevator)

Los Angeles' Oldest Dry Goods House. The Best in Dry Goods Since 1878

'Tis Spring!—and Here Are Silks of Spring That Mirror the Season's Awakening Newness

Sheer Woolen Fabrics Priced 95c!—most timely, should these reductions prove to today's shoppers, for—

—they include weaves and patterns that will "make up" into charming frocks for Spring, or waists—maybe a skirt—materials that sell regularly to \$3.50—priced but 95c the yard, today—such as—

—these Volles, Etamines, Poplins, Taffetas, Crepes, and—

Novelties in Exclusive Designs for Spring—

—a special line in the latest of the popular shades—

—and all the staple colors, too—

—on sale today, at 95c—though you'd have to pay to \$2.50 for them under ordinary circumstances.

—Near Right Aisle, Main Floor—

"Perrin's" \$4 Long Kid Gloves at \$3.35—

—they're "Perrin's," yes;—shouldn't that be a sufficient guarantee of good—

—might we say: the "best"—quality?—then, too, there are "Mag-

—gion" makes here, as well—an Italian glove known for its unusual softness and fineness of skin.

—The full sixteen—button lengths; artfully overseamed—in black, white, pink and blue—for \$3.35 the pair, instead of \$4.00.

—Upper Right Aisle, Main Floor—

Long Chamisettes Reduced to \$1 Pair—

—white and bisque shades—

—sixteen-button lengths; in the \$1.25 and \$1.50 values—priced \$1 the pair.

—Upper Right Aisle, Main Floor—

A Few "Ostermoors"—

—that were \$30, priced \$18.50.

215-229 S. Broadway 224-328 S. Hill Street

Christopher Candies. Send A Box of Christopher Candies

For a Typical California Souvenir to the Poor Snow-Bound Easterners Show them what we can do in Los Angeles

These boxes of Christopher Confections, any size, beautifully packed, resemble a box of flowers when opened. The beautiful coloring of the bon-bons among the glistening chocolates and the touches of candied fruit make a gift for attractiveness that cannot be surpassed.

Some of Our New Chocolates. Paradise Chocolates. Rainbow Chocolates. Pike's Peak Almonds. Dutch Chocolates.

French Nougat (Chocolate Coated). Tutti Frutti. Malted Milk Chocolates. Buttermilk Chocolates.

Quaint Quality Chocolates—all hand-dipped—made in our big daylight factory—out of the dust zone—of the finest materials and distinctive flavors. "They come high—but we must have 'em."

Don't Forget Your Sunday Brick. Tutti Frutti Ice Cream. Orange Water Ice. Peach Ice Cream. Only 50c Quart at the Store.

THE L. J. CHRISTOPHER CO. 350 South Broadway. 581 South Broadway. 241 South Spring. 321 South Spring.

First New Spring Shipment of Lawn Mowers for 1912. JUST RECEIVED.

Coldwell's Cadet mowers, 12-inch.....\$3.00. Coldwell's Colonial mowers, ball bearing.....\$4.50.

Coldwell's high wheel, "Lake-wood" ball bearing mowers, 14-inch.....\$6.00.

GRASS CATCHES. Spring frame, canvas catch.....50c. Galvanized bottom grass catch.....\$1.00.

Henry Luyot. 538 S. Spring St.

McBurney's. Kidney, Bladder and Rheumatism Cure. Hoffman's Millinery. 400 South Broadway.

House of Biehl. IMPORTING TAILORS. Business Suits \$35 and up. 516 South Broadway.

DRINK & DRUG TREATMENTS. NEAL INSTITUTE. 945 N. OLIVE ST. HOWA







*Second Anniversary of Temple Church's Pastor.*

**STREET PREACHING.**  
**CROWDS LISTEN DAILY.**  
Rev. Mullen, connected with the Bible Institute, holds an open air service every day at noon and every afternoon at 2 o'clock at Second and Los Angeles streets. When the crowds were small, but many as 1000 were gathered to

Simon answered him, and said, Master, as thou art all things, all that thou sayest, the word will let down the nails. When they had this done, they in a great multitude of fishes; and the nets were breaking; (7) and they beckoned their partners in the other boat, saying, Come, we will go, for we have caught of thee. And they filled both the boats, so that they could not sink. (8) But Simon Peter, when he saw that, fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Lord, I am a sinful man. (9) For he was amazed, and all the more because of the draught of the fish which they had taken: (10) and so he said unto him, Depart from me, for I am a sinful man. (11) And James and John, sons of Zebedee,

what is this harvest? it is not that of multitudes of men aspiring to holiness, and turning to the Lord; but rather that of distressed and scattered humanity wolf-wounded and fainting by the way, having none to care for them, no shepherds to enter into conflict with the wolves and gather them into the fold. This is harvest because of the division which God has made for testing the need of these people in this. In no other sense is it harvest.

The final note of our Golden Year is certainly startling, but absolutely important. It is startling in that it declares that the immediate duty is the view of the vastness of the opportunity and paucity of the supply.

and whoever great the appeal  
whitened field may be to us  
ally, we have no business to  
in until we have prayed Him  
us, and are sure that He is do  
Recognizing these funda  
matters, let us turn again to t  
text. If we read on in M  
that which immediately follo  
discover that those whom H  
manded to pray, He sent; and  
over, that He perfectly eq  
them for the doing of the w

**CHRISTIAN END**

**BY WILLIAM T. E.**

**JUST SAYING SO**

Terse Comments Upon the Prayer-Meeting Topic of People's Societies, Christian endeavor, etc.—For March 1: Christian Testimony That Cou

1:29-42.

more important than  
preacher is to have a co-  
men and women who  
of praising their own  
which was summed  
poet when he cried,  
deemed of the Lord say  
all. Just say which side  
and you array the full  
personality in its favor,  
philosophy of the ballot  
a man is only the citizen  
to his belief in that man

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Vote is the  
A vote for  
s testimony  
or in the

[illegible][illegible]

"Rock versus Sand" will be the subject for consideration by the Church Unity Week School of Discipleship, March 12 to 15, at the Hotel Marlborough. Those who should not endorse and affiliate with the Man and Religion Movement. Class will include the connection with subject the admitted collapse of Protestantism from Luther to the present. Why and how? Mammoth Hall, 215 2nd St. Free admission. Notice will be given next Saturday.

these men to personal service. He said to them, "I will make you fishers of men." He was the author of gracious value and comfort, emphasizing the fact of His ability to enable us to do whatever His will appoints this master of service.

Then finally observe in Luke that when the Lord illustrated this ability by the miraculous draught of fishes the effect produced upon Peter was that of an overwhelming sense of awe and wonder, and of love and fear he cried, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord." There is a marvelous answer of Jesus, "Fear not; for henceforth thou shalt catch men."

**CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.**

BY WILLIAM T. REED.

**JUST SAYING SO.**

Those Connected upon the Uniform Prayer Book of the United Methodist People's Societies, Christian Endeavor, etc.—For March 10, "Christian Testimony That Counts." John 1:29-42.

The most practical and modern

anything goes to get it friends to do so. The force that turns the tide in any national election is the "say so" of the largest number of people. The new-fangled advertising-machine is the most widely praised by women is the one that wins; no other advertising is comparable with this. The organization is the Christian Movement in the Grand Order of Plumed Knights, which sets men to talking about its good points is a sure of success. So with the conventional "say so," enough men speak favorably about the Christian Conservation Congress of the Men and Religion Movement in New York City next April, it will be a national event of first magnitude.

More important than an eloquent preacher is to find a congregation of men and women who know the art of praising their own church. All of which was summed up by the pessimist when he cried, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so." That's all. Just say which side you are on. You may array the full force of your personality in its support, but it is the philosophy of the ballot. A vote for a man is only the citizen's testimony to his belief in the man and the principles which he represents. If

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## Business: Markets, Finance and Trade.

## Business:

## FINANCIAL NEWS SUMMARY.

Published by Logan & Bryan, Members New York and Boston Stock Exchanges, Broadway 312, New York.

**NEW YORK, March 1.**—American bond market was quiet and steady. One million British gold bonds on offer. Government demands operations resumption. Market for steel corporation in dissolution suit, saying they are evasive and insufficient.

**Causes of House Democrats on sugar revenue bill today.**

But little credit at Lawrence, Mass. revenue 5 per cent. wage increase expected to follow.

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## DAILY EASTERN CITRUS MARKET QUOTATIONS.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

**NEW YORK, March 1.**—(Exclusive Dispatch.) Three cars navela, two mixed cars, weather partly cloudy.

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## METAL MARKETS

**COPPER.**

**NEW YORK, March 1.**—(By A. P. Night Wire.) Standard Copper, per firm. Lows, 14 1/2 @ 14 3/4; electrolytic, 14 1/2 @ 14 3/4; casting, 13 1/2 @ 14.

**LEAD.**

**NEW YORK, March 1.**—(By A. P. Night Wire.) Lead, firm. New York, 4.00 @ 4.10; East St. Louis, 3.95 @ 4.05.

**SILVER.**

**NEW YORK, March 1.**—(By A. P. Night Wire.) Bar silver, 58 1/2.

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## SAN FRANCISCO EXCHANGE.

Stockholders are looking for the Regular Dividends from the Goldfield Consolidated.

(Special Service to the Times by E. P. Taylor, 10 West Fourth Street, Los Angeles.)

**SAN FRANCISCO, March 1.**—There was no action in the stock market today. The afternoon session of the Goldfield Consolidated was held at 2 1/2 in the high-grade stocks. In the outlying camps, the market was quiet.

The production of the Tonopah mine last week amounted to \$25,000. The quarterly meeting of the Goldfield Consolidated was held at 2 1/2 in the high-grade stocks. In the outlying camps, the market was quiet.

Following are the closing bid and asked prices:

Stock	Close	Ask
Goldfield	100	100
Goldfield	100	100
Goldfield	100	100
Goldfield	100	100
Goldfield	100	100
Goldfield	100	100
Goldfield	100	100
Goldfield	100	100
Goldfield	100	100
Goldfield	100	100

## SAN FRANCISCO CLOSING.

(Published by Logan & Bryan, Members New York and Boston Stock Exchanges, Broadway 312, New York.)

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## CLEARING HOUSE BANKS.

NAME OFFICERS

**First National Bank**  
S. E. Cor. Second and Spring  
J. M. ELLIOTT, Pres.  
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier

**Merchants' National Bank**  
S. E. Cor. Third and Spring  
W. H. HOLLIDAY, Pres.  
J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier

**Central National Bank**  
S. E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway  
S. F. ZIMMER, Pres.  
J. B. GIBB, Cashier

**National Bank of California**  
N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring  
J. E. FISHER, Pres.  
H. S. McKee, Cashier

**Citizens' National Bank**  
S. W. Cor. Third and Main  
A. J. WATERS, Pres.  
E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier

**SAVINGS BANKS.**

**SECURITY TRUST & SAVINGS BANK**  
RESOURCES \$45,000,000.00  
4 per cent Interest Paid on Term Deposits  
3 per cent on Special and Ordinary Savings Accounts  
SAFE DEPOSIT AND STORAGE DEPARTMENT  
Largest and Best Equipped in the West  
TRUST DEPARTMENT  
Acting as Administrator, Executor or Guardian of Estates a Specialty.  
Foreign Steamship Ticket and Tourist Agency. Free Information Bureau  
Security Building, Spring and Fifth Sts.  
EQUITABLE BRANCH in Equitable Building, Spring and First Sts.  
For Conventions of the Public in that Building

**THE AMERICAN SAVINGS BANK FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE**  
N. E. COR. SPRING AND SECOND STS.  
A SAVINGS ACCOUNT WITH US IS EXEMPT FROM TAXATION  
WE PAY 4% INTEREST ON DEPOSITS

**German American Savings Bank**  
SPRING AND FOURTH STS.

**LOS ANGELES TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK**  
Sixth and Spring

**MERCHANTS BANK AND TRUST CO.**  
TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS  
207-09-113 BROADWAY

**TRUST COMPANIES.**

**Title Insurance and Trust Company**  
Issues Policies of Title Insurance and Certificates of Title. Its Assets Exceed the COMBINED ASSETS of all other Title Companies in Southern California

**SUBWAY EXTRA LARGE LOTS**  
\$350 up  
\$25 DOWN; \$10 PER MO.  
All improvements paid for  
Guy M. Rush Co.  
901 State Bldg.  
Bdwy. 24 6th & Broadway  
Home 60055

**Certified Bonds**  
Interest Coupons Payable  
April 1st, July 1st, Oct. 1st, Jan. 1st

**Legal.**

**STOCKHOLDERS NOTICE OF STOCK.**

The National Pacific Oil Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of California, principal place of business Los Angeles, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the directors held on the 21st of February, 1912, an assessment of one (1) cent per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable on or before the 28th day of March, 1912, to the Secretary of the corporation, at his office, Room 612 Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Any stock upon which this assessment has not been paid on the 28th day of March, 1912, will be sold at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 15th day of April, 1912, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

**For Sale at Par by the Columbian Improvement Company**

**Security Brokers**  
Members of Los Angeles Stock Exchange  
S. IRWIN HARMON & CO.  
229-239 A. W. Melrose Bldg.  
Main 311

**Wm. R. Staats Co.**  
DEALERS IN MUNICIPAL AND CORPORATION BONDS  
EXECUTE COMMISSION ORDERS IN LISTED SECURITIES

**GOLD NOTES**  
Security—Some of the most advanced local real estate in rapidly growing Los Angeles. We guarantee the notes of the company. Write for information. Company, 111 W. Fourth St. Los Angeles

**Bring Your Friends to California.**

From March 1 to April 15, 1912, tickets will be on sale at many points in the East at greatly reduced rates. Deposit money with our agents, and we will furnish tickets and arrange for their trip. Southern Pacific.

**San Francisco Daily Market.**

**SAN FRANCISCO, March 1.**—(By A. P. Night Wire.) Butter, fancy creamery, 21 1/2; seconds, 21; factory dairy, 20; eggs, 19; raisins, 18; sugar, 17; coffee, 16; tea, 15; rice, 14; flour, 13; wheat, 12; corn, 11; oats, 10; barley, 9; clover, 8; alfalfa, 7; hay, 6; straw, 5; wood, 4; coal, 3; oil, 2; gas, 1; electricity, 1/2; water, 1/4; telephone, 1/8; gas, 1/16; electricity, 1/32; water, 1/64; telephone, 1/128; gas, 1/256; electricity, 1/512; water, 1/1024; telephone, 1/2048; gas, 1/4096; electricity, 1/8192; water, 1/16384; telephone, 1/32768; gas, 1/65536; electricity, 1/131072; water, 1/262144; telephone, 1/524288; gas, 1/1048576; electricity, 1/2097152; water, 1/4194304; telephone, 1/8388608; gas, 1/16777216; electricity, 1/33554432; water, 1/67108864; telephone, 1/134217728; gas, 1/268435456; electricity, 1/536870912; water, 1/1073741824; telephone, 1/2147483648; gas, 1/4294967296; electricity, 1/8589934592; water, 1/17179869184; telephone, 1/34359738368; gas, 1/68719476736; electricity, 1/137438953472; water, 1/274877906944; telephone, 1/549755813888; gas, 1/1099511627776; electricity, 1/2199023255552; water, 1/4398046511104; telephone, 1/8796093022208; gas, 1/17592186044416; electricity, 1/35184372088832; water, 1/70368744177664; telephone, 1/140737488355328; gas, 1/281474976710656; electricity, 1/562949953421312; water, 1/1125899906842624; telephone, 1/2251799813685248; gas, 1/4503599627370496; electricity, 1/9007199254740992; water, 1/18014398509481984; telephone, 1/36028797018963968; gas, 1/72057594037927936; electricity, 1/144115188075855872; water, 1/288230376151711744; telephone, 1/576460752303423488; gas, 1/1152721504606846976; electricity, 1/2305443009213693952; water, 1/4610886018427387904; telephone, 1/9221772036854775808; gas, 1/18437544072711551808; electricity, 1/36875088145423103616; water, 1/73750176290846207232; telephone, 1/147500352581692414464; gas, 1/295000705163384828864; electricity, 1/590001410326769657728; water, 1/1180002820653539315456; telephone, 1/2360005641307078630912; gas, 1/4720011282614157261824; electricity, 1/9440022565228314523648; water, 1/18880045130476629047296; telephone, 1/37760090260953258094592; gas, 1/75520180521910456189184; electricity, 1/151040361038200912378368; water, 1/302080722076401824756736; telephone, 1/604161444152803649513472; gas, 1/1208322888305607299026944; electricity, 1/2416645776611214598053888; water, 1/4833291553222429196107776; telephone, 1/9666583106444858392215552; gas, 1/19333166212889716784431104; electricity, 1/38666332425779433568862208; water, 1/77332664851558867137724416; telephone, 1/154665329703117734275448832; gas, 1/308930657406235468550897664; electricity, 1/617861314812470937101795328; water, 1/1235722628824941874203590656; telephone, 1/2471445257649883748407181312; gas, 1/4942890515299767496814362624; electricity, 1/9885781030599534993628725248; water, 1/19771562061199079987274450496; telephone, 1/39543124122398159974548900992; gas, 1/79086248244796319949097801984; electricity, 1/158172496489592639898195603968; water, 1/316344992979185279796391207936; telephone, 1/632689985958370559592782415872; gas, 1/12653799719167411191855648315456; electricity, 1/25307599438334822383711296630912; water, 1/50615198876679644767422592661824; telephone, 1/10123039775335928953484518523648; gas, 1/20246079550671857906969037047296; electricity, 1/40492159101343715813938074094592; water, 1/80984318202687431627876148189184; telephone, 1/1619686364053748352











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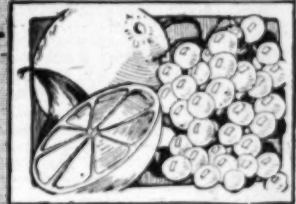
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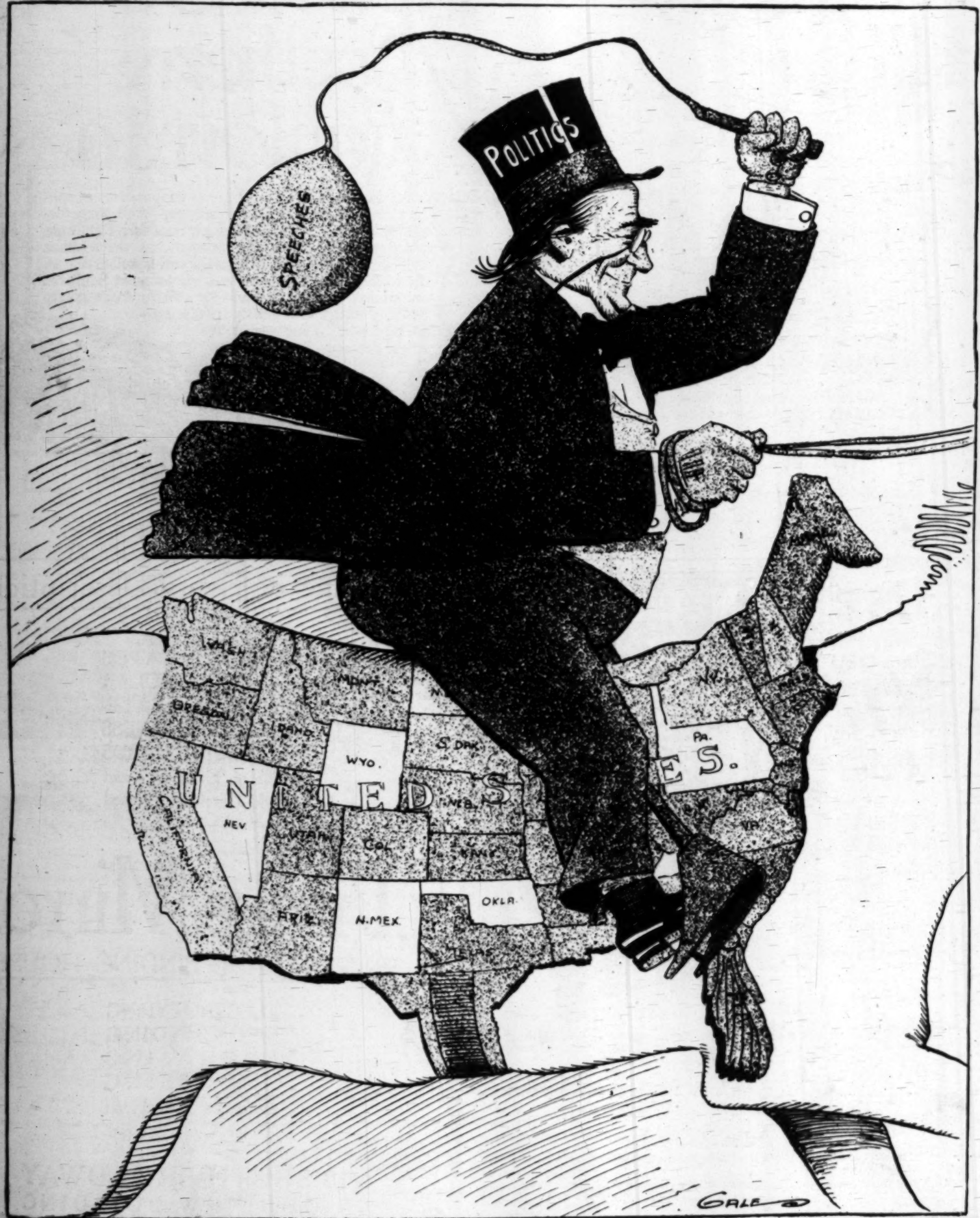
# Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

*Unique Magazine of the Sensuous Southwest*



1897-1912 | IN ITS FIFTEENTH YEAR. MARCH 2, 1912—40 PAGES. Single copies, by mail, Or through News Agents, | TEN CENTS

*In the Saddle, on the March.*



PART VIII.  
Colored Supplement.  
ADDITIONAL.  
"Times" Illustrated Weekly.

WASHINGTON. Congressman Victor Berger and a member of the Lawrence Citizens' Committee almost came to blows yesterday afternoon for President Taft, and hopes of Congress were shattered.

make a show of resistance, and then to surrender "to larger numbers" and join the movement against the national capital. It is admitted that Madero now has his hands full with Zapata in the south.



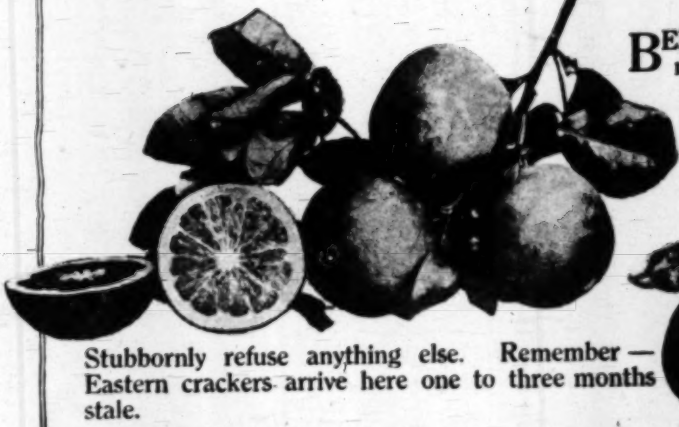
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BELLCRESCENT Sodas and Grahams are as truly natives of sunny Southern California as the golden orange. And these delicious crisp squares of nutriment reach Southern California tables as pure, fresh and aromatic as the luscious fruit that is plucked daily from the sun-kissed orchards. Bell crescent crackers were created to meet Southern California's insistent demand for strictly fresh goods. Nothing else would satisfy its discriminating taste. Your grocer sells these delicious fresh crackers.

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## THE TIMES MAGAZINE

ESTABLISHED DEC. 5, 1897.  
REORGANIZED JAN. 6, 1912.

Devoted to the development of California and the Great West, the magazine is a repository of their wonders and beauties. Popular department of solid articles strong in fact, statement and information. Editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures. Garden, the Farm and the Range.

California in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire." An independent weekly vehicle of present-day thought, expression; a journal of views, opinions and convictions; a champion of liberty, law and freedom in the land; up the hands of all good men and women, without are honestly seeking to better their condition in the cause of home, country and civilization.

The Illustrated Weekly, being complete in itself, is served separate from The Times news sheets when required. Ended December 31, 1911. New series began January 1, 1912. To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication in the Weekly, you are advised to retain copies of your manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned available; but otherwise the return is not guaranteed.

For sale by newsdealers: 10 cents a copy. With the Sunday paper; without, \$2.60 a year. THE TIMES-MIRROR Publishers, Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal. Entered as second-class matter January 6, 1912, at the Los Angeles, Cal., under Act of March 3, 1879.

## Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

Unique Magazine of the Southwest

Under the Editorial Direction of  
HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

Forty Pages—Regular Issue Over 84,000

BY THE WESTERN SEA

### Owens River and Annexation.

THE HAT fascinatingly beautiful suburb of Los Angeles, Santa Monica, is a little bit anxious to "go dry," not from the prohibition point of view, but from the fact that it looks as if domestic water would be so interested citizen of the place, Hon. George H. one of the Superior Judges of Los Angeles court, ed out to the people where they might get re- tells them that the city of Angeles will ha- miner's inches of surplus water, and that on supply pipes from San Fernando Valley will c- his city in the Caluenga district. He advises t- Monica people to take quick action and secure this excess. The judge pointed out that a sup- might be brought in from the San Fernando through Franklin Canyon, back of Beverly, i- Santa Monica might secure its supply throug- Judge Hutton went farther and advised annexa-

### Where the Padres Walked of Old.

THERE is no more fascinatingly dramatic bit- tory in the world than that of the Franciscan who first brought the message of the Gospel, a- dentally modern civilization, to what is now this land of the Southwest. Romantic incidents tre- upon one another's heels all along the old Cami- from San F- ay up- Sojoma Valle- most interesting of sions planted b- friars was that at Santa Ynez. It nestles in the- tain range of the same name, up over the Sierra- above Santa Barbara. Rains and winds, stor- floods, have wrecked the old mission, and it has- ruins for years. Remember, it was founded Sep- 1804, so it is a good deal over a century old. teresting and gratifying to read of the restora- this old mission church to something like its p- dignity and glory. At an expense of about \$60- restoration has been accomplished. The Grand Pa- the Native Sons of the Golden West very proper- tr- ted toward the restoration of the mission, and as properly that money was expended in restora- bell-tower. The Santa Ynez now stands one of the completely restored of all these many missions tha- been lying in ruins.

### Pinchot Policy Punctured.

HAPPY is the land that has its daily newspaper- a fearless and honest editor to guide its policy. way is away up toward the Arctic regions in ou- tached Territory of Alaska. But it has its pa- per, and its intelligent and fearless editor- the person of Dr. L. S. Keller. Editor K- has been one of the winter sunbeam-chasers here in- delightful Southland. He knows Alaska and its ne- and he handles the pin-headed policies of G- Pinchot with bare knuckles. He pays attention, dentally, to the muckrakers of the magazines, past, p- ent and to come. Here is what he says: "The coal used by the Pacific fleet has to be brought around Horn from the Atlantic Coast and Wales and Austr- Alaska coal could be supplied for at least one-half cost. Pinchot's drastic application of his s- vation theories for the timber of Alaska has- worked a great hardship to the people. A- kans believe the salvation of their country depends u- the passing of a home-rule bill. There are more t- 50,000 American citizens in Alaska." The Territory- pouring out annual wealth for the benefit of all Am-

ALL FOUR STORES

Mullen & Blum



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ESTABLISHED DEC. 5, 1897.  
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Where the Padres Walked of Old.

**T**HERE is no more fascinatingly dramatic bit of history in the world than that of the Franciscan friars who first brought the message of the Gospel, and incidentally modern civilization, to what is now this famous land of the Southwest. Romantic incidents tread fast upon one another's heels all along the old Camino Real from San Francisco to Soledad Valley. One of the most interesting of the missions planted by these friars was that at Santa Ynez. It nestles in the mountain range of the same name, up over the Sierra's crest above Santa Barbara. Rains and winds, storms and floods, have wrecked the old mission, and it has been in ruins for years. Remember, it was founded September 1804, so it is a good deal over a century old. It is interesting and gratifying to read of the restoration of this old mission church to something like its pristine dignity and glory. At an expense of about \$6000 the restoration has been accomplished. The Grand Parlor of the Native Sons of the Golden West very properly contributed toward the restoration of the mission, and quite as properly that money was expended in restoring the bell-tower. The Santa Ynez now stands one of the few completely restored of all these many missions that have been lying in ruins.

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cans as follows: Gold, \$22,000,000; salmon, \$13,000,000; copper, \$5,000,000; furs, etc., \$3,000,000; fresh fish, \$2,000,000. The imports of last year amounted to more than \$16,000,000, making the total trade between the United States and Alaska \$61,000,000.

See California First.

**"S**EE America first!" is the terse advice placarded in the show windows of railroad ticket agents. It is good counsel, and it should be supplemented by an injunction to "see California first."

Mt. Blanc is only a few hundred feet higher than Mt. Shasta. The Yosemite Falls are 870-feet higher than the Cascades in the Alps. More water falls over Niagara than over all the cataracts of Europe. The falls of the Potomac or of the Passaic are twice as high as the vaunted cataracts of the Nile, and many a European water tumble that is visited by tourists would, if in California, be pronounced not worth a dam.

What are the castles of the Rhine compared with Nature's castles and carvings in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado? Where in Norway or Iceland shall you see and hear such spouting geysers as you may behold in the Yellowstone National Park? On what Atlantic, or Baltic, or Mediterranean shore shall you behold such sweep of sea and sky and headland as may be seen from the summit of Echo Mountain?

Don't be in a hurry to visit "Yurup." Tour California first, and remember the lines—

"How much the fool who's been to Rome  
Excels the fool who stayed at home."

Submerged Ledge.

**T**HE United States lighthouse inspector for the eighteenth district reports the discovery in San Luis Obispo Bay of a submerged ledge, about 60 feet long and about 10 feet wide, with 4½ fathoms of water over it and 5 to 5½ fathoms immediately around it. It is but 153 yards from the southwest corner of Port Harford wharf. It would not affect vessels drawing twenty-four feet or less of water, and as no steamer of larger draught has been in the habit of stopping at San Luis Obispo's port, it has thus far proved no obstacle to navigation. The larger steamers now building to ply between New York and Pacific ports will be able to avoid it, as first-class spar buoys will be placed upon both ends of it. If, as it has been conjectured from certain indications, it is a ledge containing cinnabar ore, it will doubtless be located, and will by means of diving and dredging apparatus be mined, or a lighthouse may be erected upon it. (This is not the same rock, probably, that an ancient skipper mistook when he detected a fly speck on his chart. When his error was pointed out to him, the old salt exclaimed: "Why, I've been sailing around that blamed thing for thirty year!")

No Tin Soldiers, These.

**P**EACE-LOVING and peace-encouraging as the Illustrated Weekly aims to be in its policy and heart, we say to the Santa Monicans, "Amen," and Godspeed in their proposed organization of a militia company down there by the silver sands along the purple sea. Sixty-five signatures are on the roll for this military company. The reliance of the republic always has been and always must be upon her citizen soldiery, and they have never once failed the country, nor will they in the time to come. Now these Santa Monicans who propose to array themselves in the paraphernalia of glorious war may never fire a shot in earnest, and yet they may. The idea is to be ready. And let us say to the young soldiers if things do come to the arbitrament of the sword, they have work cut out for them in the doughty deeds and gallant actions of their forefathers all the way from Bunker Hill to San Juan Hill, and "then some."

Ramie.

**A**TENTION is being given in San Pascual Valley and other points to the growing of ramie. Ramie is used in place of flax in the making of linen goods. It is propagated by roots furnished by a company which leases them, but will not sell them. The farmer furnishes the land, and plants and cares for the ramie, which he must contract to sell exclusively to the company furnishing the roots at a fixed price per ton. Until the plants have multiplied so as to give a close growth, cultivation is required in order to keep the weeds out. This will take about six months. After that irrigation is necessary, but no other cultivation is required. One harvest, and sometimes two, can be gathered the first year. After the first year the stalks can be cut five times a year. The yield is about one and a half tons to the acre each cutting. The dry stalks sell for \$7.50 to \$10 per ton on the ground.

Hanseling the Harbor.

**O**UR HARBOR is not finished, nor is the Panama Canal open. These twin events will not occur for a few years yet. But all the same, overseas commerce is seeking San Pedro Harbor in anticipation of the great events. These remarks are apropos of the arrival there of the Pacific mail steamship Aztec, with merchandise direct from the East for Los Angeles merchants.

Water for Little Simi.

**E**NTERPRISING citizens over in the Little Simi Valley have taken up a campaign to provide a larger supply of water for the ranches in that fertile valley. The proposition includes the purchase of a tract of water-bearing land near Moorpark, where it is estimated 500 inches of water may be developed. The estimated cost for the immediate outlay is set at \$75,000.

A Lover of California's Sunshine.

**"H**OW doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour."

Los Angeles has been the gathering point, recently, for the bee-keepers of Southern California. No doubt a good many readers will stop here a moment in wonder that honey-gathering should be represented by a regular organization, and that the members thereof should hold annual conventions. It will not seem strange that they should do so to those who have read that the bee-keepers estimate that they are the possessors of 300,000,000 of these insects which are taken as types of the busy life, gathering "honey all day long from every opening flower."

The association which met here in the early days of February sent to market last year 400 tons of honey. One of these men is reported to have apiaries scattered all over the hills, and to have sold during the last year honey for which he banked a total of \$12,000. Another reported that he had collected from his hives a total of sixty tons of honey during the season. It would appear as if the industry were prosperous, for it is increasing rapidly.

Nearly all the honey produced in California is gathered south of San Francisco, in the great San Joaquin Valley and in the group of counties south of the Tehachepi.

The honey crop increases, generally speaking, year by year, but with great fluctuations. As the last century came to a close, the honey marketed amounted in 1899 to 2,820,000 pounds, and in 1900 to 2,208,000 pounds. The next year the crop aggregated 8,112,000 pounds, then in 1902 fell off to 5,125,000 pounds, to rise again next year to 8,400,000 pounds. In 1905 it was 9,500,000 pounds and in 1909, 11,532,000 pounds. That was the banner year of honey production in California. The crop for 1910 was not quite half that of the preceding year. The figures for 1911 are not yet available.

The returns quoted above fail to segregate the comb from the extracted honey, but if it were all extracted, a crop like that of 1909 would amount to about half a million dollars in value.

The honey industry of California is carried on in various ways. Men like those who market \$12,000 worth and gather sixty tons devote most of their time and attention to the honey business. Others make it a mere by-product, so to speak, devoting only their odds and ends of time to their bees. Men engaged in all kinds of agricultural pursuits have a few to perhaps a hundred stands of bees that they attend to when not busy with other undertakings. The men who pursue the industry in a large way maintain apiaries at points many miles apart, and visit each one occasionally. Those who make it a kind of pastime, mixing it in with other pursuits, have their stands either at their homes or near by. Then there are hundreds of bee men who live the simplest kind of life far up the mountain-sides, with no means of support but the product of their busy little swarms that need no herding, feeding nor watering.

All over the mountains of California there are numbers of men who live the most romantic kind of life among their bees. Many of them are invalids who have been driven from their eastern homes to seek health and longer life under the brighter skies and in the milder airs of California. They are lonely men, who live absolutely away from all human habitations more than 300 days in the year. Many of them never see a human face for weeks and months. Their physical strength is not great. They pick out some canyon far up the mountain-side, where they set down a hive or two of bees, and just wait and watch and see them grow. They build a mere shack for their own shelter, and no food faddist leads a simpler life than they. Many of these lonely bee-keepers are men of broad education and of refined cultivation. They have spent other days in the midst of busy cities, and in the swiftest whirl of social and business life. Their health giving way from one cause or another, they have sought California, and with little or no financial resources have found bee-keeping their only resource. Up in the canyon on the mountain-side they live alone, yet not alone in a way. They sit under the shadow of a big live oak or pepper tree, and half dream away all the long, warm, sunny hours winter and summer. The educated ones among them have books, which they read leisurely and enjoy very greatly. Those with any artistic temperament in their souls need never be lonely for a moment. They have companionship mute of speech yet eloquent in expression in the changing moods of skies, brilliant with sunshine or over-



MEN AND WOMEN

Among the notables near home appeared Rabbi Jacob Nieto, who has just been elected to the headship of the great Hebrew order.

At the recent convention of the order held in Los Angeles, D. A. Hamburg, part as "Dave" does in every gathering.

Among the volcanic personalities of the breaks forth Emiliano Vasquez Gomez, accepted the office of provisional President of the hands of the mob in rebellion against the de facto President, Madero. If Vasquez succeeds in thoroughly masticating the government employed upon it will be a wonder.

Austria has lost a very grand old man of its late Chancellor, Count von Aehrenthal, grand old man of Austria, Emperor Joseph's successor to the retiring statesman Count Leopold von Berchtold. The should have risen to his high office as a statesman and had his name in "Who's Who."

The Senate committee investigating the States Steel Corporation paid Carnegie for testifying before them, and when they turned out the results of the fifteen hours of testimony found that the examination had netted tangible facts than had been obtained by the witness of importance.

Our very able and diplomatic Secretary of State, Philander Chase Knox, has gone on a diplomatic mission to the little republic of Panama. There is much troubled water in the neck of land that joins the two Americas; moreover, the water is boiling. Secretary of State cannot reconcile the two republics and ours, probably no one very important that Mr. Knox's mission for the Monroe doctrine imposes upon him a very difficult task of keeping order, and powers barred by the doctrine from holding us responsible.

The President has at last found a man to replace the late lamented Justice Harlan on the Supreme Bench of the United States in Mahlon Pitney of the State of New Jersey, a native of that State. The new justice is a native-born, and is barely 54 years old. He comes from a family of a patriotic one, for his father, name of Henry Clay and was vice-chancellor of the State. Mr. Pitney is a graduate of Princeton and was admitted to the bar in 1882. He was elected to Congress, and has also been on the Supreme Court of New Jersey. In his own people know him best, he bears an excellent reputation.

According to the Books of Moses, all men to an aristocracy which traces its origin to Adam and the Garden of Eden. It is one of the necessities of human nature to try to establish a descent down through the ages, and who is better than a recent visitor of French origin? This is the Viscount E. de Ventur. This distinguished Frenchman claims descent from a person named Charlemagne. The medieval monarch is the Latin words for Great, given a French form, and the notable it is that the epithet has become an integral part of the name. Other men have been dubbed great, but the only one in which such a welding of name has taken place.

As the Institute of France has refused to accept Mme. Curie, the discoverer of radium, the Institute of France have announced their intention to patronize the creation of a sixth academy, the Academie des Femmes. Here are some of those who would encourage this to the fair sex: MM. Claretie, Faguet, H. Lamy of the French Academy; MM. Wolf, Violle, Beauregard, Bonnier and Prince Roland of the Academy of Sciences; MM. W. Th. Ribot, Compayre, Fagniez, Lyon-Caen and the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences; Carolus-Duran, Marquetti, Guiffrey and Walilac Academy of Fine Arts.

We frequently refer to the new monarch of Germany, George V, and we think he merits the attention of intelligent people, broadly sympathetic with the world. He seems to be a consummate sample of the business ruler. He is far from a genius, and quite as far from being a great man as a type. But it certainly looks as if he is to do great things which will leave broad marks on the history of the world. It was no doubt through intervention that Lord Haldane was sent to the Berlin to try to find a basis on which to better understanding between Great Britain and Germany. If George V succeeds in establishing an understanding with Germany he will certainly accomplish greater work even than his father, who wrought such a good understanding between Great Britain and France.

Figueras. This will probably be a fact in the near future. The site where the old Spence building stood, a block farther north than the last-mentioned locality, is also to be improved with a magnificent hotel. Just a little ways west of this location is under construction now the most magnificent apartment building west of Chicago.

The development of a quarter of a century so briefly traced here would be hard to match in any other city in America. The trend of this movement is worthy of close observation. It means that business must move southward and westward with the growth of population.

Now note in this development the sagacity, not to say the generosity of Charles A. Elder, head of the Los Angeles Investment Company, which would make it possible for the city of Los Angeles to secure control of the Normal School site on Grand avenue at Fifth street. The price the State has set upon this is by no means unreasonable. Mr. Elder is well aware of this, but instead of taking the property over on his own account, he simply advances the purchase money (as we understand it, without interest) for the city to secure that magnificent site.

Passing of the Grizzled Heroes.

ONE who visits the Soldiers' Home, down near Santa Monica, looks upon the inmates with mingled feelings. It is pathetic to see these good, gray men of war tottering along with feeble steps almost at the very edge of a grave. Yet the heart throbs with deep emotion and high admiration as he thinks of the hardships they suffered and the dangers they passed through in times when the war drums beat every hour of the day, the bugle called to action, and heavy cannon roared its menace, while the crackling of small arms bespoke even greater slaughter.

In a single day at the Soldiers' Home passed for ever from earth two notables among these grizzled old warriors. One of these makes a particularly heavy draft upon California for a place in the memory of all who enjoy life in this fairest and best of all the States.

Capt. Daniel McLaughlin was at Monterey, and assisted in the raising of the American flag on the old pole there in 1846. He is said to be the last of the gallant crew who made the landing party who performed this function which has meant so much to us. When the Civil War was raging, McLaughlin was with Farragut in those trying times down the Mississippi River. Of good, sturdy, Yankee blood, he was born at Bridgeport, Ct., eighty-three years ago. How pathetic to read of his last request to be buried on Dead Man's Island in San Pedro Harbor, where his old companion in arms, John Biggers, lies.

The other notable hero, who passed away at the Soldiers' Home on the same day, is Maj. William H. Hiestand. He was younger by a quarter of a century than the seafaring man, McLaughlin, and he was born away down in New Orleans, where secession was rampant during the war. In 1863, when Gen. Butler was in command of the Department of the Gulf at New Orleans, he found Hiestand there, a boy of about 19, and made him a captain in the First Louisiana Cavalry.

After the war he held important political offices in his native State and in others in the South, and came to the home at Sawtell twenty-two years ago, where he served as commander of one of the barracks almost to the time of his death.

So pass away these grizzled warriors whose patriotism and courage we of today owe a debt that can never be fully paid.

Finding Money.

IT IS passing strange how lucky some people are in finding money. The municipal expenses of the city of New York are something amazing. It is hard to make ends meet there. Under the circumstances it is doubly strange that somebody found in the corner of an old safe a little nest-egg of \$10,000,000 that had been forgotten for a generation.

Now comes D. G. Normant, a clerk in a store in Visalia, who makes a hole in the day as one of the claimants to an estate of \$85,000,000 which has lain unclaimed in the Bank of England for 125 years.

The ancestor of this Visalia store clerk was a Turk renowned as a wrestler 150 years ago. He left a queer will when he died 125 years ago decreeing that his fortune should remain in the care of the Bank of England for 120 years.

livered himself of a very vigorous criticism of those who follow this sentimental treatment of murderers. He says that in the United States in the year 1911 there were 10,000 murders committed, and on only fifty of them was capital punishment inflicted. Speaking of murderers, he says: "The criminals believe in capital punishment, or they would not have killed 10,000 men, women and children." He further says: "The law can rise no higher than the conscience of the average citizen, and our people must awake to the facts in the case and see that there is an end to the frequent instances of miscarriage of justice. The law has fallen into disrepute, and the criminal classes have ceased to respect it. That is why we have these daily murders." The judge says it is all because of "the mush-headed ladies and gentlemen who are talking in favor of the abolishment of capital punishment, with their misguided sentimentality."

There are practical ways of treating this matter, and it is always a pleasure to note and commend them. One of the latest of these movements is reported from Walla Walla, where the authorities in control of the penitentiary at that place are taking steps to establish night schools where the inmates shall be given an opportunity of acquiring education and mental development along lines perhaps new to them. If society in general, without becoming "mush heads" or flabby sentimentalists, would take an active and humane interest in prisoners, not minding matters as to the crime, but bringing them advice, not flowers, and developing by a careful course of education the better side of their nature instead of blubbing over its worst side, it would be better.

Quarter-Century Development.

OLD-TIMERS of Los Angeles will easily recall the days when the old horse-car street line used to stop at its western terminus where Sixth street crosses Figueroa. About a quarter of a century ago the late E. F. Spence showed daring enterprise when he built the structure recently erected at the southeast corner of these two streets. Later, the Pellisier building, still standing, was erected at the corner of Seventh and Olive. Then the late Henry Martz put up the row of flats along the south side of Seventh street, between Hope and Flower. Directly opposite, on the corner of Seventh and Flower, in a broad field devoted to farming, forty-five years ago stood a house all alone, still there, and now used for a piano emporium.

When the trustees of St. Vincent's College sold the old site of that institution stretching along the south side of Sixth street all the way from Broadway to Hope or Flower, an attempt was made to have the City Hall erected on Sixth street, nearly opposite the park. Objection was made that it would be entirely too far from the center of the city. That was about twenty-five years ago.

The quarter of a century has made great changes hereabouts, and the next five years will make a good many more. When the Hamburgers dared to put up their immense store on Eighth street, between Broadway and Hill, they were thought to have made too large a leap. At that time the business center of the city was on Spring street, about Fourth. It has already moved a block south, and will soon make another leap to the southward, going like a knight on the chess-board a couple of blocks to the west. It is pretty generally conceded that, almost immediately, Seventh and Broadway will be the business center of the city. And what then?

The answer will be found in news in the daily press during the last ten days or thereabouts. The Los Angeles Athletic Club Association has already a magnificent structure on the corner of Olive and Seventh, and the news referred to begins with the proposed erection of two skyscrapers at Seventh and Grand avenue, and follows on with the purchase of several parcels of real estate near by. One piece forty-six by 133 feet, on Seventh street just east of Olive, has been transferred at \$150,000. The corner had been sold a few days before for \$200,000. It is the same buyers who thus have \$350,000 invested in that corner.

The next item is the securing on ground lease of seventy-two by 108 feet on the north side of Seventh street between Olive and Grand avenue. The lease runs for ninety-nine years, and the total rental amounts to \$800,000.

Some time ago announcement was made of the purpose of putting up an immense hotel on the south side of Seventh street, on the corner of

cast with clouds, and in the mountains, furrowed with great ravines, where the shadows creep along from morn till eve in ever-varying hues, while the ridges between fairly gleam in the brilliant sunlight. Perhaps the apiary is situated by some mountain stream that comes roaring down over rocks in little cataracts, or murmurs along over sand reaches, singing a quiet tune, sweet and penetrating. Wild flowers of a thousand hues bloom upon the shrubs along these water-courses and present a delight to the artistic eye as intense as anything in sky or mountain-side. Lonely as this life of the bee man up in the mountain canyons is, he becomes so accustomed to it that it ends in being a part of his own nature, and you could not drag him away from there with ropes, nor pry him off of his rustic seat under the spreading branches of a great live oak with a crow-bar.

Those who are not in California nor of California, conceive very erroneous notions as to California honey. For the uninitiated the packers often label their pack "orange-blossom honey." That sounds very attractive in the implied poetry of the name, but to be truthful there is no such thing on earth as pure orange-blossom honey. The orange groves are all down in the rich valleys or along the fertile mesas of the country, and intermingled with the orange trees are all sorts of other vegetable life bearing more or less bloom. The bee is omnivorous so far as the flowering creation goes, and is as fond of a varied diet as a hen. The bee will feed on anything that has a blossom that bears honey-dew or pollen. The orange blossom alone might yield a white and sweet honey, but mingled with that from the pepper tree and the eucalyptus, the product of the bee-hive will become very dark in its cloudiness, and pungent, even repelling, in its tang of essential oils from the pepper tree or the eucalyptus.

The Californian to the manner born or bred likes to see his package of honey labeled "white sage." It is the bee man whose apiary is far up the hillside, away from all cultivated flowers, whose bees make the whitest and the sweetest honey. The sage flavor is preferred to that of all other flowering plants. Of course, it is very difficult to pick out a spot where the bees are forced to content themselves with a steady, unvarying diet of white-sage blossoms all the year round. They are swift of wing, early risers, and pursue straight paths through the air. They go many, many miles before they light to gather a single drop of honey-dew or a particle of pollen on their slender legs. Still they are in a way economical of their efforts, and content themselves for the most part with taking that nearest at hand. So the lonely invalid or valetudinarian who can forswear all the joys of human society and live alone his simple life under the midday sun or the midnight stars, in a shack by a murmuring stream away up near the headwaters in the canyon, where the watershed rises just above him, is the man whose bees gather the whitest and sweetest honey from the sage brush.

How to Treat the Criminal.

NO PERSON of properly humane spirit ever looks upon misfortune unmoved. The right-minded person never stops to consider the cause of the misfortune. If it is grievous, the question is to minister instant relief. That the unfortunate brought it upon himself is not regarded in morals as a reason for denying assistance.

That is one view of the question. Over against it stands the conviction in the mind of civilized men that crime demands punishment. Not in a spirit of vengeance, but for the purpose of repressing crime in order to safeguard human life and the property acquisitions of all. It is simply a question of civilization or savagery.

No doubt society has on occasions indulged in manifestation of resentful feelings and meted out punishment to the criminal that was more or less vengeful. This has brought about a reaction in the minds of civilized mankind in general, and this is not to be found fault with, but to be commended and encouraged.

Movements nearly always carry a large number of us to extremes, and this movement for the more merciful treatment of criminals is no exception. A too sentimental feeling in this direction is manifested by the persons who crowd jails and penitentiaries, bringing flowers, edible luxuries and lamentations to the worst criminals in these necessary institutions. The sentimentality is going too far and needs a check.

Judge Kavanaugh, in Chicago, recently de-



## MEN AND WOMEN.

Among the notables near home appears the name of Rabbi Jacob Nieto, who has just been elected here to the headship of the great Hebrew order of B'nai B'rith.

At the recent convention of the order of B'nai B'rith held in Los Angeles, D. A. Hamburger took a leading part, as "Dave" does in every gathering where he appears.

Among the volcanic personalities of the past week breaks forth Emiliano Vasquez Gomez, who has accepted the office of provisional President of Mexico at the hands of the mob in rebellion against the de jure as the de facto President, Madero. If Senor Gomez succeeds in thoroughly masticating the great piece he is employed upon it will be a wonder.

Austria has lost a very grand old man in the person of its late Chancellor, Count von Aehrenthal. The real grand old man of Austria, Emperor Joseph, has found a successor to the retiring statesman in the person of Count Leopold von Berchtold. The new Premier should have risen to his high office a few months ago and had his name in "Who's Who."

The Senate committee investigating the United States Steel Corporation paid Carnegie \$28.70 in fees for testifying before them, and when the members figured out the results of the fifteen hours' heckling they found that the examination had netted them fewer tangible facts than had been obtained from any other witness of importance.

Our very able and diplomatic Secretary of State, Philander Chase Knox, has gone on a delicate and important mission to the little republics of Central America. There is much troubled water down there on the neck of land that joins the two continents of America; moreover, the water is boiling hot. If the Secretary of State cannot reconcile things between those republics and ours, probably no one could. It is very important that Mr. Knox's mission should succeed, for the Monroe doctrine imposes upon us the sometimes difficult task of keeping order, and European powers barred by the doctrine from interfering will hold us responsible.

The President has at last found a man to take the place of the late lamented Justice Harlan on the Supreme Bench of the United States in the person of Mahlon Pitney of the State of New Jersey and chancellor of that State. The new justice is a Jerseyman by birth, and is barely 54 years old. He comes of a legal family, and of a patriotic one, for his father bore the name of Henry Clay and was vice-chancellor of the State. Mr. Pitney is a graduate of Princeton University and was admitted to the bar in 1882. He was twice elected to Congress, and has also been Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey. In his own State, where people know him best, he bears an excellent reputation.

According to the Books of Moses, all mankind belong to an aristocracy which traces its origin back to Adam and the Garden of Eden. It is one of the amiable weaknesses of human nature to try to establish new links of descent down through the ages, and who succeeds better than a recent visitor of French origin to Los Angeles? This is the Viscomte E. Vendeur de Tilliers. This distinguished Frenchman claims descent from no less a person than Charlemagne. The name of the mediaeval monarch is the Latin words for Charles the Great, given a French form, and the notable thing about it is that the epithet has become an integral part of the name. Other men have been dubbed great, but he is the only one in which such a welding of epithet and name has taken place.

As the Institute of France has refused to admit Mme. Curie, the discoverer of radium, the idea is suggested of founding an Academie des Femmes. Curiously enough quite a number of prominent members of the Institute of France have announced their willingness to patronize the creation of a sixth academy, the Academie Francaise des Femmes. Here are the names of some of those who would encourage this concession to the fair sex: MM. Claretie, Faguet, Hervieu and Lamy of the French Academy; MM. Wolf, Ravier, Violle, Beauregard, Bonnier and Prince Roland Bonaparte of the Academy of Sciences; MM. Weischinger, Th. Ribot Compayre, Fagniez, Lyon-Caen and Monod of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, and MM. Carolus-Duran Marquette, Guilfray and Waltner of the Academy of Fine Arts.

We frequently refer to the new monarch of England, George V, and we think he merits the attention of all intelligent people, broadly sympathetic with the affairs of the wide world. He seems to be a conspicuous example of the business ruler. He is far from being a genius, and quite as far from being a great man of the spectacular type. But it certainly looks as if he were to do great things which will leave broad marks on the history of the world. It was no doubt through his intervention that Lord Haldane was sent the other day to Berlin to try to find a basis on which to build up a better understanding between Great Britain and Germany. If George V succeeds in establishing an entente cordiale with Germany he will certainly accomplish a greater work even than his father, who wrought out such a good understanding between Great Britain and France.

## Industrial Progress.

MONEY is the measure of development, and bank clearings are the measure of activity in the use of money. For money is like everything else, of no potency at rest, but powerful in proportion to its movements. This Illustrated Weekly enthusiastically takes pleasure in pointing out the fact that here money is counted in millions, and time in days.

Los Angeles is the metropolis of the Great Southwest, and if the territory is sensuous the metropolis is supersensuous, for she is alive to the very tips of her fingers, eke to her toes.

Now let us apply our own measurement. The bank clearings for a very recent week in the city of Los Angeles, with Monday a holiday, passed a total of \$23,000,000. One day the clearings ran to over \$6,000,000, and three days to over \$4,000,000 each. The next week opened with clearings of over \$4,000,000, and it looks as if the figure four in the seventh place might become normal, or at least not remarkable. That is certainly an active use of money for this city, and may well be taken as an index of unusual development all through the Great Southwest, for much of the business therein is financed directly or indirectly in the metropolis.

There follows here a synopsis, very briefly presented, of the things that are doing all along the line:

At Susanville, Cal., steps are being taken to reclaim 168,000 acres of land in the Honey Lake Valley.

The Los Angeles Investment Company, within a month, bought 800 acres of land adjoining the city for subdivision purposes and two business lots in the city to be improved at once. The cost of the transactions is \$1,240,000.

At San Pedro, since the annexation of the Harbor City to Los Angeles, the new building undertaken and done cost nearly \$1,000,000.

For the new industrial town on the Dominguez ranch, plans are already completed and a programme laid out which will cost to carry into effect \$6,500,000.

New Wilton Heights, a subdivision recently opened in the city, is being graded, at a cost of \$30,000, to remove 75,000 cubic yards of earth.

At Stockton plans are under way by the Tidewater and Southern Railroad, to extend its electric lines 172 miles from Turlock to Fresno, with several branches into the surrounding country.

At San Diego a syndicate of New York and Los Angeles people are laying plans for a new electric line from the city of the Silver Gate to Escondido.

Ontario has secured money for a \$300,000 high school, and has just completed a grammar school at a cost of \$45,000.

Arthur E. Stillwell is making vigorous efforts to raise on bonds \$10,000,000 to push his railroad on from Angelo, Tex., to Chihuahua, Mexico. A company has been organized, capitalized at \$20,000,000 to construct an air line railroad from San Francisco to Los Angeles.

At Santa Ana the Co-operative Sugar Company has a plant costing \$650,000.

A New York syndicate has purchased about 10,000 acres in Texas at the mouth of the Brazos River for the purpose of developing a deposit of sulphur on the land.

Free traders in Congress threaten to hit California industries hard. For example, the duty on olives and olive oil will be taken off if they have their way. The industry is growing here. Last year a factory at Redlands put up twenty-five cars of canned olives and 20,000 gallons of olive oil.

Newfoundland in 1910 furnished the United States with nearly 4000 tons of pebbles at a cost of \$23,202, to be ground up into cement. Some one in the Great Southwest should get busy and furnish the country with all the cement material needed.

In Georgia they are raising pecan nuts "to beat the band," but not to beat California walnuts. The people in the "Cracker" State in twelve months have planted 76,000 trees.

The world production of cement in 1910 came to 130,000,000 barrels. The United States output was 76,549,951 barrels, valued at \$68,205,800, at \$5.25 per long ton. Ten years before our output was only 10,000 barrels. During 1910 the price at several places was as low as 73 cents a barrel. The Great Southwest has more cement material perhaps than any other part of the world. It is one of our coming industries.

Los Angeles is now enjoying asparagus from the Imperial Valley. This is a new industry in that part of the world, where several hundred acres will be harvested this year.

Pasadena claims to have more automobiles in proportion to population than any other city in the country. A total of 5000 machines is claimed for our beautiful suburb. No wonder the automobile business is one of the greatest in the Great Southwest.

In a little more than a decade the southern counties have developed water in various ways, to irrigate nearly a million acres of land, and the total area now under irrigation amounts to 1,585,000 acres. San Joaquin Valley would probably give us as much more. This is why we think so little about a dry season.

The new State of Arizona has outlined new roads to be built in and by the commonwealth, amounting to 740 miles. From past experiences it seems as if the cost of the work averages \$2500 a mile.

Mexican rebels are cutting their own throats like a hog trying to swim. The disturbances have forced the Southern Pacific Railroad Company to suspend all work on the lines, leaving the terminus for the present at Tepic. From that point to Guadalajara the work is heavy, the cost would be great, and the Mexican people might earn some money if they would work instead of raising Hades.

The Great Southwest is where copper grows like weeds. Half a century ago the production of the metal in the country amounted to about 1,500,000 pounds. In 1890 it was nearly 260,000,000 pounds. In 1900 over 600,000,000 pounds, and in 1910 1,080,159,109. The price has fallen from 46 cents a pound to about 13 1/2 cents.

C. H. Glenn is the owner of the great Glenn ranch on the Sacramento River. Is he a moss-back? Some railroad men proposed to build an electric line through the ranch. Glenn opposes it, and a jury has awarded him \$89,000 damages right of way and other things. The line will probably quintuple the value of his land.

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## Walt Mason

## The Poet Philosopher.

The museum was cool and shady wherein I saw the bearded lady, on exhibition there; her whiskers hung in tangled masses, the color of N. C. molasses, and they were made of hair. Oh, hangdowns on a queenly woman are things abnormal, superhuman; I marveled as I stepped toward the lone be-whiskered creature, and studied every line and feature—and then, I saw she wept. "Why weepest thou, O lovely maiden? A damsel with such sideboards laden should never yield to tears." "I know," she said, "they're unavailing, these weeps because my graft is falling—'twill last not many years. While female women were contented to be as women were invented, no teardrops stained my cheek; it paid me rather richly always to wear this bunch of auburn galways, to be a sideshow freak. But now the dames, with much grand-standing, are raising thunder and demanding the overalls of men; and when the girls have gone to toting themselves to ballot booths and voting, they'll all wear whiskers then."

WALT MASON.

(Copyright, 1912, by George Mathew Adams.)

## Educating Royalties.

[New York Sun:] The scheme on which King George's children are educated includes careful instruction in all the typical open air sports and games. Cricket, riding, fencing, boxing, shooting and the like the young Prince of Wales has been carefully and scientifically taught by pastmasters.

A few years ago a ship was rigged in Virginia Waters, and here he and his younger brother with great thoroughness were instructed in the management of sails and ropes, of handling an oar and steering a boat. During his Christmas holidays the young Prince has been instructed in yet another open air art, that of the automobile.

Within a few months of his passing the legal age limit for drivers, he has been devoting some of his vacation to learning all about the construction and care of internal combustion motor engines under the tuition of the expert who has trained all of the King's chauffeurs. This is Undecimus Stratton, who has been down to York House, Sandringham, who has been down to Saturday last the Prince had made such progress that he drove a fifteen horse power Daimler car forty-five miles without mishap or mistake. It was noticed that he showed careful consideration for every one using the road. This was in accordance with his father's directions to all the royal drivers.

## Wonder.

Last night we stood beneath the stars  
And drank our deepest draughts of space;  
We saw a mighty shadow creep  
Across the moon's fair face.

We saw the chancy comet dip—  
Great nonconformist of the skies—  
And many a gloried galaxy  
We watched with slight surprise.

Yet, touched of throes too deep for pain,  
Too strong and solemn for delight,  
The heart broke silence, whispering:  
"How wonderful is night!"

This morning when we looked abroad,  
Great light, summed in a single sphere,  
Made blue the distance and revealed  
Fresh form and color near.

The clouds their wonted beauty spread  
About the shoulders of the hills;  
The constant music of the brook  
Rose where the river fills.

All this we knew we might expect,  
Yet potent mystery could sway  
The mind to utterance, and we said:  
"How wonderful is day!"

Oh, days and nights that yield us years,  
Through which, with eyes half blind,  
We hurry, heeding most the whims  
And foibles of our kind.

Wrapped in the present, fearing Time,  
Born of beginnings that must end,  
What hope to taste an Infinite  
We cannot comprehend?

Religion wrestles, Science fights,  
But saint and sage with bated breath  
Still murmur: "Wonderful is life,  
And wonderful is death!"

MARGUERITE O. B. WILKINSON.

## THE HEART OF THE SOUTHWEST.

TO FAR-AWAY READERS: One distinct object of the publishers is to make the Illustrated Weekly a publication intensely interesting and positively valuable, not only to California and Pacific Coast people, but to distant readers—to eager and intelligent men and women in New England, New York, Canada, the Middle States, the Central West, Europe and Mexico—all of whom can keep themselves in touch with this great empire of the Southwest, by regularly reading the Illustrated Weekly. Being of a permanent character, complete in itself, it is particularly well suited to the needs of readers at a distance seeking a "net" California weekly instead of the most ephemeral sheets of a daily paper. For the very moderate yearly subscription price, \$2.00, postpaid, the subscriber is supplied with more than 2000 large, handsomely-printed pages filled to the brim with good reading.



# Uncle Sam and His Baby Colony.

By Frank G. Carpenter.

## The Navy Department.

WHAT IT HAS DONE ON THE ISLAND OF GUAM.

A LOOK AT AGANA IN 1912—HOW THE TOWN HAS BEEN CLEANED—THE NEW ROADS—HOW GOV. LEARY TAUGHT A NATION TO WRITE—AMONG THE CHAMORROS—BASEBALL IN MIDPACIFIC—POSSIBILITIES OF THE ISLAND—MONEY IN COPRA, SUGAR AND COFFEE.

WASHINGTON (D.C.)—The big hand of Uncle Sam, patriarch, grasps the world. It reaches from the Atlantic, where Porto Rico lies under the thumb, to the far-away western Pacific, where the longest fingers rest on the Philippines and the tip of the little fingernail scratches the Island of Guam.

Of all our new colonies Guam is the smallest. It is hardly a patch of court plaster on the face of the Pacific, and its native population is less than 12,000. Nevertheless it lies right on the line from the Panama Canal to the Philippines and East Asia, and it may some day form a coaling station and naval base for us in the wars

said he had been cruising the oceans, but for the life of him he couldn't find the darned place. I knew Judge Riley. He was a bird.

Well, Guam is now almost as well known as Zanzibar. The only way to get to it is by the United States transports which ply between San Francisco and Manila, calling there on the way. The island is 1300 miles south of Japan, 1500 miles east from Manila, a little over 3000 miles from Honolulu and right on the line from the Panama Canal to the Philippines. It is a mountainous island and is the top of an almost submerged volcano in one of the great earthquake lines and volcanic lines of the world. We have had an earthquake there since we took possession. It occurred in 1902, when Commander Shroeder was Governor. In writing about it to the Secretary of the Navy, he says that "the earth opened up here and there, the whole island trembled, buildings rocked and swayed and the bells everywhere were rung by the vibration."

"The walls of the Governor's palace were marred, the barracks where the marines were quartered cracked open and the ice plant was almost thrown down. All

The town is laid out about a plaza or open place about the size of a city square. The streets are all named and all the stone houses are numbered. Since we took possession many stone buildings with iron roofs have been constructed. There are also stone houses with roofs of red tiles, but the majority of the people live in houses made of bamboo poles covered with palm leaves and thatched with grasses or palms.

Outside of Agana there are villages, but they are nearly all made of bamboo and thatch. In the whole island only about one house in fifteen has a roof of tile or of iron. The iron is galvanized and the most of it now comes from Japan.

In Agana the public buildings face the plaza, the Governor's palace faces north and the college the officers' quarters and the cathedral the remaining sides. The stores are on the streets. There are five or six in the town, one of which is an American trading concern which has come there for the purpose of acquiring land and dealing in copra. In addition to this there are two Japanese stores, one native store, and one Chinese store. The American and Japanese concerns have small



Agana, the capital



A country school in Guam



New hospital for special patients.



A Guamite of the upper crust and his family.

of the future. We got the island as one of the by-products of our war with Spain. We have had it for more than twelve years, and it is now time to take account of stock and see what we have done. The island has been under the control of the Secretary of the Navy, and a naval officer, backed by a corps of marines, has been its reorganizer, commander and Governor. Since we took possession there have been a half-dozen different men on the job, and out of their work has come the Guam of today.

What have they done?

They have taken one of the most backward little islands of the Pacific and made it one of the best. They have given it justice and good government, and have made themselves liked by the people. They have cleaned up the country, have built good roads everywhere through it, and have practically eliminated epidemic and contagious diseases. They have started the people to thinking and have made every man and every woman learn to write his or her name. They have established schools and hospitals. They have wiped out the vagrants, and have given the little country a period of prosperity. All this in a nutshell. Now as to particulars.

### The Island of Guam.

But where is Guam? You remember how Judge Riley of Virginia, when appointed Consul to Zanzibar, came back to Washington after six months' absence and

the public buildings suffered severely. The hospital became a skeleton, many of the bridges were destroyed and a large number of the masonry houses thrown down. On account of the earthquake the schools had to be stopped, and all public work was for a time suspended. This was only one of many earthquakes that the island has had, and no one knows when another may come.

As to volcanoes proper the island has none. Its highest peak, Mt. Jumullong Manglo, is less than 1300 feet high, and the greater part of the island is a plateau from 200 to 500 feet above the sea. The whole place is so small that the scenery cannot have great variety. The island is only thirty miles long, and on the average about six miles in width. It is shaped like the sole of a shoe, and on the west side of the sole, on the bend of the instep, lies the chief port, known as Agana, on Agana Bay. This is the capital of the island; and it is there that our naval Governor lives.

### A Look at Agana.

It is often said that Paris is France. In the same sense Agana is Guam. It is the seat of society, politics and trade. It has all the public buildings and about three-fourths of the people. The population is over 7000, and this in an island of 10,000 is a great many. At Agana are the chief public buildings. The most imposing structures are the Governor's palace, the College of San Juan de Letram, the courts and the barracks.

sailing vessels which make regular voyages to bring cargoes of merchandise and take out copra or dried coconut meat.

Since we took possession of Agana we have given it good water supply. We have put in about a half-mile six-inch sewer pipe for the use of the naval station and the city. In the past the water came from wells six or more feet deep which were practically fed from the surface and were often full of sewage. The government has made a dam of the river that runs through the town and the city water now comes from a reservoir.

### Cleanliness Enforced.

Our officials have passed laws that every man must keep his yard and house clean, and inspectors are sent around every week to see that he does so. If he does not they clean it themselves and make him pay the cost. If he does not cut his grass they cut it for him and he pays the bill. As a result of all this Agana is now one of the cleanest towns of the tropics. Guam has no contagious diseases since it came into our possession, and about the only epidemic disease is dengue fever, a sort of grip which at certain seasons seems to run through the island as it does through the United States.

The same sort of cleaning up has been done in the villages, and roads have been built from place to place. These roads are as hard as stone and as smooth as the floor. They might be used for automobiles, but they

are none on the island. The material used for them is a yellow clay called cascado, with a cement and makes a good permanent road.

### Education in Guam.

When we took hold of Guam there were no common schools. There was a school in Agana, although it was centuries old, but equal to the ordinary country high school of the States. There were also private schools for priests, but as a rule, the people were many could not write their own names. Leary took hold he sent out an order to the people and woman must learn to write his or within a certain number of months and Sam would furnish the copy. As a result nearly every one can now sign his name.

Gov. Shroeder brought out some American teachers, but the revenues grew short and he had to go back. Since then other schools have been opened, and they are now to be found in all the villages. These schools run from the eighth grade. Education is compulsory for all children are all learning the rudiments of the English language. There is a high school in Agana, with about thirty pupils, and there is also the College of San Juan de Letram.

Some school work is being done by the missionaries, of whom there are some Catholics and others. A better missionary work is being done by the American Catholics, for they are more hearty. The islanders are devout Catholics like the Filipinos, they have been cursed by the devil and they need the live, progressive method of American Catholicism for their development.

### Among the Chamorros.

But who are these people of Guam? A mixture of Chinese, Japanese, Malaysians, or crosses between the Chinese and the savage head hunters? They are different from the Filipinos, although they have the same semi-Spanish civilization and dress much the same. Our Governors have sent out some interesting information about them. They come from a race known as the Chamorros, which was in Guam when Magellan landed in 1521. Magellan says that the natives were and that they defended themselves with spears. Legaspi, who called at Guam in 1543, says the people lived in the water half the time, the only meat they ate was fish, bats, foxes. A Jesuit father, who wrote of the Chamorros in the seventeenth century, says that Guam then had a population of five times as many as now. They lived in towns or villages, having clean bamboo, roofed with coconut leaves, and the rooms by mats, which were woven in one piece. The men were so corpulent that they were swollen, and that they shaved their heads except on a topknot, which was allowed to grow to a height of three inches. The women had their teeth bleached dead white, and their teeth black.

### Baseball in the Pacific.

These ancient people were healthy and vigorous. The missionaries say that they baptized 1200 natives, and that they were great sprinters, runners and jumpers. They were expert sprinters, runners and jumpers. Our marines have introduced them to the lights of baseball, and there are now ball clubs everywhere. Every school has its club, and there are clubs and civil clubs. The little Guamites are ball players and the native teams have beaten the officers again and again. There are no courts at Agana and the desire for gymnastics is strong.

### Our Cousins of Guam.

But let us look at the Guamites of today. They are a good slice of the old Chamorro in them. They are also mixed with the islands about and the Spaniards. The Governor's reports say that the officers who have ruled the country in the past have intermarried with the native women and that the names of the upper crust include the family of nearly every Governor for the last 100 years. The family name is Four Hundred, and it is harder for one to get into that class to gain admittance to the house of Torreses, Martinezes, Calvos or Diazes than it is to enter the most select circles of Agana.

This upper crust has its own receptions, and its laws of etiquette are strict and the women most secluded. Until recently the well-to-do sent their children to Manila or Madrid to be educated. The girls are said to be good dancers, and most are able to play a little on the piano.

It is this better class that owns most of the land of the island. The men do not work, but they have their ranches or employ laborers. It is from this class that the subordinate officials of Guam are taken. The young ladies form a part of the official society, attend balls given at the Governor's palace, and are said to be pretty and vivacious. Their dress is of a full skirt of fine muslin or silk and a jacket of delicately white embroidered material flowing sleeves. The people of the better class do not use the betel nut nor do the women smoke. The American occupation many have adopted the style of dress.

### The Common People.

The common people are very much like the people of the Philippines. They go barefoot and wear shirts outside their trousers. While at work they



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a plaza or open place square. The streets are stone houses are numerous. There are also bamboo poles covered with grasses or palms. The villages, but they are thatched. In the whole there is a roof of tile and the most of it face the plaza, the college the off- the remaining sides, there are five or six in American trading concern pose of acquiring land to this there are two are, and one Chinese concerns have small



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Education in Guam.

When we took hold of Guam there were practically no common schools. There was a little college at Agana, although it was centuries old, but this was hardly equal to the ordinary country high school of the United States. There were also private schools, run by the priests, but as a rule, the people were illiterate and many could not write their own names. When Gov. Leary took hold, he sent out an order that every man and woman must learn to write his or her signature within a certain number of months and that Uncle Sam would furnish the copy. As a result of that nearly every one can now sign his name.

Gov. Schroeder brought out some American school teachers, but the revenues grew short and they had to go back. Since then other schools have been organized, and they are now to be found in Agana and in all the villages. These schools run from the first to the eighth grade. Education is compulsory and the children are all learning the rudiments of an education. There is a high school in Agana, but it has only about thirty pupils, and there is also the College of San Juan de Latram.

Some school work is being done by the Protestant missionaries, of whom there are some Congregationalists and others. A better missionary work could be done by the American Catholics, for the field is peculiarly theirs. The islanders are devout Catholics, but, like the Filipinos, they have been cursed by the friars and they need the live, progressive methods of modern American Catholicism for their development.

Among the Chamorros.

But who are these people of Guam? Are they Chinese, Japanese, Malaysians, or crosses between the Malayan and the savage head hunters? They are far different from the Filipinos, although they have the same semi-Spanish civilization and dress and look much the same. Our Governors have sent to the Navy Department some interesting information concerning them. They come from a race known as the Chamorros, which was in Guam when Magellan landed there in 1521. Magellan says that the natives were warlike and that they defended themselves with stones and lances. Legaspi, who called at Guam in 1565, says that the people lived in the water half the time and that the only meat they ate was fish, bats and flying foxes. A Jesuit father, who wrote of the island in the seventeenth century, says that Guam then had 50,000 people, or five times as many as now. The inhabitants lived in towns or villages, having clean houses of bamboo, roofed with coconut leaves, and divided into rooms by mats, which were woven in one piece. He says that the men were so corpulent that they seemed swollen, and that they shaved their heads with the exception of a topknot, which was allowed to grow to the height of three inches. The women had long hair, which they bleached dead white, and they stained their teeth black.

Raceball in the Pacific.

These ancient people were healthy and vigorous, and the missionaries say that they baptized 120 men who were each 120 years old. They were great athletes, and were expert sprinters, runners and jumpers. The people of Guam today are resuming their interest in athletics. Our marines have introduced them to the delights of baseball, and there are now ball clubs everywhere. Every school has its club, and there are naval clubs and civil clubs. The little Guamites are excellent ball players and the native teams have beaten those of the officers again and again. There are now tennis courts at Agana and the desire for gymnastics is growing.

Our Cousins of Guam.

But let us look at the Guamites of today. There is a good slice of the old Chamorro in them. They have also been mixed with the islands about and with the Spaniards. The Governor's reports say that the Spanish officers who have ruled the country in the past have intermarried with the native women and that today the names of the upper crust include the family names of nearly every Governor for the last 100 years. Guam has its Four Hundred, and it is harder for one born outside that class to gain admittance to the houses of the Torreses, Martinezes, Calves or Diazes than for a gutter snipe to enter the most select circles of America.

This upper crust has its own receptions and balls. Its laws of etiquette are strict and the women are almost secluded. Until recently the well-to-do natives sent their children to Manila or Madrid to be educated. The girls are said to be good dancers, and most of them are able to play a little on the piano.

It is this better class that owns most of the plantations of the island. The men do not work, but rent out their ranches or employ laborers. It is from them that the subordinate officials of Guam are taken. The young ladies form a part of the official society. They attend balls given at the Governor's palace, and are said to be pretty and vivacious. Their dress consists of a full skirt of fine muslin or silk and a zouave jacket of delicately white embroidered material with flowing sleeves. The people of the better class do not use the betel nut nor do the women smoke. Since the American occupation many have adopted our style of dress.

The Common People.

The common people are very much like the masses of the Filipinos. They go barefoot and wear their shirts outside their trousers. While at work the shirt

is often taken off and the trousers rolled to the hips. On Sunday a pair of half slippers may be added as a part of the dress.

The richer people of Agana have very comfortable homes, but the poor throughout the island live in huts of bamboo and thatch. These are built five or six feet from the ground, and usually have but one room, ventilated by three or four openings for windows. There is no glass, but each window has a sliding wooden shutter.

Such houses have but little furniture. The common bed is a mat of woven grass and the whole family sleeps on the floor of the one room. The doors and windows are tightly closed, for the people think that the night air brings fever. They sleep in the same clothes that they wear during the daytime. Every such house has a thatched lean-to at one end, in which the cooking is done. The ordinary stove is a stone inclosure, filled with earth, upon which a fire is built, a number of smaller stones keep the pots off the coals.

The Women of Guam.

The women of the poorer classes on feast days and Sundays wear long, trailing skirts of bright-colored calico and a white muslin jacket over a short chemise. They have cheap handkerchiefs covering their heads. On working days they wear a similar dress, but tuck the skirt into the belt. They labor in the fields with their skirts fastened high up above the knees, and thus clad they climb coconut trees by notches cut in the trunk. A girl will go up hand over hand to a height of forty feet, her skirts being gathered about her waist and a short black pipe held between her teeth. She will stand in the water up to her waist and pound the clothes she is washing against a wooden tray which floats on the surface of the river. These women can walk great distances. They are well formed and have beautiful black hair, of which they are proud. So says one of our naval Governors.

When we took possession of Guam we found the people exceedingly lazy. Wages under the Spanish had been almost nothing, and there was no incentive to work. Beggars were many and vagrants were common. One of the first edicts of Gov. Leary was that every inhabitant should be self-supporting. If he had no trade or occupation he must at once plant some corn, rice, coffee, sweet potatoes or other things sufficient to give him a living, and that he must have at least twelve hens, one cock and one sow. The Governor gave lands to some such men, but the big wages offered by the officials have brought the natives generally into the employ of the government.

The Future of Guam.

And this brings me to a serious condition which will likely confront Guam in the near future. The public works which Uncle Sam has been carrying on during the past nine years have brought a great deal of money into the island. During that time the imports have exceeded the exports by more than \$500,000, and the greater part of this money has come from the wages paid to the natives for the labor on the public works.

As a result the people have had more cash than ever before, and the prices of living have risen 1000 or 2000 per cent. The wants of the people have also increased. Formerly they lived for the most part on the taro, yams and bananas which they raised themselves. They have now become accustomed to the tinned meats and vegetables brought in from Japan and America.

All this has been paid for with labor. But now the most of the public work has been done. The island is well equipped with roads. Its harbors have been improved and the public buildings have been erected. The big jobs must soon stop, and the people must then go back to the land, where they cannot make anything like what they have done while laboring for Uncle Sam. How this may be brought about without trouble remains to be seen.

Some Money-Making Possibilities.

The government will have to encourage agriculture and arrange for the exports. One of the possibilities will be in coconut raising. This has not been pushed on account of the labor market, but I am told the island could be turned into a great coconut plantation. The experts say it might annually yield 200,000 tons of copra, which could be sold at a profit of \$10 a ton. That alone would bring in \$2,000,000 per annum.

The higher lands of the island are suitable for coffee and the lower portions will grow sugar. There are also 100 square miles of forest, the timber of which at present prices is worth about \$2,000,000.

Another possible crop is vanilla, another cacao, and a third rubber, for it is said that the india-rubber tree can be grown there. The rice fields may be also increased. They are rudely farmed, and with Japanese methods of culture might produce ten times as much as they now do. All of these various crops will be experimented with and the island will eventually be a great tropical garden.

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Tennyson's Clay Pipe.

[London Daily News:] Tennyson was an unwavering devotee of the clay pipe. "I take my pipe," he wrote to a friend in 1842, "and the muse descends in the fume, not like your modern ladies, who shriek at a pipe as if they saw a 'splackmuck'—" "splackmuck" being the word which the dwellers in Broddingnag applied to a man.

When invited on a visit to Mr. Gladstone in 1876, Tennyson wrote: "As you are good enough to say that you will manage anything rather than lose my visit, will you manage that I can have my pipe in my own room whenever I like?"

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"Ice Ranches" in Oregon.

In eastern Oregon a little village nestles in the hills. It is a quiet place, removed a number of miles from Baker City on the one hand and Huntington on the other. It is quiet, for it is made up of early Oregon families and is the trading center for a section of country given to agriculture. All agricultural trading points are quiet, anyway.

More than a hundred years ago white men discovered the valley where now stands the village. The river—easterners would call it a creek—takes its name from a black sand which it resembles, and which is abundant throughout the section. And, not only does the river take the name but the trading center takes it too—Powder River, Powder Valley, and North Powder. Taking the name as a gauge the last industry that would be located in such a place is the ice business, especially on a large scale. But to North Powder belongs the honor of supplying more natural ice each year than any other shipping point in Oregon, or perhaps in Washington or California. Nobody knows just how many tons of ice is shipped each year, but few presume to guess.

North Powder's ice business grew from natural causes, first, and from necessity secondly. For hundreds of miles after the railroad leaves the Columbia River on the route to Chicago it passes over wide stretches of open country, of sagebrush plain, before it reaches the canyon of the Snake River, which it traverses for hundreds of miles. But the Snake does not freeze in winter, and the ice business cannot be developed to any considerable extent. Hence it was that when refrigerator-car service became fashionable the railroads had to have an station between Portland and Ogden, and it was discovered that North Powder, then but a siding, was the natural site for an immense ice industry.

North Powder got its railroad in 1884, when the Union Pacific route was built through to the Coast. But it was a number of years later when wise heads saw the opening for an industry in which nature should play an important part. When the first refrigerator cars were put into service ice was difficult to get and the expense was an item that made shippers shiver. To Andrew Lun, now ice king of North Powder, belongs the honor of evolving a scheme to create "ice ranches" among the hills of the Powder River Valley, and of developing an industry that means nearly as much to the town as the great fields of grain and the orchards of fruit which surround the place on all sides.

Lun's "ice ranch" idea was first tried out in 1887, although a year earlier he became interested in the industry and began planning for its development. In 1887 a single pond was operated and it produced 2000 tons of pure ice, sufficient to supply the demands of the railroad on its line from Huntington to Portland. The valley lies so that it is easy to build dams and form reservoirs on land owned by any of a number of farmers, and at least three splendid valley farms have been given over to the ice industry, proving more profitable as "ice ranches" than they did as farms or as stock range.

Everything but the ice was crude when Andrew Lun stacked his first "crop" of ice. He employed Chinese to draw the plows which cut the ice into blocks and with the same power working on ropes he delivered the ice from the reservoir to the storehouse which he had built along the railroad tracks. The work was done every winter until 1892, and each summer more ice was sent out from North Powder than shipped the preceding year. A second "ranch" was developed in 1892, and from that date really should be figured the ice industry as it is today.

It was in 1892 that horse power was introduced as a substitute for Chinese labor in the "harvesting" of ice, and this method was continued until 1907, when electric power was installed, the ponds being brightly lighted at night so that the work could continue twenty-four hours each day during the season. It was a case of making ice while King Winter reigned. With the growth of the industry others besides Mr. Lun were attracted to the field, and in the years that quickly followed the installation of cheap power the "ranches" were extended until the capacity of the ice plants of the town could be easily figured at 30,000 tons per annum! Some ice to be gathered right in the heart of a rich agricultural section!

One of the "ice ranches" covers twenty acres, and the product is more than 10,000 tons each winter. The ice is taken when it is ten or twelve inches thick, and usually when the weather is the coldest of the season. Immense warehouses have been built, each capable of holding the product of twenty acres of ice, and with shed room for ten cars, so that practically an entire train can be iced at one time in any of the houses. An excess warehouse is maintained at Huntington, where trains going eastward during the fruit season are iced. During the busy season, which is perhaps two weeks in midwinter usually, about one hundred men are employed in the ice harvest. And this in addition to the power supplied by electric motors, for every bit of work that can be done by machinery is shifted from the shoulders of the workmen. A. H. H.

Not a Celebration.

[Christian Register:] Night was coming on, the storm was increasing and some of the deck fittings had already been swept overboard, when the captain decided to send up a distress signal. The rocket was already lit and about to ascend when a solemn faced passenger stepped up.

"Cap'n," said he, "I'd be the last man on earth to cast a damper on any man's patriotism, but to me there's no time for celebratin' an' settin' off of fireworks."

TORES

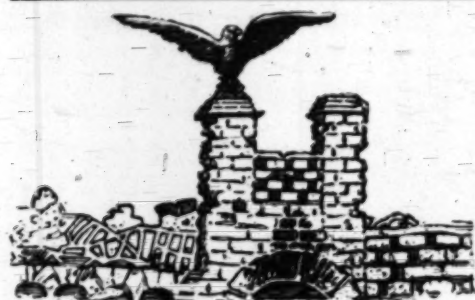
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Automobile and Sports. PART VIII. Colored Supplement. ADDITIONAL. "Time" Illustrated Weekly.

WASHINGTON. Congressman Victor Berger and a member of the Lawrence Citizens' Committee almost came to blows.

made a show of resistance, and then to surrender "to larger numbers" and join the movement against the national capital. It is admitted that Madero now has his hands full with





**THE EAGLE** has been praying for rain. Remembering the passage in the scriptures which says that not even a sparrow falls to earth without the knowledge of the Lord God of the Ages, it has seemed to me that, this being the case, the prayers of an Eagle might be hearkened to.

Furthermore, it is necessary that somebody pray for rain. But nobody appears to be doing it. It is as though you-all had lost the spirit of prayer. There are lots of churches of all kinds. There are lots of Christians, Jews and Gentiles, all of whom in several acknowledge the same God. Yet all of them don't seem to storm the Jasper Gates in the good old-fashioned way when they want divine favor. You want rain; you need it badly. But, with all your money and all your power, you haven't been able to get the rain, have you?

**YOU** see, dearly beloved, the Lord God of the Ages takes the trouble to show you, every now and then, that you-all are not the whole thing. Just when you-all have swelled up with pride in your own importance till you are like to bust, God just reaches down gently and punctures you.

**SUPPOSING** that the High God were to decree that not a drop of rain were to fall for as many as were the lean years of the Jews in exile. Supposing He were to withhold the floods and to keep brazen the skies for seven years. Where then would be your mighty cities, dearly beloved? Where would be the looms and the mills and the great factories that you-all have builded? The wheels would be silent.—Your



**"WOMEN,"** said a group of brave men, recently, "are pretty poor sportsmen. They haven't got an ounce of sporting instinct in their wretched little constitutions."

A sportsman, in the best sense, you will understand, means all that is fair and generous, straight, wholesome, true, loyal. To call a man a true sportsman is to bestow the highest praise.

#### Are Women Good Sportsmen?

**VERY** well, then. To be a poor sportsman, dear ladies, is to be the meanest thing ever. These gentlemen are telling you that you are cheats, disloyal, ungenerous. They say you are bad losers, that you will stop at nothing to win. They say you back-bite each other, scratch and pinch and fight amongst yourselves—that jealousy of a deep orange tint pervades your every sport.

Can you defend yourselves? Take a golf tournament, for instance. Can you deny that you always squabble about your handicaps, always try to get a larger one than you are entitled to? Can you deny that you always throw out mean and catty suggestions regarding the play of your opponent? Is your conscience perfectly clear regarding your own score card? Don't you always ascribe your defeat to some extraneous condition? The greens, for instance? Or you are using a new club, or you had no sleep last night, or your caddy put you off your game by whistling? If you don't happen to get the partner you like, don't you show your feelings and shamelessly spoil sport? And don't look as cross as a maggot if you lose? Don't you put on an ostentatious swagger if you win?

Come, dear ladies, isn't the good sportsman among you a glorious rarity? In short, are you capable of playing the game?

cities would be in the dust as Tyre and Babylon are in the dust.

**BUT**, leaving all that aside, as Joe Bailey says in his speeches, what I desire to call attention to is that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. Or, as I might better say, perhaps, it is a poor dry spell that doesn't help somebody.

I take it that the barley crop, the wheat crop, the rutabaga crop and some others will look quite shriveled unless the Lord sends rain to soak the sacred soil of California before many more moons go by. Yet, even though the dry spell shall continue, all is not lost as far as Southern California, and especially Los Angeles, are concerned. The weather has been simply ideal for the tourist crop, and that's the best crop we've got, if anybody asks you.

**AS** THE above statement is read by countless thousands of all sorts and conditions of men, this morning, all the way down from the Channel of Santa Barbara to Tia Juana, and further in both directions, it will have two distinctly different and opposite effects. In the numberless and festive places where the strangers within our sunny gateways are foregathered, my statement will be greeted with loud and long-continued cheers. Among what is frequently called the "residents" there will be scowls. There will be even those who will so far forget themselves as to say that this old bronze Eagle is seven different kinds of a liar.

But the Eagle is not a liar. On the contrary, my business is to tell the truth, although I may have to hurt somebody's feelings sometimes in doing so. And when I say that the tourist-crop is our best crop, I am giving utterance to the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. I can prove it to you in figures. I can prove it by the banks, by the butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker.

**YES**, dearly beloved, the fact remains, after all our talk, that we owe large slices of our protruding and conspicuous prosperity to the fellow who comes here with a wad from the outlands. To the lady who comes here similarly equipped with the long green, we owe much, tamblen. To each and all the various visitors from afar who land upon these shores for the purpose of basking in our sunshine at so much per bask, we owe our distinguished consideration, which the same should be given unto them freely, without stint and with an open heart.

You see, dearly beloved, that these simoleons, kopeks, dollars, pounds, shillings, pence, pesos and the like of that in the form of coin and currency which is sepa-

#### Ideals.

**AND** following this indictment comes one from Antony Anderson, who declares that women have no ideals, very little moral stability, a very elastic sense of honor. When you are virtuous, when your ideals are lofty, when you do play fair, it is because you love some man well enough to try to live up to his ideal of you.

Think you Antony knows? True, he is a bachelor, but these bachelors have a wider opportunity of studying the female of the species with an unbiased mind.

Then comes Mons. Uzanne in his newest book on the Frenchwoman. He declares her to be entirely lacking in originality—and initiative. She always, he says, reflects the opinions of some man, prattles off glibly the ideas she has culled, parrot like, from some masculine mind.

#### Defenseless Woman.

**BEHOLD** me then your champion, dear ladies. Just for once. Although I certainly do think you a selfish crowd, with an appalling penchant for cruelty to husbands, I am prepared to admit that this is largely the husbands' fault. They are a cheap lot, these husbands, and are, after all, but valued at their own estimation.

But fair ones, you can be good sportsmen. It is only the past centuries of thralldom that still hang about you and make you unthinkingly perform discreditable acts of meanness. But when once you have learned the code, once you have mastered the niceties of the sportsmanlike attitude, you are true blue. Then, indeed, you go to the other extreme and are capable of playing the game to the point of excessive generosity.

And regarding your sense of honor, the same may be said. The trouble with you is that you have paid over well in the past. You have held your wares too cheap, given overweight in generous measure. And it is because you are now developing a little business acumen, marking your goods according to their cost, not paying until you receive, that the bewildered male misreads the times.

Poor devil, he has a good deal to learn. When he does realize the modern trend in all its fearsome evolution, he will discover Madame regarding him with a pitying eye, for his pathetic little weaknesses, his petty little jealousies, his whitening struggle to convince himself that he is still top dog.

The hen canary is learning to sing, e'er long it will be the cock canary that is limited to "Twit, twit!"

#### The Modern Parson.

**THE** modern cleric is a born advertiser. No longer is he content to minister to our souls and morals in private. Nowadays he shouts, nay hurls, social indictments from the rostrums and gets himself quoted in all the papers. There is Father Vaughan inveighing against the sins of society in England, the Bishop of London declaiming against everything and anything in sledge-hammer declamations of rounded rhetoric,

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rated from the person or persons of our visitors, as the case may be, is all new money, as far as we are concerned. We are here, to be sure, toiling and moiling away at our various vocations and occupations, so to speak, and earning all we can as artisans, agriculturists, horticulturists, professors, journalists, fortune tellers, real estate agents and hod carriers. And we all make enough to eat at our jobs, besides a little surplus which we place in the banks against the coming of the dry spells, rather than the proverbial rainy day. Then along come the tourists, blithe and glad to loosen up as the warm sun of our faithful skies of blue gets a whack at the small of their backs, right in the middle of the spot which has been frozen the most and the worst.

**AND** I am here to tell you, dearly beloved, that this kind of money is like money from home. It is like finding money in the road. It is real money, and we don't have to bat an eye to get it, either.

**I** WOULD like you-all to just sit down and figure out for me and for yourselves the amount of new money the seventeen conventions booked for Los Angeles this summer will bring into our waiting coffers.

Take, for instance, the Shriners, who are coming here in May. I heard Motley Flint say in his offhand way, the other day as he stood under my perch talking to a comrade, that there will be 60,000 Shriners here in May. Now you-all know how those fellows in the fezes spend money. There never was a tight-wad Shriner yet. They don't let tight-wads in their society.

Let us say that during the week of their stay with us, each visiting Shriner will spend \$50. That's putting it mighty low, believe me; but let it go at fifty. Well, just multiply \$50 by 60,000 and what is the answer? Doesn't it make your head swim? Enough money to build a macadamized road from San Diego to Los Angeles, and maybe farther. Enough money to build three buildings like the Federal Building. Enough money to build and endow a free hospital. And all new money that we got easy.

**YOU** can leave the conventions out altogether and merely figure what the 70,000 tourists who are in and around Los Angeles every day are spending. You take the crop as it springs from the soil under the warm sun, winter and summer, every day in the year, Sunday and Monday and every day of the week, and you will see that what I say is true, namely, to wit, that our best crop is the tourist crop. God bless the tourist! Long may he wave!

THE EAGLE.

Roman Catholic priests in Italy and Ireland contributing their quota to the din, and goodness knows, our own sweet country is not free from the infection.

Think of the amount of free advertising the Rev. Dr. Arthur Phelps of the Central Baptist Church acquired last week, when he boldly denounced flirting as a disease! But does the reverend gentleman realize what he is doing?

A disease, mark you. There is no disgrace in disease under our present social system. Disease is a matter for pity, for kindly excuses, for a good deal of license. Everybody knows what a lot of naughty things the sick baby can get away with.

Now, instead of the malade imaginaire drooping sadly with some indefinable complaint, one sees her brightening up gaily with a bad go of flirting. Painfully incurable cases will develop all over the country, and elegant sanatoria will spring up in every city for the housing of convalescent cases of both sexes.

#### The Art of Flirting.

**BUT**, personally, I don't agree with the reverend gentleman. Flirting is an art first, a delightful, unsurpassable pastime, and an absolutely infallible cure for many ills. Nothing, positively nothing can cure a fit of the blues, a grouch, indigestion, that tired feeling, a nervous headache, the care-worn weight of responsibility, nay even the loss of a fortune or the dumping of creditors, so well as a light-hearted flirtation.

Flirting is one of the real joys of life. Flirting is more important than food. Flirting stimulates the mind, whets the intellect, warms the blood, sharpens the senses, brightens one's whole outlook on life. Indeed, flirting is one of the essentials, and the man who describes it as "picking flowers on the brink of hell" must, indeed, have a morbid, nasty mind. Honi soit qui mal y pense. But there are some people who can only think of wines in connection with drunkenness, who can only think of roses in connection with the manure that fertilizes them, who can only see the skeleton beneath the skin of a pretty woman.

Flirt on, mes amis, learn the gentle art and ply it with all your strength. The world is better, more wholesome, more virile and vastly more entertaining and happy for the flirting that is in it. The unpleasant-minded moralizer who sees evil in all things, does not thank heaven, rule the world, and he could not spoil the charm of flirting if he would.

#### The Cult of Beauty.

**"EVERY** woman has a right to look her best," we are told pretty frequently, and I daresay she has. But, dash it all, does she really look her best in half an inch of powder, an ounce of red paint, poltily known as rouge, on her cheeks, thick layers of lamp black on her eyebrows and eyelashes, half a pound of red grease on her lips, parti-colored, detachable hair, skin-tight bolster cases made of gaudy, expensive materials, and hats the size of an average cartwheel laden with every variety of commodity from the animal vegetable and mineral kingdom?

## Illustrated Weekly.

Ye

**IT** IS strikingly strange how short the negative words are in all languages. We recall none of them in which the vocabularies are of more than one syllable, which there are more than three letters, them require only two of these little ma-

assent or denial. To the unreflective this might appear a little thought shows why the words, in they are, are so exceedingly simple in the. What elements of human speech are used, are more important in their tenor heart of the hearer more hope or despair faction or dissatisfaction, more gratification or disappointment? Or what words make ship or enmity, for love or hate, between use them and those to whom they are. These considerations convey to our mind words are so simple and so short. They rily short because they come so often they may be short for the reason that fr are with results, their meaning must be. Their simplicity makes it almost impossi true the thought expressed by the speaker sary to be comprehended by the hearer.

These little words are as good an illustr be found of the power of little things. W ve to the ear of the hearer not only satisfi satisfaction, not merely hope or fear, but li Take for an example that old, old story initial use in the Garden of Eden, and ye as life itself to every latest born member of family. Imagine the case of the man an who "meet by moonlight alone, by the wood of the vale," or any other time of the day in other place, but always alone. You know were two persons who met in this very inte dition before, as these two see things. T only lovers that ever lived and breathed, n ing place, asked the momentous question, an to the answer plighted their troth to be other all there is of life, and for all the d lives, or to turn back to back and walk a merely "friends forever." That little "yes" so low and yet so sweet, makes that man that woman the happiest thing that ever troo tiful old earth of ours. Or if the answer i what disappointment can life ever bring that a deeper thrill of disappointment in the heart happy man who hears that little vocable, alth

## Sayings of

**ONE** OF the most dangerous things at sea list. Same thing ashore. Society is the man who sank. It is imperiled by bad or good, who drifts. Keep on your co down out of our way.

An autograph letter of George Washington served which is signed: "D Sir, Yr Mo Affect Servt—Go. Washington." And nevertheless twice elected President of the United States couldn't happen a third time. At any rate, it

A French metaphysician—there are such ph as French metaphysicians—has written a boo proves, for the author himself admits it, tha d'Arc was simply a common spiritualistic " Then, I nominate Planchette for President of the States.

Sound an alarm, good citizen; sound it clear and long. Lift up thy voice and spare not. Bu it at the right time. An alarm clock that goes hours ahead of time is as bad as one that wake hour too late.

So you were "saved" at the great revival, w friend? Good! "Saved." That is, a man in geles told you the way to Washington. Fine! ask again when you get to Pomona. Perfect ta cross-roads between here and Washington.

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ALL FOUR STORES

Mullen & Bluet



# Yes, No - - - or Perhaps.

By George W. Burton.

IT IS strikingly strange how short the affirmative and negative words are in all languages of the world. We recall none of them in which these important vocabularies are of more than one syllable, scarcely one in which there are more than three letters, and many of them require only two of these little marks to express assent or denial.

To the unreflective this might appear puzzling. But a little thought shows why the words, important though they are, are so exceedingly simple in their construction. What elements of human speech are more frequently used, are more important in their tenor, bring to the heart of the hearer more hope or despair, more satisfaction or dissatisfaction, more gratification or disappointment? Or what words make more for friendship or enmity, for love or hate, between those who use them and those to whom they are addressed? These considerations convey to our mind easily why the words are so simple and so short. They are necessarily short because they come so often into play, and they may be short for the reason that fraught as they are with results, their meaning must be very direct. Their simplicity makes it almost impossible to misconstrue the thought expressed by the speaker, and necessary to be comprehended by the hearer.

These little words are as good an illustration as may be found of the power of little things. Why, they convey to the ear of the hearer not only satisfaction or dissatisfaction, not merely hope or fear, but life and death. Take for an example that old, old story that had its initial use in the Garden of Eden, and yet is as new as life itself to every latest born member of the human family. Imagine the case of the man and the maid who "meet by moonlight alone, by the wood at the end of the vale," or any other time of the day or night, or in other place, but always alone. You know there never were two persons who met in this very interesting condition before, as these two see things. They are the only lovers that ever lived and breathed, met at trysting place, asked the momentous question, and according to the answer plighted their troth to be each to the other all there is of life, and for all the days of their lives, or to turn back to back and walk away, to be merely "friends forever." That little "yes" murmured so low and yet so sweet, makes that man a god, and that woman the happiest thing that ever trod this beautiful old earth of ours. Or if the answer were "No," what disappointment can life ever bring that will cause a deeper thrill of disappointment in the heart of the unhappy man who hears that little vocable, although whis-

pered in quite as low and musical a tone as if it had been yes? A criminal may stand before the court, awaiting his sentence, and that may mean to him life or death. But the judgment of the court can scarcely be fraught with more weighty importance to the ear of the culprit at bar, than the verdict of that girl to the swain by her side.

Now just let us shut our eyes and ears from all the sounds and sights of the world, and consider these two little words, either of which may have been said under that trysting tree, in the quiet of the twilight hour. The maid used no more breath to say the "yes" than to say "no." There was scarcely a perceptible difference in her intonation. Indeed, if she were a true woman, with a real woman's heart, she modulated her voice more carefully, and said the "no" with a little more sweetness of accent than if her answer had been "yes." They must have been friends at least, or they never could have met in the scene imagined here. The maiden may have been puzzled and in doubt. She may have found it very difficult to learn her own mind. If she has been truly womanly the sorrow the utterance of the little "no" brings to her heart is just a little less poignant than to his. If she is to say "yes" the word may come from her lips with a good deal of directness, with a positiveness of accent, and it will not hurt the young man's feelings very much. If she is a woman like Shakespeare's heroines, whose voices are sweet and low "always an excellent thing in woman," the "yes" will come hesitatingly from her lips, as if so sweet she hated to have the last sound completed, and low as, if she were afraid the winds might carry her answer abroad to the ears of the uninterested, or as if the very stars might hear. But with whatever accent it be that the words shall fall from her lips, it will bring joy unalloyed and unmeasurable to the heart of the swain. But if she is to say "no," let her beware that the answer falls trembling with sympathetic sorrow from her tongue. It means to that young man's ear almost as much as the decision of the judge at the final great day which is to determine his state for all eternity. That is not hyperbole. It is fact. The word the girl says at the trysting place often is to the swain the decree of the final judgment. It determines the course of his life in this world often, for all eternity sometimes.

There is a good deal in how any news is broken to the ear of the interested person. When Mike Flannigan was killed at the railroad crossing, and Patrick

O'Grady was sent to "break the news gently to the widow," he did it in this wise: Knocking at the door, and Mrs. Flannigan appearing, Pat said: "Is this the widow Flannigan?" In astonishment she said: "I am Mrs. Flannigan, but no widow." Then O'Grady broke it gently. "O, begorra, you are, though, for Mike was just killed at the crossing."

That's the way a whole lot of us break-ill news to our friends. A great many people use "yes" and "no," and miss that nice discrimination of the lady at the trysting tree. The answer we give to a request may not mean as much as that of the maiden to the man. But it may range all the way from a trifle to very nearly the case we have been considering. So many of us, when it is possible for us to say "yes" to a request, roll it "trippingly from the tongue," in accents as sweet as honey. That is because we enjoy the luxury of making ourselves agreeable, and we often care more for that than for the pleasure the favor does our friend. But when we say "no," how sharply and resonantly we often expel it from our lips, not as if it was an unpleasant incumbrance in our nature, but as if it were an unspeakable pleasure in denying the favor.

Now if I were a reformer, I would devote my life, and I think usefully, to the task of teaching my brother man to say "no" in the most gentle accents, with the kindest care, and the most sympathetic consideration. I would impress it upon all my brothers, that however positively, and even abruptly, they may say "yes" in granting a request, "no" should always be said in the sweetest of human accents. There are people who say "yes" in a manner so gruff and unkindly that the one who asks the favor must sometimes feel as if it would have been better to be denied. That, however, is an extreme case. But the saying of "no" in gruff accents, in a hostile manner, indicates to my mind something of a churl. If I have to deny a favor, I feel as if it were a favor to me to have been asked to grant it. It has shown confidence, and something of a sympathy between the asker and myself. Therefore if the answer has to be "no" it seems to me as if the accents in which it is uttered should be a little more dulcet and charged with a little more sympathy than if I had been able to do my friend the favor. And in using the word friend here I am using it a good deal as the word neighbor used in the scriptures concerning the man who, going down to Jericho, fell among thieves. Friend in this case is about continuous with mankind.

## Sayings of Burdette, the Genial Philosopher.

ONE OF the most dangerous things at sea is a derelict. Same thing ashore. Society is safe from the man who sank. It is imperiled by the man, bad or good, who drifts. Keep on your course or go down out of our way.

An autograph letter of George Washington is preserved which is signed: "D Sir, Yr Mo Affect and Obdt Servt—Go. Washington." And nevertheless he was twice elected President of the United States. But it couldn't happen a third time. At any rate, it hasn't.

A French metaphysician—there are such phenomena as French metaphysicians—has written a book which proves, for the author himself admits it, that Jeanne d'Arc was simply a common spiritualistic "medium." Then, I nominate Planchette for President of the United States.

Sound an alarm, good citizen; sound it clear and loud and long. Lift up thy voice and spare not. But sound it at the right time. An alarm clock that goes off two hours ahead of time is as bad as one that wakes up an hour too late.

So you were "saved" at the great revival, were you, friend? Good! "Saved." That is, a man in Los Angeles told you the way to Washington. Fine! Better ask again when you get to Pomona. Perfect tangle of cross-roads between here and Washington.

Reciprocity of the virtues would be to their mutual improvement. Love borrows from Patience day by day, without measure. Now, if Patience would only acquire from Love all that she gives, in a little while you couldn't tell the sisters apart.

I once saw a lighthouse covered from lantern to foundation with advertisements. Sometimes that's the trouble with the greatest lighthouse in the world—the Bible. The commentators paste their interpretations over it until the sailor can't see the Book.

Well; the great Standard Oil monopolistic trust has been broken into fragments. That is, the big drove of bugs that took up the whole highway has been separated into a hundred herds that swarm along the turnpike. As you turn out for one after the other, notice any improvement in the travelling?

All this time in our great big nation-wide reforms and investigations we have been fairly unsuccessful in reaching the "higher ups." Maybe we're working on a wrong theory and in the wrong direction. "Higher up" than whom? Let's take off the climbers and pick up the spade. Most wild beasts burrow.

The political economists say the increased cost of living has come to stay. Good! That means that we are living better. Let it stay. Just increase the size of the pay envelope in proportion and things will balance. The few must get along with a little less, which they wouldn't notice, and the many might have a great deal more, also without noticing it. And the sooner you rub that into your head, the less certain you are to have it pounded in with a sledge hammer.

Truth is mighty and will eventually prevail, though she sure is a little slow at times. H. S. Shelton, in a London scientific magazine, denies that "the sun is, or ever has been, on fire." This authoritative statement silences a rumor that has been more or less prevalent in non-scientific circles during the past seven or eight thousand years. "If the sun is on fire," ask the scientists, "why doesn't it burn up?" Sure. Same way with the volcanoes. And that other place, that isn't any longer, the brimstone plant? Say, George, that is a solar plexus punch on the doctrine of everlasting torment. If the place really is on fire, it will burn out some time, and mighty soon, too, for we have it on the highest authority that there isn't a drop of water nearer than heaven.

Again there has broken out the discussion concerning the advisability of English-sung opera for English-speaking people. I trust this will never be brought to pass in my day. When, knowing that you neither speak nor understand French, Italian or German, you listen to grand opera in these languages, it is with a pure delight in the music, which is all you came to hear. When the same thing is rendered in English your mind is annoyed by an occasional word which you do understand, and you find yourself listening for another somewhat like it. This is distracting. You only get the highest enjoy-

ment of grand opera when you go to listen to the music, neither expecting, hoping, nor planning to understand a word that is sung. Did you ever read a "book of the opera?" You have? Then, in the name of poetry why should you ever wish to understand it when it is sung to you?

There are ways of telling the truth and lying that make the statements sound like synonyms. One man says: "I have never been sick a day in my life." "I can match you," says another man; "I can truthfully say that I have never paid a doctor a dollar since the day I was born." Now, both men speak the truth. But one of them was a liar. There are not many persons who have never been ill. But there are thousands of people who have never paid their doctor's bills. Ananias would have been ashamed to lie the way some men tell the truth. "How's the steak?" asks a man entering the restaurant and seeing Checkers at breakfast. And Checkers, desirous of telling the truth without offending the landlord, replies: "Bully!"

Oh, dear Man, don't be discouraged over the low estate of Zion and the degeneracy of all the world. Things are so bad that they couldn't be worse, and so long as we can say that, we can be hopeful. We are the severest judges our own times will ever have. A conscientious man has no right to sit in judgment on his own case—he's always prejudiced against the accused, which is himself. When you stand too close to a good picture, the best things in it are bad, and if you examine it with a microscope you can't see it at all. That's the way you examine a bank note, and your object is not to ascertain excellences, but to detect faults. Wait till you can back off from this age a couple of centuries. Even now, what would you think of a critic who would designate our time as "a thick and dark ignorance that almost covers the age," in which "nothing but ribaldry, profanation, blasphemy, all license of offense to God and man is practiced." That is a competent critic's measure of his own times. And who was the critic? "Rare Ben Jonson." And his contemporaries? Shakespeare, Bacon, Beaumont and Fletcher. And his age? What we now call the "golden age" of Elizabethan glory. Maybe some people may talk about us as we now speak of rare Ben Jonson and his friends whom he belabored. Maybe they will. Maybe. They won't have to, but maybe they will. They will be a long ways off from us. Even the best human characters bar too close intimacy.



# Who's Who---Why, How and Wherefore.

Noted Men and Women of the Southwest.

## BANKER-PATROLMAN.

LOS ANGELES has the distinction of having the smallest number of policemen in proportion to area and population, of any city in the United States. When the census was taken two years ago the city covered 101.5 square miles and had a population of nearly 320,000, with 432 patrolmen. This gave 739 of population to policeman. Since then have been added to the area about twenty-five square miles and a population of over 12,000, with no increase of police force.

We are a progressive people in Los Angeles, and do things never dared or even thought of elsewhere. The city authorities have before them a plan to appoint 200 private citizens specifically to act as policemen. They are to bear a commission signified by a star, but are to draw no pay. The programme is to leave the selection of these peace officers with the Chief of Police, and he is picking them. It is significant that he has gone into one of the large banking institutions of the city and taken an active banker as the first member of the citizen-police force. He has chosen a man perhaps as well known as almost any other in the city.

Motley Hewes Flint was born February 19, 1865, and you will be as astonished as I was to learn that he is a native of the "Hub of the Universe," alias Boston. But Motley H. Flint, even as a baby, was too smart to remain in a country which had to get its beans from California. He determined to reach a place of residence nearer the base of supplies, and, jumping quite across the continent, he landed in San Francisco. In due time he went to a grammar school, and half-way through the High School, when it was found necessary to cease making raids on the paternal pantry, and go out and earn his own baked beans and brown bread. Brother Frank, since raised to the dignity of a United States Senator, was older than Motley, who at the period now spoken of was only 13 years old. They went into the wholesale paper business on their own account, and it seems to have been about the only failure the Flint boys ever made. Motley reports that they came to Los Angeles (a point still nearer the bean fields) twenty-seven years ago. The Flints take to politics quite as easily as any Bostonian to baked beans. So Motley secured a place as bookkeeper in the Los Angeles post-office, when the late Col. John W. Green was postmaster, and the postoffice was at the corner of Spring and First streets. The Flints have the good Yankee characteristic of not being kept down, so Motley became cashier at the postoffice. He soon got to know as much about the transferring of letters as the Postmaster-General, and was sent far and wide over the Great Southwest, organizing new offices and supervising old ones. When the United States acquired the Hawaiian Islands, Mr. Flint was sent to Honolulu to teach the Kanakas the American system of keeping postoffices. Did he do the work well? Trust my word for it, for I know, and my verdict is, he did.

Motley H. Flint made good in the postoffice business, but not enough so to suit his own ambition, so he became connected with the Manhattan Bank, and in connection with being postmaster, to which dignity he had risen, gave much attention, which produced successful results, to the banking business. When later on the Manhattan Savings Bank was consolidated with the Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank, Mr. Flint, December 1, 1909, was made vice-president of this great institution, and if not the mainspring thereof, he comes mighty near performing that function.

Mr. Flint is both a good mixer and a "finer." He is one of the moving spirits in the great Masonic order, always found at the head of things, in the front rank. He has "traveled" far over "burning sands" among the Shriner hosts, and has been a distinguished potentate of Al Malakiah Temple. He will dispense "zem-zem" water surcharged with hot air, when 40,000 or 50,000 of these Shriners visit Los Angeles next May.

### And There Are Others.

We have only imported one citizen-policeman. There are ninety-nine others still in the wilderness, one of them just coming out. The second man picked for the citizen-police force is a native son, a Californian born at Sacramento, June 11, 1853. Like his yoke-fellow named above, he went to San Francisco when he was only a little boy. He was educated in the public schools, and also managed to get a course in a business college, though a good deal of his schooling had to be acquired at night, after a hard day's work for a boy, or even a man.

John Samuel Mitchell is known as one of the successful hotel men of Los Angeles, and there are none greater in this line in the world. Mr. Mitchell claims little credit to himself for his knowledge of the hotel business. Well he may not. He went at it when barely 12 years old, as sub-clerk and messenger boy. The word sub-clerk is used considerably, as his function was very elementary. He remained at it until he went through all phases of the hotel business, for fifteen years, and then he went up into Sonoma county to work on his father's farm. If you want to hear enthusiastic talk of country life in California, let John S. Mitchell do the talking. He simply was hungry for outdoor occupation, and no work was ever too hard for him.

One summer day, when the sun rose early and set late, the farmer boy was out with the sun, but would not come home when old Sol went to rest. Father Mitchell came out in the gloaming and called out: "Oh, John, it is time to come in." When John assured the

author of his being that he was not tired, the peremptory command to quit came like this: "Perhaps not, but you are killing the horses."

There was a big vineyard on the Mitchell farm, and Sonoma grapes make mighty good wine. This suggested a new occupation to John S. Mitchell, so he organized a company known as the Meyerfeld & Mitchell Wine Company. The senior member of the firm is known in Los Angeles, too, being none other than Mr. Meyerfeld, the noted impresario. The wine business took Mr. Mitchell well over the United States. He became particularly interested in Arizona, and, if you please, there went into the business of mining copper, and he did it successfully, too.

But hotel-keeping is an occupation of much fascination, therefore there is nothing strange in the fact that ten years ago John S. Mitchell, with A. C. Billicke, as senior partner, organized a company to take over the Hollenbeck Hotel. Mr. Mitchell is vice-president of the company and general manager of the popular hostelry. Like a wise man, Mr. Mitchell early in life found true the saying in the Hebrew scriptures: "It is not good for man to be alone," and took unto himself a wife. He has three sons and one daughter, and the whole family is still under the glimpses of the moon, united, prosperous and happy. The youngest boy is still in school, but the two elder ones are among the best known athletes in Southern California, not only in gymnasium work, but on the baseball diamond and the football gridiron. This is not at all astonishing to one who has looked upon the square shoulders and stalwart form of Mitchell pere. As for the young lady, Miss Mitchell is a real celebrity in writing theater sketches.

This sketch of Mr. Mitchell's life follows a decidedly checkered career, and decidedly a successful one. It has not been all devoted to the furtherance of his own affairs or the carrying out of his own private plans by a great deal. He is one of the most public-spirited citizens of Los Angeles, well known for his many public-spirited citizens. The Chamber of Commerce and the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association both know and acknowledge the effective services Mr. Mitchell has given to the public cause. He is a pronounced friend of the vital principle of industrial freedom and refuses to be flim-flammed by walking delegates, theorists, demagogues or trimmers. He is just now the head and front of one of the most important movements in the United States, with the object of having constructed the great Ocean-to-Ocean Highway, occupying the attention of all America.

### A Master Builder Indeed.

Reader, what is your idea of a priest or prelate, a prophet or a preacher? Is it not a man with a very long and austere face, with eyes cast down to the ground, and with knee caps calloused with long hours of prayer? Is not your idea that of the impractical man who could not hitch up a horse, add up correctly a store bill, or handle a dollar without wasting 75 cents of it, leaving it behind him on some counter, or letting it slip through his fingers on the sidewalk? Your conception is false. I want to show you it is.

St. Paul was a great preacher, and one of the leading prelates of the early church. He said to one of the churches: "It is not meet that we should leave the oracles of God to serve tables." But he is also on record with the saying that upon him "fall the care of all the churches." A successor of the apostle, if he is at all worthy, must have his deacons (assistants) to attend to details, for the care of the churches that fall upon the prelate are no small burden. Here is a little sketch of the many cares that fall upon a missionary bishop such as St. Paul was, even in these modern days. But first let us see whom we are talking about.

August 1, 1847, there was born to a good Irish couple in Cavan, Province of Ulster, Ireland, a little baby boy. The father's name was Conaty, and the child was duly baptized Thomas James. Every man, woman and child in Southern California who has read thus far knows of whom this sketch is to treat, for Bishop Conaty is one of the best-known and best-beloved men in the Southwest. He is scarcely less well known or less well thought of outside of his own communion than within.

This little boy, though born in Ireland, was not to remain there. His father had come to America many years before, and was only sojourning in Ireland for a time. The family returned to Massachusetts in 1850 and settled at Taunton, where the child duly attended the public schools. As often happens with the sons of pious Irish parents, in infancy the boy was dedicated to the priesthood. At the proper time he was sent to Montreal to college, and afterward to the Holy Cross at Worcester, where he got his B.A. in 1869. He then returned to Montreal for a course in theology, and was ordained December 1, 1872, on the feast of his patron saint, St. Thomas. Bishop Conaty is more like St. James than St. Thomas. He entertains no doubts as to the creed of his church, and believes strongly in good works. He pursued the vocation of parish priest for about twenty-five years, and in 1896 was raised to the high dignity of rector of the great Catholic University at Washington City, succeeding that great scholar and educator, Archbishop Keane. In 1901 Dr. Conaty was raised to the Episcopacy, and in 1903 made Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles. These dignities came to him at the hands of the late Holy Father Leo XIII.

The diocese just named stretches all the way from historic Monterey to the boundary line between California and Mexico. It covers an immense territory, and

within it Bishop Conaty has achieved a most remarkable work. When he arrived here there were six parishes in Los Angeles. There are now twenty-two. In the diocese there are at present 215 priests, 112 well-equipped churches, and thirty-five schools. In these schools there are no fewer than 6000 pupils. The Catholic population of the diocese numbers about 60,000 souls.

No doubt Bishop Conaty's prayers are frequent and earnest, but the bishop has to do more than celebrate mass. There is no business man in Los Angeles who has more numerous or more pressing duties, or of more various character than press upon body, mind and soul of this busy prelate. He must frequently visit his numerous churches, scattered over so large a territory, and depend upon it, the schools engage no small portion of his attention. Bishop Conaty has built up a complete system of education since his arrival here from kindergarten to university. It leaves out none of the links between. There are in the system several advanced schools for the finished education of girls and young women. These schools embrace business courses as well as those of a literary character, and they occupy numerous buildings erected with a special view to the work of education, and missing no details for doing the work.

Now the supervision of 200 churches and missions and all these schools, numbering nearly half a hundred is enough to keep a very active man busy every day of the year. But churches and schools are not all the activities this prelate has to watch over. The charities of the church are no less numerous than the educational institutions. All Los Angeles knows of the orphan asylum on Boyle Heights, of the great hospital managed by the Sisters of Charity in the northwest portion of the city. Fewer of us are acquainted with the work done in the Home of the Good Shepherd, maintained so quietly for the rescue of fallen women from the error of their ways. The St. Vincent de Paul Society collects and disburses as much as \$10,000 a year without any blowing of trumpets or other ostentation in caring for the destitute, sick and otherwise needy, and much more than half of this immense sum of money comes out of poor boxes at the church doors, representing the voluntary contributions of the faithful, much of it the charity of the poor for the poor. Another remarkable institution is the home for aged men and women, kept by the Little Sisters of the Poor, far on East First street.

One could go on, if space permitted, and say the times as much as has been said of the activities of the busy successor to the Apostles. But multitudinous are his duties, he always has time for public gathering not connected with his church, but miscellaneous assemblies called together to further in some worthy way the best interests of the city. Earnest in his pulpit pleadings for his faith, he is also known as one of the most eloquent platform orators in the whole Southwest, wherever Bishop Conaty is introduced to address a meeting, let me assure you, the assembled multitude one and all, hear him willingly.

### Fixed.

[Harper's Weekly:] "Has Dinny got a stiddy job?" Mrs. Mulcahey?" asked Mrs. Brannigan. "He has that," said Mrs. Mulcahey. "They've set him to the pintinchery for twenty years."

### As to Styles.

Well, you who'd be tony by ridin' a bony And high-steppin' nag that is minus a tail, Are welcome to straddle a postage-stamp saddle, And ride on the same like a man on a rail; I wouldn't be pridin' myself on such ridin', With knees all bent up like a monk on a stick, Yet just fer to travel on ridin'-path gravel I reckon yer fashion will do pretty slick.

But when, on the prairie, yer itinerary Requires you to ride fer the hull of the day, Or when you must battle with bull-headed cattle Aboard of a critter that wants his own way; You'll quit apin' Yurup--an' lengthen yer stirrup, You'll chuck the old postage stamp out of yer sight, An' when yer a-straddle a cow-puncher's saddle You'll find yer equipment is pretty near right!

Seems big--fer a minute--but once you are in it You'll find you can ride from the dawn till the dark ("Real ridin'," I'm sayin', not amblin' an' strayin' For four or five miles in a cute little park.) An' if yer fool pony--without ceremony-- Begins to display all his graces an' buck, You'll find as he jumps you, an' jolts you, an' bumps, The cow-puncher's saddle is mighty good luck.

Yer saddle is tony, fer ridin' that bony An' high-steppin' cob fer yer nice little rides, But 'twould be "a phony" fer such as my pony, That doubles yer distance an' squares it besides; I've seen yer skeddaddle around on that saddle, A-bobbin' about fer yer five or ten mile, An' I'm fer the saddle to sit in an' straddle, The cow-puncher's saddle--is strictly my style!

—[Berton Braley, in Popular Magazine]

## A Modern Maud Muller

BY ESTELLE NOEL NEWCOMB

A BROKEN water connection and an motor made it imperative that the avialight at once. There is no choice for He can either descend decently and in a sadly scrambled state, but descend he must out an instant's hesitation, Carl Hedrick former method, thereby making this story.

He had left the Dominguez Field while still hidden from view by the thick, fleecy, hung in velvety, ghost-gray banks over the plain, and had soared as did Pegasus far his pinions. Then suddenly the parted and everything was burned with a nearly as he could tell by the glint of the river curved through the valley, he about twenty miles due east of Dominguez and there a clump of trees clustered close red-roofed farmhouses. The fields around tied with their varied shades of brown and minding him of a checker-board.

Hedrick had hoped to land near some to he could procure the necessary repairs for a craft, but now that was out of the The descent was the more perilous for that he had to shut off the almost useless port though he was, he realized that the were at least ten to one that he would wreck in landing. With a series of long glides he aeroplane to a strip of field that appeared to and level. As the wide-winged plane skidded turf a grinding noise told him more eloquent words that the sudden jar had shattered one rights.

He clambered out of the pilot's seat and hurried inspection of the plane, which he only temporarily disabled, he started off in a tion of the buildings that stood at the far end of the field. The spot on which he had elected to land in the center of an alfalfa field. Just beyond hidden from view by the vine-clad wall the rounded it, was a house. A long drive, flanked either side by waxen-leaved orange trees, curved the spacious abode.

At a sudden turn he came unexpectedly young girl. She had been bending over a vine but she rose quickly when he spoke. With a glance he took in the simplicity of her dress, the sunbonnet pushed back from her forehead and he thought of the violets that grew at the when he looked into her wide eyes.

"Are you an aviator?" she questioned, breathlessly. "I hope so," he replied. "I heard you coming even before I saw you did you come down?"

"I thought I'd call around for a drink of water," he retorted, glibly.

She looked at him coldly and he noticed a flush on her cheeks, but she answered calmly as she again bent over her task of weeding the garden. "There's a plenty out at the well." Then, as he started, she added, "unless you wish me to fetch it." "I couldn't think of troubling you," he called as he strode away. He was not surprised, he to find her at the well before him. She even at him gravely as she filled the glass for him. "Seriously," he began, as he handed it back, "that my plane is in a sad plight. Can you tell me far it is to a garage?"

"About five miles to Anaheim," she answered simply. "But we might have just what you need here. I'll take you around to the toolhouse."

"You might," he agreed more hopefully than he had before. She swung back the door of a corrugated iron shed and he was somewhat surprised to find that the toolhouse sheltered a powerful motor car which startled him still more was to see that the was fairly littered with small model aeroplanes most every known type. To be sure, the workshop was crude in some instances, but he had to admit that the lines were carried out in good proportion with the miniature planes.

"Who does this work?" he questioned, as he looked at the miniature planes.

"I did most of it," she confessed, shyly. "So you are an aerial enthusiast, too?" "On a very small scale."

"Did you ever go up in a big plane?" "I have been up in a balloon," she evaded.

"That is not the same thing at all," he retorted shortly. "Have you any knowledge of a motor?" "I can run the engine at the pumping plant," he hesitatingly admitted.

"I did not mean a stationary motor," he scoffed. "Two-year-old could handle one."

"Sometimes I drive the car," she ventured, evidently crestfallen. "Just what will you need?" continued, bending over the tool chest.

With great care he selected a number of wrenches and bolts, then begged for a short length of garden hose, all of which she willingly supplied. She returned to the plane with him and listened with well-feigned interest while he explained the intricate mechanism of his motor. When everything was readied he tested the motor and incidentally instructed her in turning the propeller, which he thought would start the motor.

"How would you like to take a ride with me?" asked at length.

"It is very kind of you to ask me. Another time," she said, demurely.

A story is told of a messenger, who was in such haste about the delivery of his work that he forgot the message itself. He ran well—but had

Three other women filed complaints against burglars with the detective department. Mrs. Lottie Welch, No. 512 South Grand avenue, lost \$21 and a watch, taken from her dress after

seen smoking done decorously. Their idea of smoking is that of the old Provencal woman.

A society girl, calling on this old woman in her cottage, took a cigar-

ALL FOUR STORES

Mullen & Blum



A Modern Maud Muller.  
BY ESTELLE NOEL NEWCOMBE.

A BROKEN water connection and an overheated motor made it imperative that the aviator should alight at once. There is no choice for the airman. He can either descend decently and in order or in a badly scrambled state, but descend he must. Without an instant's hesitation, Carl Hedrick chose the former method, thereby making this story possible.

He had left the Dominguez Field while the sun was still hidden from view by the thick, fleecy fog that hung in velvety, ghost-gray banks over the surrounding plain, and had soared as did Pegasus, unfolding far his pinions. Then suddenly the vapory mist parted and everything was burnished with sun-gold. As nearly as he could tell by the glint of silver where the river curved through the valley, he had flown about twenty miles due east of Dominguez. Here and there a clump of trees clustered closely to the red-roofed farmhouses. The fields around were mottled with their varied shades of brown and green, reminding him of a checker-board.

Hedrick had hoped to land near some town where he could procure the necessary repairs for the crippled craft, but now that was out of the question. The descent was the more perilous from the fact that he had to shut off the almost useless motor. Expert though he was, he realized that the chances were at least ten to one that he would wreck his plane in landing. With a series of long glides he guided the aeroplane to a strip of field that appeared to be green and level. As the wide-winged plane skidded over the turf a grinding noise told him more eloquently than words that the sudden jar had shattered one of his up-rights.

He clambered out of the pilot's seat and after a hurried inspection of the plane, which he found was only temporarily disabled, he started off in the direction of the buildings that stood at the far end of the field. The spot on which he had elected to light was in the center of an alfalfa field. Just beyond, almost hidden from view by the vine-clad wall that surrounded it, was a house. A long drive, flanked on either side by waxen-leaved orange trees, curved up to the spacious abode.

At a sudden turn he came unexpectedly upon a young girl. She had been bending over a violet bed, but she rose quickly when he spoke. With one glance he took in the simplicity of her dress, the frilled sunbonnet pushed back from her flushed face, and he thought of the violets that grew at her feet when he looked into her wide eyes.

"Are you an aviator?" she questioned, breathlessly. "I hope so," he replied.

"I heard you coming even before I saw you. Why did you come down?"

"I thought I'd call around for a drink of water," he retorted, glibly.

She looked at him coldly and he noticed a deeper flush on her cheeks, but she answered calmly enough as she again bent over her task of weeding the violets. "There's a plenty out at the well." Then, as he hesitated, she added, "unless you wish me to fetch it."

"I couldn't think of troubling you," he called back, as he strode away. He was not surprised, however, to find her at the well before him. She even smiled at him gravely as she filled the glass for him.

"Seriously," he began, as he handed it back, "I find that my plane is in a sad plight. Can you tell me how far it is to a garage?"

"About five miles to Anaheim," she answered, simply. "But we might have just what you need here. I'll take you around to the toolhouse."

"You might," he agreed more hopefully than he felt. She swung back the door of a corrugated iron shed and he was somewhat surprised to find that the so-called toolhouse sheltered a powerful motor car. But what startled him still more was to see that the room was fairly littered with small model aeroplanes of almost every known type. To be sure, the workmanship was crude in some instances, but he had to admit that the lines were carried out in good proportion.

"Who does this work?" he questioned, as he toyed with the miniature planes.

"I did most of it," she confessed, shyly. "So you are an aerial enthusiast, too?"

"On a very small scale."

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"How would you like to take a ride with me?" he asked at length.

"It is very kind of you to ask me. Another time—" she said, demurely.

"Then I may come again?" he asked, eagerly. "For a drink of water—yes," she granted.

He adjusted the levers, gave the propeller a quick turn, listened intently to the sharp bark of the engine, then sprang into his seat. With a gay wave of his hand he guided the plane down the field. The last glimpse he had of her was as she stood with two hands clasped firmly over her ears in a vain attempt to shut out the deafening roar of the motor. Swiftly and unerringly the plane rose into the air.

Carl Hedrick dreamed of violets and frilled sunbonnets that night.

For three days running he circled out over that particular section of the country. Once he thought he detected a wee speck that he fancied might be the girl, but each time he returned to the field without having alighted. On the fourth morning he was busily engaged in making some repairs on the plane, when Lewis Craig walked into the hangar.

"You are just the man I wanted to see," began Craig. "Anita is entertaining in honor of one of the aviators, who is to take part in the January meet. She is a friend of Carol Wallace, I believe. Miss Corinne de Vor by name. Awfully clever—made a record at the Chicago meet or something of the sort. We will expect you up."

"Thanks, old man," returned Hedrick. "I will be there."

During the following week there was considerable speculation at the Aerial Club, of which Hedrick was a member, about the renowned Miss de Vor. Several of the most eligible of the bachelor members had been asked to the function given by the Craigs. And on that eventful night Carl Hedrick was one of the first to arrive.

"Carl," Mrs. Craig said, pausing by his side for a minute. "It is to the interest of the club to get Miss de Vor to join our ranks. We need people possessed of such splendid ability as she has."

"You may depend on me to do my part," Hedrick assured her gravely. "Has the lady arrived yet?"

"No, but I expect them soon. She is coming with the Wallace party. She is a guest at their home, you know."

"I understood her home was in California," said Hedrick.

"And so it is. But as yet no one has been able to discover her retreat. It has been rumored that she is working upon an invention of an air-cooled rotary motor—something quite novel. She claims that it will revolutionize the aeroplane motor. Ah, there is Carol Wallace and the others now," and Mrs. Craig hurried away to greet them.

"A penny for your thoughts!" whispered Carol Wallace, coming up just then.

"Show me first your penny!" he laughed.

"As Simple Simon told the pie-man, 'Alas, I have not any.'"

"Then I can not tell you," he returned, severely. "Judging from appearances, I'd say you are in love," teased Mrs. Wallace. "The next thing we hear you'll be writing sonnets. The violets are blue," she quoted gaily.

"The violets are violet," he protested, "and her eyes were, too."

"Ah, it is a girl," cried the mischievous Carol. "Tell me, what sort of a hat did the lady wear?" she wheedled.

"She did not wear a hat," he explained. She wore a sunbonnet with white frills."

"A country lass! How interesting! Was she raking the hay? I wager you landed in the midst of the young person's garden. No doubt she was a regular Maud Muller."

"You are quite wrong. She was weeding violets."

"No matter. You doubtless asked the maiden for a drink and then lost your heart down the well."

Mrs. Craig hurried up just now and put an end to further jest by announcing: "I want you to take our guest of honor in to dinner. Come and I'll introduce you." Hedrick followed obediently.

"Alas for Maud! Alas for the aviator!" Carol sang after them.

Strange to say, Carl Hedrick felt no secret elation at having been selected as the fortunate man to take Miss de Vor in to dinner. In fact, he quite regretted coming until the group that surrounded the lady in question parted and he caught a glimpse of her.

It was the girl of his adventure!

Instantly his feeling of annoyance was forgotten. He was too surprised to realize what a ludicrous position this sudden turn of affairs placed him in. She was standing perfectly at ease. She seemed smaller than she had that day in the country—more slender—a fact accentuated by the fashion of the gown she wore with such grace. Her back was toward him, and he noted that her dusky black hair, worn low, clustered against the exquisite whiteness of her neck and shoulders, almost caressingly. She saw him presently as he stood watching. Meeting his scrutiny calmly, she acknowledged the introduction without giving any sign that she recognized him, but he noticed a faint line of pink dawning in the proximity of her ears.

Dinner was announced almost at once. Hedrick, now thoroughly alive to the novelty of the situation, was unperturbed by her carefully assumed hauteur. More than once he caught Carol's eyes upon him and he surmised that she had had a part in the affair. And he only devoted himself the more assiduously to Corinne de Vor, quite neglecting Agatha Farhart on his left, who was visibly bored by Mr. Burton's ponderous wit.

"So I unwittingly discovered your retreat?" Hedrick remarked.

"I might have let you walk five miles to the nearest garage," she parried.

"Quite right," he agreed, instantly. "Why didn't you?"

"Must you know the truth?"

"Nothing but the truth."

"Well, you were so absurd. Please do not be vexed. You asked for the truth, mind. You were just a little too condescending. It is poor taste, even with country girls. Ah, don't deny that you thought I was a country lass. Your every gesture implied as much."

"Then you meant to teach me a well-deserved lesson?"

"If you wish to take it that way?"

Carl Hedrick stared into the depths of his wine glass and a shade passed over his face. "I liked the water at the well much better than this," he said, as he toyed with the slender-stemmed glass.

"But you did not come for more."

"I meant to."

"Did the judge ever return to Maud Muller for a second drink?"

"History is a trifle vague on that point," Hedrick admitted. "Nor does it say anything about Maud's ever having appeared on the scene again."

Corinne de Vor drew her breath a little quickly. At a sign from their hostess she rose from the table. Carl Hedrick sprang and held open the door as the ladies passed into the drawing-room beyond.

"I'll win some of the best purses from you in the coming meet, for your impertinence, sir," she challenged as she swept by him.

"Oh, you modern Maud Muller!" his lips answered, but his heart said: "And I'll win you!"

The Peripatetic Philosopher.

It's better to live rich than die rich. Few can do both. Plenty of true things need not be proclaimed from house-tops.

Real argument is often blinded by the dust of mere controversy.

When you "hold the mirror up to nature" you see your own reflection.

Good advice is sometimes to be had of bad men; but don't expect it!

The average brand of pessimism may safely be counted upon to fulfill itself.

Education, reduced to its ultimate, is merely the ability of doing useful things well.

It's easy to awaken a gust of public indignation; few things are more difficult than to allay a panic.

There has never been a time when it was not easy to find men more willing to forego the necessities of life than its luxuries.

They say habitual lack of time is a mental state, and, in the last analysis, the same holds true of habitual lack of money.

WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

Kipling Again.

Once more, I ask indulgence, once more I make appeal, And with apologies to Rudyard for commenting on his spiel, I beg to differ from him in his attempt to nail Upon the female species the errors of the male.

Ever since the Eden story, Eve, because she ate the core, Has paid her dues and Adam's a million times and more, And down through all the ages, since the lifting of the veil, The female of the species has suffered for the male.

He, the male man, has the best, the best world affords, No matter if his other half is scrubbing at the boards— Though God gave him the stronger arm, little does it avail— For the female of the species ever waits upon the male.

Yes, he leaves her in the morning, with her work and his to do, And goes gaily to his office in his auto—built for two— He's a right to love his stenog; everything's within his pale— But he'll always find her species waiting for the deadly male.

When he, the species of the male, returns—just for a call— It may be 10, it may be 12, it may not be at all— He'll find the partner of his life will not complain or wail, O the female of the species is most loyal to the male.

Nothing since the days of Moses with her patience can compare, The female of the species will his every burden bear— Could all her sacrifices be woven, they would make a lengthy tale— And they'd only prove her species far more noble than the male.

And when the game is finished, and the sexes are as one, And before good old St. Peter the multitude has come, The female of the species upon His Highness will prevail To give the best and highest seat to the species of the male.

HELEN B. TRASK.



12 [March 2, 1912.]

# Practical Education for Indian Children.

By a Special Contributor.

## Reservation Schools.

HALF THE TIME OCCUPIED IN DAIRY-  
ING, FRUIT CULTURE, ETC.

THE Indian being given a more practical education than the average white child? Many of those who investigate school conditions on western Indian reservations are inclined to answer the question in the affirmative. Uncle Sam has allowed few fads to creep into the Indian educational system. Fully half the school time of Indian boys and girls is spent in learning practical things—farming in all its branches for the boys, and needlework and all branches of domestic service for the girls.

It is only within the last few years that the practical

house. There is a splendid apple and peach orchard, which is just coming into bearing; an extensive garden, where more than enough vegetables for school use are raised—and more than three-fourths of the work of carrying on such an institution is performed by the Navajo Indian children themselves.

There are about two hundred pupils at San Juan Indian School, ranging in age from 5 to 18. Everything at the agency is conducted in the most systematic manner. The boys and girls file from their dormitories and form in separate lines at the breakfast summons. To the sound of drums they march to the mess hall, where they are provided with choice and wholesome fare. The children whose turn it is to take up the more practical tasks flock to the fields; the carpenter shop or the barns. The others, after a preliminary romp under the big cottonwoods, form in line and

are several private sectarian schools also, which are doing good work. It isn't so much the book learning that counts in the case of the Indian, though, of course, we do not underrate the importance of classroom instruction. But it must be remembered that the Indian will have to earn a living in a primitive way for a few generations, until he becomes used to his civilized surroundings. These children are fortunate in that they will all have plenty of land to turn to. The main thing we are after is to teach them to make homes. We want agriculturalists and housewives most of all. Here at Shiprock we are now building an irrigation system which will irrigate over six thousand acres of land on a mesa within sight of the agency. I want to see these boys and girls married and settled down on individual allotments on that mesa. Or, if they don't want to



Navajo boys studying practical dairying.



Exhibit of Crow Indian girls handywork.



Navajo children at San Juan School.

note has been emphasized in the education of the Indian child, and the results have been so hopeful that those who were beginning to despair of the Indian's future are taking a new view of the situation.

It used to be that when the subject of Indian education was brought up, people were told to investigate the work being carried on at Carlisle and other non-reservation Indian schools. But now there are many reservation schools which afford an interesting study in practical accomplishment. It is the idea of Commissioner Valentine to educate the Indian as near home as possible, and every effort has been made to extend the reservation day schools and bring the agency boarding schools to the highest standard of efficiency.

The Indian school that is generally accepted as a model for the entire Indian service is conducted by Superintendent W. T. Shelton at Shiprock, N. M., on the Navajo Indian Reservation. The agency and school were established by Mr. Shelton about eight years ago, and represent an expenditure of about \$200,000. The main buildings are substantially built of brick, facing an open court, heavily shaded with immense cottonwood trees. Broad cement walks connect the buildings. The school building, mess hall, dormitories, etc., all contain modern plumbing and are lighted with gas. Surrounding the school and agency buildings are several hundred acres of beautifully cultivated farm land. There is a fine herd of dairy cows in the barnyard, and the boys take turns at the milking in the model dairy

march to the school building for their session at the books.

About the agency one finds children engaged in many useful tasks. A trained seamstress is teaching a class of girls the intricacies of needlework. Other girls, who are under the watchful eye of a matron, are fitting about the buildings, sweeping, making beds or washing dishes. The big boys are caring for the livestock, and the smaller lads are busy in the garden or orchard.

"The practical note is emphasized here," said Mr. Shelton, who has spent many years in the Indian service, chiefly among the tribes of the Southwest. "That is done because it is the practical that is going to be of most benefit to the Indian. All the old prejudices of the Indians against the white man's education are being wiped out. Old Indians bring their children across the desert for many miles, and beg me to put them in school. Sometimes the children themselves, who have heard from other children about the life here, will run away and show up here at the agency with the request that I put them in school. When Indian children will voluntarily leave their wild, free life for the schoolroom, I think it is shown we are progressing along the right lines.

"Unfortunately we are not able to care for all the children on the reservation. There are hundreds of wild little fellows, away back in the desert, who don't know what a school means. But the day-school system is being extended as rapidly as funds will allow. There

settle there, I want to have them equipped so they can make a living wherever they choose to locate.

"The Navajos are a fine people. They are an exceptionally intelligent and moral tribe of Indians. In caring for flocks and herds they are the superiors of all other tribes. This gives us a good foundation to work on. We are teaching the Indians to improve their livestock. The dairy herd at the agency is much superior to anything in the herds of the older Navajos. It is surprising the talent that is being developed among these Indian boys and girls. I have an Indian boy who acts as interpreter and works in the greenhouse. He has a positive genius for floriculture. The schoolgirls have woven Navajo rugs that have taken prizes at our annual Navajo fair in competition with rugs from the looms of the oldest and most experienced weavers on the reservation. The children without exception love the outdoor work in the garden and orchard. We raise more fresh vegetables here than we can consume, and the girls preserve the surplus. We have picked as many as fifteen hundred water melons and muskmelons at a single picking. We get all the latest varieties of fruits and vegetables from the Department of Agriculture, and experiment with them faithfully and scientifically. I challenge anybody to produce better wonderberries than we have raised in enormous quantities in our garden.

"Although we are in the midst of a desert, thirty-five miles from the nearest railroad, we do not depend on shipped-in provisions for our table. We have tried to demonstrate to the Navajo Indian that he does not have to send off the reservation for anything. If he would live the white man's life. We never have serious sickness among the smaller children, because our milk supply is always pure. The boys are taught dairying in its most scientific phases. Nor are we neglecting the finer things of life. The larger children have a choir which has surprised and pleased musical experts who have heard it. We have social evenings for the boys and girls, when they dance and play games. The children are not allowed to neglect their studies, and the wildest little Navajos from the most inaccessible parts of the reservation learn reading, writing and arithmetic with a facility that is astounding.

It is the aim at San Juan school to teach the Indian children enough of carpentry and blacksmithing to enable them to do such work for themselves on the farm. Those who have special aptitude are carried further and become skilled artisans. Such has been Superintendent Shelton's success among the Navajos that his San Juan school is often held up by experts in the service as a model to be generally followed. Not only are the agency boarding schools emphasizing the practical note in education, but the same is true of the 223 day schools maintained by the government. It is the desire to increase the day schools, until the

## Swapping Wreck Yarns.

They had been discussing the effect of stress and what most people would be like.

"Well," began Creedmore, "when wife and I went on a trip to Alaska we were wrecked, and came to losing our lives. About 2 a.m. of a night our little steamship was struck by a great hole rammed in her bow. She was that there was no time to dress, so in the snatch what we could find and made our way. My wife appeared in a short flannel skirt and a sack. The other passengers, including a little better. When the lifeboat, into which we hustled, was launched, it was rowed away in darkness. The waves dashed over us, drenched to the skin and nearly frozen. Minutes we were ordered to shout all together. It seemed an eternity our shout was as we found ourselves close to the lumber that wrecked us. A rope ladder was thrown side and one by one we climbed up. Here a Scotchman and a bachelor, and there was on board. When my wife asked for dry clothes, the captain told her to help herself from his closet. She appeared at the dinner table she was suit of pink pajamas, some underwear and slippers, which kept dropping from her feet still so dazed by what she had gone through that she didn't realize how she looked."

"That's so," said Haynes, "I know from a friend of my own, that under such circumstances are oblivious to their own appearance. No railroad wreck. It was in the night, too, dead of winter. I was awakened from a sound sleep by a terrible crash, to find my sleeper upright and wrecked. With difficulty I climbed out the door, though leaving the larger part of my behind me. It was bitterly cold, and I reached the window and drew out my overcoat. I put it on and started for the other end of the wreck, when almost entirely without clothing, rushed from the wreck. I was crying: 'For God's sake, give me some cover me!' 'Certainly, madam,' said I, with a friendly bow, 'take this.' Without a thought myself I handed her my overcoat, being under my own appearance till, with a gasp she took it from my hands, put it on, and made off like a deer."

## Government Anatomy.

[Lippincott's:] "Father," inquired the boy, making his first visit to the army post, "what is that over there?"

"That's the government headquarters, Jim. A long puzzled silence, then: 'Father, where are its hindquarters?'"

## A Scandal Among the Flowers.

A Woodland Sprite of the rakish kind, Suddenly made up his mind That he had been so good through Lent He'd just start out on pleasure bent. He flitted round from flower to flower, And told them love tales by the hour. But the posies tired and sought repose— All but one little budded rose, And she, poor, silly little dear, Turned to the Sprite a willing ear. He kissed her velvet, pink-white lips, And fingered her dress with his finger tips; He flattered her gown, admired her taste, From her moss-green cap to her sylph-like waist. He told of a duel he had fought With a bandit bee he had caught While robbing a rose of its honey dew, And with his sword he ran it through. Then what did the little rosebud do? Why, she laid her head on the Sprite's broad brow. And then—ah, well, you know the rest; It was the same story in a different light, For the bud gave birth to the rose that night.

You'll all condemn this naughty elf Who thought so much of his selfish self, But he did the manly, sprightly thing, And presented the bud with a wedding ring. And now, instead of one, they say, The little bud was a whole bouquet.

—[Anonymous]



9000 Indian children who are now without educational advantages are all provided for. Among nomadic tribes like the Navajos it is more than likely that portable schools will be tried. This will enable the schools to be moved with the shifting centers of Indian population. The advantages of educating the Indians with white children have been demonstrated. About eleven thousand Indian children are now being so educated, and constant effort is being made to increase the number of Indian children in white schools.

For many years, however, most of the Indians will have to be educated in remote districts, far from the influence of white people, save the government employees in charge of agencies or schools. The results that have been accomplished at San Juan Indian School show that practical education, even in the most remote districts, is possible, and that the Indian child educated under such circumstances will be as well equipped as the average white child to grapple with life's problems.

G. W. S.

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"That's so," said Haynes, "I know from a little experience of my own, that under such circumstances people are oblivious to their own appearance. Now, I was in a railroad wreck. It was in the night, too, and in the dead of winter. I was awakened from a sound sleep by a terrible crash, to find my sleeper upright, but badly wrecked. With difficulty I climbed out the broken window, though leaving the larger part of my night shirt behind me. It was bitterly cold, and I reached inside the window and drew out my overcoat. I put it on and started for the other end of the wreck, when a woman, almost entirely without clothing, rushed frantically up to me crying: 'For God's sake, give me something to cover me!' 'Certainly, madam,' said I, with a Chesterfieldian bow, 'take this.' Without a thought for myself I handed her my overcoat, being unconscious of my own appearance till, with a gasp she snatched it from my hands, put it on, and made off like a deer."

F. E. B.

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—[Anonymous.]

## In Quest of the Quail.

WHY THE QUARRY IN THE WILLOWS MADE ITS ESCAPE.

By Elbridge H. Sabin.

THE SENORITA ELODIA was talking to me in English; and you can bet I squatted as close as I dared beside her on the threshold of her 'dobe house, and dug my heels right into the ground for fear I might float off.

Why did a little thing like that make me so happy? Say, have you ever made love to a girl who understood everything you said, but answered only in a strange lingo? You haven't? Well, here's the difference; I HAD. For three months, nightly, in varied forms and phrases, I'd proclaimed my love; and for three months, nightly, the Senorita Elodia—bewitching, entrancing Elodia—though she knew English like a book, had refused to talk except in Spanish. Hence my joy that night, when, unexpectedly, and at first ever so faintly, came English words, in the softest of tones and with the cutest of accents.

"Tomorrow you and the brave Senor Sheriff, you hunt the quail; is it not so?" she asked. Not much encouragement for a lover's swain in that remark; but the words were English. For the present that had to do. She mustn't be disturbed by an abrupt attack. Little by little, I thought, I'd lead her around, so that later we'd discuss the main topic.

"Yes, darling," I answered, hitching a few inches nearer, "and I'm going to give you the six plumpest birds in the whole lot. The Senorita likes the pretty quail?"

"It is true, you hunt to the west?" she asked, ignoring my question. Now, if I'd been older or a bit wiser to border life, I'd have wondered what she was driving at. But I was only a kid—and in love. So instead, I mooned about the daintiness of her little hands, peeping out from the folds of her black lace mantilla, and the glory of her dark eyes, sparkling in the shadow of the doorway.

"To the north, dulce," I said, "around Rancho Escobas. But it isn't far. I'll be back in a day or two, dearest."

"It is to the north? No, to the WEST?"

Suddenly she leaned forward, placed both hands on my shoulders, and thrust her face almost against mine. "Such a nice boy," she whispered. "How you call it? So in-no-cent. You say, do the senorita like quail? Yes, little boy, she do. And one GREAT BIG quail, she LOVE him. Great big quail here some night—and she give—somebody—a kiss."

That was more than any one could stand. "Tonight, little one; I wasn't born in the land of manana," said I, grabbing for her with both arms. No good. One hand clutched the corner of the filmy shawl, and nothing else. With a laugh, she had leaped inside, closed the door, and clanged the bar into place. There I stood alone, with a piece of black lace between my fingers, and feeling like a chump.

"Drat the luck," said I. "Just you wait till I see you again! But you talked English, anyway." And, taking comfort in that, I started home.

So, in a love trance, I stumbled into the hotel kitchen. There I found the Sheriff, dressed in stockings, trousers, and undershirt. He was squinting under the glare of a kerosene lamp, while he spun the cylinder and tested the action of lock and hammer of his six-shooter.

"Hello, kidlets!" cried he cheerfully. "Been kissing Elodia?"

I stared at him like an idiot. The senorita had guessed what I was going to do next day, and the Sheriff was on to what I'd been trying to do a minute ago. Were all these border sharps mind readers?

He saw he had me, and grinned. "Called the turn that time, did I, youngster?" he chuckled. "You're dead easy. Now, mark what I say; I was chewing frijoles and gnawing goat meat before you had a tooth in your head. Let those Mexican females alone. When they're sweet on you, they're working you. That girl'll smile in your face while her man runs a knife in your back. You dream on that—and look out for yourself. Now, buenas noches; we start early."

Well, I dreamed sure enough, but not of deceit. Instead, all night I gazed into the black eyes of Senorita Elodia, and all night her soft voice whispered: "She give—somebody—a kiss."

Next day, as I rode after the Sheriff along the road that led north toward the Rancho Escobas, I dreamed some more. But this time I kept seeing the face of my old mother back East, and she kept asking me why I didn't write to her once in a while. And when I got rid of that vision, in her place came a gray-eyed girl, who waved her hand to me and wanted to know why I didn't come home to her, as I promised, instead of fooling around with those senoritas.

I wasn't sorry when my horse stumbled to his knees, and shook me awake. Then I noticed, by the sun, it was almost noon. Where was the hunting?

As if answering my question, the Sheriff halted where a narrow path, like a goat trail, branched westward. Rising in his stirrups, he looked all around through his field glasses. Then, without a word, he swung his horse, and we followed the new trail as it wound through prickly pear and mesquite. In a few minutes we stopped in a chaparral thicket, and he looked me in the face.

"Got something to tell you, kidlets," said he; "couldn't put you on sooner for fear you'd leak. We ain't out after quail. That shotgun of your holds buck-shot. So does mine. We're after a bad man—Pablo Codorniz. Last spring some one knifed a deputy of

mine through the heart and got off. Been laying for him ever since. Yesterday a fellow over in Hidalgo put me next. Pablo did it; he's been tending bar at Rome, right under my nose. I can get the proof all right, if I get HIM. We started north for a stall. Now this little trail to the west takes us into Roma. In two hours we'll have Pablo roped and hog-tied. Are you with me?"

I was astonished, all right, and I reckon my eyes showed it, when I asked: "Why didn't you take some regular deputy? I'm not afraid, but I wasn't ever in a gun fight. If there's a scrap, I wouldn't be much good."

"Lots of reasons. The boys are all out, and I can't wait. Pablo may skip across the river any minute. Then there's a reward of \$5000 gold. Thought maybe you'd like half of that. It'd take you home in style, or set you up in business here. There ain't much danger. Pablo won't suspect me if I come in with YOU. I'll order a drink, get the drop when he reaches for the bottle, and slip the bracelets on before he knows it. If any one starts to rough house, you cover the crowd with your shotgun. Why, son, if nothing slips, we'll throw Pablo on a stray horse and have him out of town before his friends wake up."

"But if something does slip?"

"There'll sure be the devil to pay. No mistake about that. Some one MAY have wised him. These greasers beat the telegraph. We'd never know until too late. I reckon he might fix up a game-to-pot-shot me before he left, and he might get you, too. But there's \$5000 gold on the table, kid. Are you game to play partners for it?"

I was game, all right; but from necessity I might have been cut out for a soldier, but somehow this man-hunting seemed different. Had I known where we were bound for when we started, I'd probably have backed out. But it was too late now. I was too proud to show the white feather. And then, the reward. Twenty-five hundred dollars in gold! No longer poor; no longer a failure; enough for a visit home; a present for mother; and then, perhaps, a little store, and Senorita Elodia.

I knew more than one border boy who had risked his soul to save his face. Why shouldn't I be willing to risk my life?

After I'd made up my mind, I didn't care much; and you can bet I didn't dream any more, either. I sat up straight and kept my eyes peeled. If I had to fight, I was going to do the best I knew how.

Well, nothing happened on the trail. We didn't meet a soul; and, after a while, half-choked with dust, we climbed out of an arroyo on to a bluff, overhanging the Rio Grande. Right below us lay the little town of Roma, shimmering in the glare. But somehow it wasn't the town that caught my eyes. Something made me stare at a little island, covered by willows. It was separated from us by the channel, and from Mexico by a stretch of shallow water.

While I looked, a line of flame streaked from the willows, and the Sheriff's horse reared up and rolled to the ground. Then a second spurt of flame, and my right shoulder felt like some one was trying to pull it off with a pair of big pinchers. For a minute I clung to my saddle with one hand, while my body lopped around as if I hadn't any backbone. I heard the Sheriff cuss, and fire both barrels at a half-naked figure which splashed from the island and stopped to leer at us for a second before it disappeared on the Mexican side. Then I went to sleep.

When I came to, I was lying on the bar of a saloon. The Sheriff was leaning over me and trying to poke the mouth of a bottle between my lips.

"It's all right, kid," said he. "You ain't hurt bad. A clean hole through the shoulder. Take a drink, now, and look pleasant."

That drink did lots of good, you better believe. Then I noticed an ugly old hag elbowing her way through the mob of jabbering Mexicans who had crowded into the room. She stopped beside the Sheriff, and with a shrill voice and crazy gestures, went for him, hammer and tongs.

"She says the quail pecks hard," the Sheriff interpreted, with a grin, "and I reckon she's right. Says we can't ever catch him 'cause his friends keep him posted. There's some sense in that. He was warned, all right, and by his girl. See what I found behind the bar." And before my eyes he held up a mantilla of black lace.

I jumped; for in one corner was a ragged tear. A tiny piece was missing.

Could it be true? I scarcely dared ask; but at length I sputtered: "Pablo, Pablo Codorniz; what is codorniz in English?"

"Quail," laughed the Sheriff. "You see, I did take you hunting, after all."

Then I caught on for sure; and my heart hurt worse than my shoulder. It was true. Senorita Elodia had deceived me. The man whom we sought, she had warned; but she hadn't warned me, though she knew we were to be ambushed. And, worst of all—she loved, not me, but Codorniz, the BIG QUAIL; it was for the outlaw she was saving the kiss. I reckon I cried.

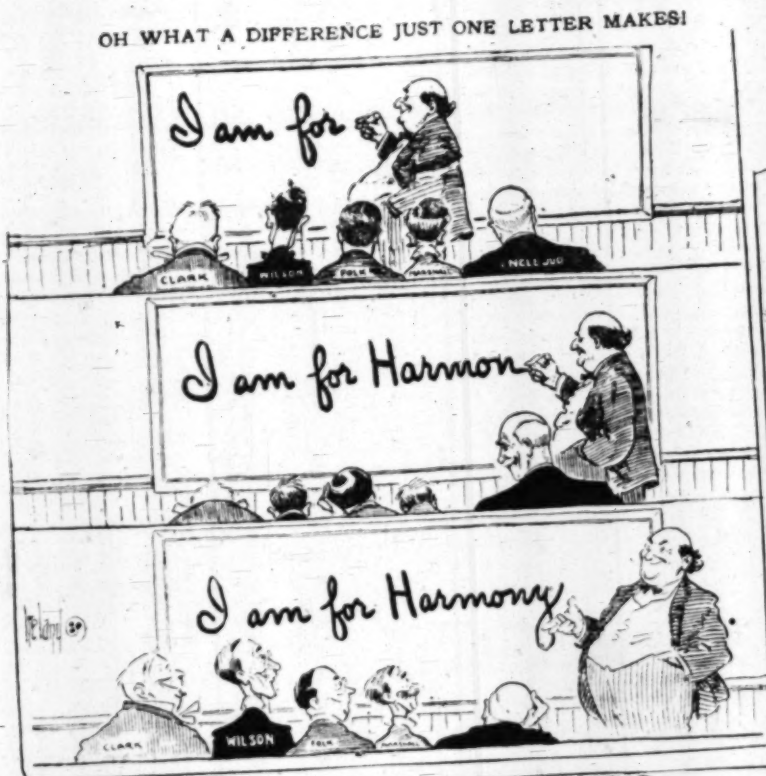
"What's the matter, kidlets?" asked the Sheriff. "Ain't feeling worse, are you? Don't you worry. I'll get Pablo yet, and you'll have your half the reward, too."

"I've got my reward now," said I, "and when you land him you can write and tell me. This country's too many for me. I couldn't save it in a thousand years. I'm going up to the city, and I'm going to stay there."

So here I am. And if you don't believe I'm behaving myself, come up to my house. I'll introduce you to the gray-eyed little lady, and, if you're real good, she may show you the cutest gray-eyed baby that ever happened. Now, what do you know about that?



Recent Cartoons.



Columbus Dispatch.



Cleveland Plain Dealer



New York World.

LISTENING.

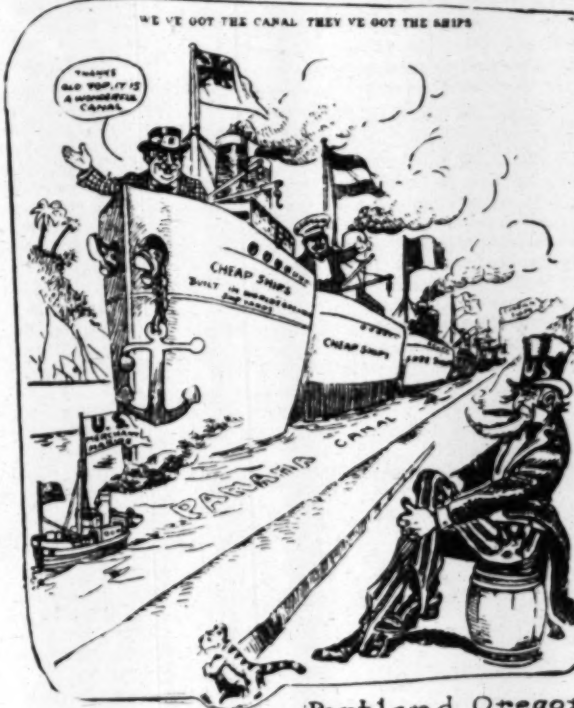


Philadelphia Record.



Indianapolis News.

BAD



Portland Oregonian

Good S

The Foolish Burglar.

**C**HARLES M. SCHWAB, who had Philadelphia to attend a dinner given in the Manufacturers' Club, said on his Philadelphia reporter:

"The solution of the trust question is government supervision. To disband a trust is a Mr. Morgan says, as to unscramble an egg true; but government supervision solves the difficulty.

"It would be quite impossible to deceive an all-powerful, all-seeing government. To try to do that would be as foolish as a burglar.

"Two burglars, a master and a second, were taken softly and silently into a house, and past a bedroom door when the master burglar over a chair, and a startled voice cried from the room:

"Who's there?"

"The master burglar thought a moment.

"Mi-aow, mew, mi-aow."

"It's the cat, dear," said the voice, in a tone.

"But a moment later the second burglar cried: 'Who's there?'

"Another cat," said the second burglar.

Robbing #1.

**B**OOTH TARKINGTON was talking in a Boston about a novelist of the "high brow" type those half-starved novelists whose reviews are more remarkable than their sales.

"As this novelist, shabby and cold," said Mr. Tarkington, "was walking in Fifth avenue one winter there glided past the magnificent automobile of a publisher who had brought out one of the publisher's books at a heavy loss.

"The publisher signalled to his chauffeur, the automobile stopped, and the novelist, in reply to a millionaire's hand, presented himself at the publisher's car humbly.

"The publisher, wrapped in furs, said:

"There's a great big manuscript nearly falling out of your hip pocket. If you weren't so well known, I would have had your pocket picked."

The Second String.

**M**RS. BACHE CONDE, the suffragist leader, was talking about an ex-leader who had deserted party when ill-fortune befell it.

"She deserted her party shamelessly," said Mrs. Conde. "She reminded me of a beautiful New York girl. Her fiancé faltered in this girl's ear one evening. 'My dear, I have been deceiving you. I am manager of our concern at \$3000 a year, but only able clerk at \$9 a week. Will this make any difference to you?'

"The girl lifted her golden head from his breast with a slight start.

"No, it will make no difference," she said.

"Not the least difference, darling?"

"Not the least," she replied, rising and smiling at her hair. "Old Gobsa Golde's proposal still holds. I'll wire him at his Fifth-avenue residence this morning."

Not Hide-Bound.

**R**EPRESENTATIVE HENRY was talking in Washington about a hide-bound official.

"The rules of his office bind him hand and foot," said Henry. "He doesn't realize that those rules were to get business done—he seems to think that the rules are to hinder business.

"The right man, however, gets round the most noxious rules. He is like the young lady at the like recital.

"A woman seated in front of this young lady had full of enormous plumes. When Kubelick the woman with the plumes felt a slight knock on her hat, but she paid no attention to it. At the end of the number, however, she turned to the young lady and said:

"Do my plumes interfere with your seeing?"

"Oh no," was the reply. "I've bent them back."

Enjoyment.

**P**AUL J. RAINEY, the young millionaire, was fresh from his slaughter of seventy-four lions in Africa—at the Ritz-Carlton in New York.

"Ugh!" said a young girl. "Killing lions! How do you?"

"Lion killing is a matter of taste," said Mr. Rainey, and then, with a laugh, he continued:

"Everything is a matter of taste, you know. A Kingway in London I once went to see Lena Ashwell in 'Madame X.' It was a matinee. Girls and women surrounded me. These girls and women wept over Lena Ashwell's spell like pumps, like fountains, like Niagara. I was sorry I hadn't brought my raincoat. Not so damp, I feared I'd catch cold.

"But after a while the spectacle of the hundreds of weeping girls and women began to amuse me. For the damp and the discomfort, I began to laugh."



# Good Short Stories.

Compiled for The Times.

Brief Anecdotes Gathered from Many Sources.

## The Foolish Burglar.

**C**HARLES M. SCHWAB, who had come to Philadelphia to attend a dinner given in his honor by the Manufacturers' Club, said on his arrival to a Philadelphia reporter:

"The solution of the trust question lies in government supervision. To disband a trust is about as easy, Mr. Morgan says, as to unscramble an egg, and that is true; but government supervision solves every difficulty."

"It would be quite impossible to deceive or hoodwink an all-powerful, all-seeing government. The trust that tried to do that would be as foolish as the second burglar."

"Two burglars, a master and a second hand, had broken softly and silently into a house, and were stealing past a bedroom door when the master-burglar stumbled over a chair, and a startled voice cried from within:

"Who's there?"

"The master burglar thought a moment, then went:

"Mi-aow, mew, mi-aow."

"It's the cat, dear," said the voice, in a relieved

tone.

"But a moment later the second burglar stumbled.

"Who's there?" cried the voice again.

"Another cat," said the second burglar promptly."

## Robbing It.

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"The publisher, wrapped in furs, said:

"There's a great big manuscript nearly falling out of your hip pocket. If you weren't so well known—"

"Here the publisher removed the superb Havana cigar from his mouth and laughed a loud, scornful laugh.

"If you weren't so well-known," he repeated, "I guess you'd have had your pocket picked."

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## Rejoice.

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"But after a while the spectacle of the hundreds of weeping girls and women began to amuse me. Forgetting the damp and the discomfort, I began to laugh. I

couldn't help it. I laughed on and on. I held my sides and shook."

"A beautiful young-girl on my right looked at me, over her wet handkerchief, first reproachfully, then indignantly. At last she plucked up courage to say, in a low, fierce voice broken by sobs:

"I wish you—you'd go away! Even if the play doesn't amuse you, at least you might—you might let those around you enjoy it!"

## Mixing Them Up.

**D**R. L. P. KEHLER of the governmental Bureau of Chemistry was condemning certain hair dyes and cosmetics that contain harmful chemicals.

"The makers of these things," he said, "offer profuse excuses. But their excuses only give them away. They recall that unfortunate chap who went joy riding, got stranded, and, mixing his excuses up on his return, told his boss that he had been detained at the office and his wife that he had been sitting up with the baby."

## The Greater Need.

**M**ISS BEATRICE HERFORD, whose humor bids fair to eclipse her brother Oliver's, was talking, at a tea at the Colony Club in New York, about wedding presents.

"It's a great mistake," she said, "for us to give our friends wedding presents that are above their station and their means. This mistake was well brought home to me the other day in the exchange department of a big Broadway store."

"A pretty creature, a bride evidently, sidled up to the manager and said:

"Do you exchange wedding presents?"

"Certainly, madam, if they were bought here," he replied.

"Then," she said, blushing a little, "I'd like you, please, to take back a set of Russian leather automobile trunks. I'll take the amount out in canned goods from your delicatessen counter."

## His Only Complaint.

**S**ENATOR BEVERIDGE, at a luncheon in New York, was talking about the child-labor problem.

"Children are so plucky and so cheerful," he said, "we don't realize how horribly overworked they are till it's too late—till their bodies and minds are stunted irretrievably."

"I was once talking to a tiny errand boy at the height of the Christmas shopping season. He was working, I knew, seventeen hours a day. As he walked sturdily along with a mountain of parcels piled on his thin, narrow shoulders, I said to him:

"Do you like your job?"

"Yes, sir," he said; "I like it fine. Only—"

"Here he grinned up at me gaily from beneath his load."

"Only I'm afraid I'm doing an automobile truck out of a job."

## A Chance to Demonstrate.

**A** STORY of Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan's amused the passengers of the America.

"I believe," Mrs. Morgan said one day at luncheon, "I believe in taking Christian Scientists at their word. I am in sympathy with a nervous, delicate-looking man at a concert in the salon of a ship."

"This man, a short time after the concert began, rose and said:

"Is there a Christian Scientist in the audience?"

"Another man, more delicate-looking even than the first, rose in his turn.

"I am a Christian Scientist," said he.

"Then, sir," said the other, advancing toward him, "I will ask you to change places with me, as my seat is in an abominable draught."

## A Misconstruction.

**G**OV. WILSON of New Jersey was discussing in Detroit an unhappy political squabble.

"But Blank," he said, smiling, "was misconstrued. His words were snapped up and twisted out of their right meaning. It reminds me of the young girl at the eugenics lecture."

"A beautiful young girl, when question time came, asked an elderly female lecturer on eugenics:

"What kind of husband would you advise me to take, ma'am?"

"The lecturer, hoping to raise a coarse laugh, replied:

"Don't take any husband. Select some sober, industrious bachelor or widower, and leave the husbands to their wives."

## A Poor Method.

**A**NDREW CARNEGIE, in an interview in Washington, said of the American steel trade:

"Our steel trade leads the world because our mills and methods are the best in the world. We don't follow the policy of Tavish McTavish of Peebles."

"Tavish McTavish conducted a retail clothing establishment in Peebles near the bridge. A man entered one day and said:

"I'd like to buy a blue suit, please."

"Thereupon Tavish McTavish, who was out of blue suits at that moment, whispered hurriedly to his son:

"Quick, Dugald, quick! Change the skylight. Here's a chap wants blue."

## Ladies and Babies.

**C**OMEDIAN COHAN, at a supper in New York, told a story about a veteran actor.

"The old boy, at a certain banquet," he began, "was down for a toast on babies; but Mr. Roosevelt turned up at the last moment, so the babies' toast was naturally given to him, and the old fellow was shifted to a toast on the ladies instead."

"He spoke very well, and after he sat down a comedian said to his aged wife:

"How well your husband acquitted himself!"

"But she, poor old dear, was very deaf. She hadn't heard a word of the toast."

"What?" she said.

"How well your husband spoke on the ladies!" bawled the comedian.

"Oh, yes!" she said, and she added, unaware that the toast had been changed:

"He's so fond of them! I've sometimes seen him with two or three on his knee at once."

"No!" said the comedian.

"Yes, indeed," continued the old lady. "He simply can't resist them. Why, he never goes into the park without kissing every one he sees. And they realize what a soft spot he has in his heart for them. They'll come to him when they won't go near any one else!"

## A Bath of Sentimentality.

**O**F JOHN GRIER HIBBEN, the new president of Princeton, a Peoria man said the other day:

"Hibben has a very keen intellect. Hence I'm not surprised at his success. Why, his fine, strong mind, his hatred of sentimentality and gush, were remarkable even in his boyhood here in Peoria."

"I, as a boy, was rather a gusher myself. I once went to a matinee with Hibben. The play was one of Daly's—a sentimental piece—and in the second act I began to blubber. Miss Rehan spoke beautifully her silly, sentimental lines, and big tears flowed one after another from my eyes."

"Why, you're crying!" whispered Hibben.

"Well," said I, "in a play as sad as this, I ain't ashamed to show a little feeling."

"Feeling?" Hibben looked at my wet and teary cheeks. "Oh," he said, "feeling is all right, but you don't need to wash your face in it."

## The Cure.

**M**ISS FAY TEMPLETON, at a supper at the Ritz-Carlton in New York given in honor of her return to the stage, praised the American business man.

"I have only one fault to find with him," she said. "He works too hard. Hence, of an evening, he is sometimes a little dull."

"But intelligent wives can soon cure their husbands of overworking. I know a wife—she and her good man are in Egypt now—who came down to dinner one night in a somber black robe."

"Her husband—a frightfully overworked millionaire—looked at her costume and exclaimed:

"Why on earth, my love, are you wearing a dress like that? It's positively half-mourning."

"Of course it's half-mourning," she replied. "When you come home from the office, don't you always complain that you're half-dead?"

## Modern Journalism.

**A**RTHUR BRISBANE praised, at a dinner in New York, the educative value of moving pictures.

"But, of course," he said afterward, "the moving picture will never equal the newspaper as an educative force."

"The newspaper not only reports news—in dull seasons it makes news as well. A famous editor put this newsmaking feature very neatly before a cub reporter when he said:

"If a dog bites a man it isn't news. But, if a man bites a dog, it is. Whenever you can't find a man biting a dog, go and bite one yourself."

## Not Like Canute.

**A**T THE Acorn Club in Philadelphia a young lady was praising the wit of the late Bishop Mackay Smith.

"He always had a pun ready," she said, smiling pensively. "I remember meeting him once in Broad-street station. I was on the way to Florida at the time, and I said:

"Will it be very wrong, bishop, for me to bathe on Sunday in the Atlantic off Palm Beach?"

"The Atlantic off Palm Beach?" said he. "That, fear, is a see over which I have no jurisdiction."

## Six Sometimes.

**E**X-GOV. PENNYPACKER, at a dinner in Philadelphia, said, apropos of the divorce evil:

"We are told that we Americans are always looking out for number one. From our universal and repeated appearance in the divorce court, however, it would perhaps be just as accurate to say that we are always looking out for number two, three, four, or even five."



## THE PARADISE OF



Selecting their future home. Husbands, wives and

## The

## Timely Health E

KEYNOTE: Nature cures, not the physician

## ATHLETIC TRAINING

"Athletics should stop short of the subsequent weakness," says the New York Times. That athletic training, even when what would be called excess, may have a truth illustrated in the case of Lieutenant Reeves, who had to retire from his fifth year without completing it, because of over-exercise given by his heart. His physicians say it is due not so much to his training and a noted football player at Annapolis, forced change to habits comparatively as his duties confined him most of the row limits of a warship.

In other words, the fine development of other muscles which served him so well became a source of danger when he had to be safe, he would have had constant lot of laborious and irksome "exercise," his regular work, most of it mental, as (in time of peace,) and this, as a matter did not do. It is for this reason that poor preparation for the activities of most star of the playing field and of the college should not delude himself with the notion stored up energy for use during later years or one of the professions. Every ounce of muscle is a source of weakness, and while it is physiological, the various forms of it are most always pathological. The mere heart is too big for the body is in itself a danger, even if there has been no overstrain of vessels. "A very important, by no means covered and still generally ignored danger is the development of a set of muscles, heart, and a habit of anabolism and catabolism all proportion to the probable demands of his after-life," said the late Dr. we think of athletics as a vocation. It is in its brevity. The college athlete usually, professional or sedentary business life long, 30, and even the professional athlete sees athletics as a vocation much after the manner regarding the occasional demonstration of cardiac lesions, such as valvular defects and aneurisms and the like, the ex-athlete has muscles, heart, respiratory capacity, appetite, responding hepatic, renal and other glands far in excess of his daily needs. To keep physiologic standards is economically was practically impossible. Readjustment, inactivity, is inevitable, and the badly-balanced offers in various ways.

## Reaction After Training.

It is no wonder, then, that once the strain is off, he should feel like "letting it go." And in this letting himself go lie other. Quite aside from the moral aspect of the heavy eating, the idleness and, perhaps, the notion of this period produce a rapid deposit of fatty tissue throughout the body, even vital organs. The whole body is in a state of nutrition. In this condition the muscles which, during the training were hard and the soft and fat. As the man gets little exercise, soft, spongy, overfed muscles actually grow each other, bound together by a myriad of tiny fibers. An athlete suffering from this condition "muscle bound." Strength depends, as we know, not upon the muscle itself, but upon the nervous impulse sent to the muscle—that is, upon nerve service, which in turn depends upon

## Acute Bilioussness.

"Oh, I'm so sick! I don't know what's the matter with me!" And the lad staggered into the writer with his hand over his eyes. I turned him face to the light. It was saffron colored, his face blue and drawn, and the eyeballs colored.

Here is how I treated him: As quickly as possible I prepared a strong solution of hot salt water and acted at once as an emetic.

The suffering of my patient was pathetic to me as I piled him with cup after cup of hot water at reasonable intervals, constantly lessening the quantity of salt, until he at last began to retain the drink which I gave it to him at more infrequent intervals and in smaller quantities. Then I placed some ice on his throbbing head.

When he began to relax, I drew down the covers, inducing him to lie down, drew a light cover over him, and he fell into a sleep from exhaustion. The water, in connection with the sleep, did its work. At the end of two hours, the young man sat up with the words, "I'm hungry."

I brought him a cup of hot water, despite his protests, this time with very little salt. I did not let him move about, but brought a basin of fresh water to bathe his face. I had removed the ice press while he slept.

But the craving for food was so insistent that I prepared a cup of hot water with a fourth of a teaspoon of beef extract and mild seasoning, breaking in a few oyster crackers.

\*Part II of the Ill

[1000]

ALL FOUR STORES

Mullen &amp; Bluett



# The Human Body And the Care and Health of It. II\*

## Timely Health Editorials.

KEYNOTE: Nature cures, not the physician.—[Hippocrates.]

### ATHLETIC TRAINING.

"Athletics should stop short of the excess that causes subsequent weakness," says the New York Times. That athletic training, even when not carried to what would be called excess, may have its dangers, is a truth illustrated in the case of Lieutenant-Commander Reeves, who had to retire from his fifty-mile test walk, without completing it, because of ominous warnings given by his heart. His physicians say that the trouble is due not so much to his training and exertions, while a noted football player at Annapolis, as to the enforced change to habits comparatively inactive as soon as his duties confined him most of the time to the narrow limits of a warship.

In other words, the fine development of heart and other muscles which served him so well on the gridiron, became a source of danger when he had no use for it. To be safe, he would have had constantly to take a lot of laborious and irksome "exercise," in addition to his regular work, most of it mental, as a naval officer (in time of peace,) and this, as a matter of course, he did not do. It is for this reason that athletics are a poor preparation for the activities of most adults. The star of the playing field and of the college gymnasium should not delude himself with the notion that he has stored up energy for use during later years in business or one of the professions. Every ounce of unused muscle is a source of weakness, and while hypertrophy is physiological, the various forms of atrophy are almost always pathological. The mere fact that the heart is too big for the body is in itself a serious matter, even if there has been no overstrain of valves or of vessels. "A very important, by no means newly-discovered and still generally ignored danger of athletics is the development of a set of muscles, including the heart, and a habit of anabolism and catabolism out of all proportion to the probable demands of the individual in his after-life," said the late Dr. Latson. If we think of athletics as a vocation, it is almost unique in its brevity. The college athlete usually enters professional or sedentary business life long before he is 30, and even the professional athlete seldom follows athletics as a vocation much after the age of 30. Disregarding the occasional demonstration of well-marked cardiac lesions, such as valvular defects and dilation or aneurisms and the like, the ex-athlete has, as a rule, muscles, heart, respiratory capacity, appetite and corresponding hepatic, renal and other glandular activities far in excess of his daily needs. To keep up his physiologic standards is economically wasteful, often practically impossible. Readjustment, implying atrophy, is inevitable, and the badly-balanced organism suffers in various ways.

### Reaction After Training.

It is no wonder, then, that once the trial is past and the strain is off, he should feel like "letting himself go." And in this letting himself go lie other dangers. Quite aside from the moral aspect of the matter, the heavy eating, the idleness and, perhaps, the dissipation of this period produce a rapid deposit of adipose or fatty tissue throughout the body, even about the vital organs. The whole body is in a state of over-nutrition. In this condition the muscles themselves, which, during the training were hard and thin, become soft and fat. As the man gets little exercise, these soft, spongy, overfed muscles actually grow fast to each other, bound together by a myriad of tiny threads. An athlete suffering from this condition is truly "muscle bound." Strength depends, as we have seen, not upon the muscle itself, but upon the force of the nervous impulse sent to the muscle—that is to say, upon nerve service, which in turn depends upon health.

### Acute Biliousness.

"Oh, I'm so sick! I don't know what's the matter with me!" And the lad staggered into the studio of the writer with his hand over his eyes. I turned his face to the light. It was saffron colored, his lips were blue and drawn, and the eyeballs colored.

Here is how I treated him: As quickly as possible I prepared a strong solution of hot salt water, which acted at once as an emetic.

The suffering of my patient was pathetic to witness as I piled him with cup after cup of hot water at reasonable intervals, constantly lessening the quantity of salt, until he at last began to retain the drink, after which I gave it to him at more infrequent intervals and in smaller quantities. Then I placed some cracked ice on his throbbing head.

When he began to relax, I drew down the shades, and, inducing him to lie down, drew a light cover over him, and he fell into a sleep from exhaustion. The hot water, in connection with the sleep, did its work. At the end of two hours, the young man sat up straight, with the words, "I'm hungry."

I brought him a cup of hot water, despite his protests, this time with very little salt. I did not allow him to move about, but brought a basin of fresh cold water to bathe his face. I had removed the ice compress while he slept.

But the craving for food was so insistent that I prepared a cup of hot water with a fourth of a teaspoonful of beef extract and mild seasoning, breaking into it a few oyster crackers.

At the end of another most uncomfortable hour, during which the lad clamored constantly for something to eat, I gave him a bowl of hot clam broth, with a few crackers broken into it—which is an excellent antidote for bilious conditions.

When the appetite is extremely active, as in this case, and it is impossible to send the patient to bed on a cup of broth, give him two small pieces of well, but quickly toasted, bread, trimming away the hard part of the crust, and being careful not to burn. Over these pour lamb broth, which has been well cooked, allowed to cool, all of the grease—which will lay on the top in a hard layer—removed, heated again, and delicately seasoned. A little rice may be cooked into it for thickening, but the rice itself must not be given the patient. He may also have a cup of mild tea.

The patient should be given a cup of hot water before sleeping and another the first thing in the morning when he awakes. For his breakfast he may have the juice of an orange, a poached egg on toast, his drink being preferably hot water, with a little cream and sugar in it if he so desires. He should drink no coffee. By noon he will be ready, in all probability, to go back to his regular diet. But he should be cautioned to eat lightly.

In most cases this treatment will meet with immediate success, if strictly adhered to. But if the case is very aggravated and stubborn, keep the patient from eating as long as possible, giving him a small cup of hot water every half to an hour. Clam or lamb broth—the latter well cooked, and otherwise made as above directed—taken clear, will sustain the patient's strength and give him sufficient nourishment until his system is once more in a condition to receive solid food.

### Sunshine or Moonshine?

"Christian" is the name of a magazine published in Denver by T. J. Shelton. It is a sort of a "New Thought" publication, and goes some of the New Thoughters one better. Here are extracts from a page in a recent number, headed "Sunlight Science":

"Our office is in the sun." [Rather a hot place. Ed.] "As my wife and I are making this our personal business, we must conduct it on business principles."

"Direct personal treatments by either of us, \$5 a month, or by both of us, \$10 a month. This is where we take up your business, your mentality, your whole environment, and help you into the mental kingdom."

"Expect only one letter each month, but call on us mentally at any hour, day or night. Telegrams are telephoned to us as soon as received, but your telepathic message will reach us even when we are asleep."

There must be a lot of fools in this country who really "take stock in" this sort of guff, otherwise these people would not keep on advertising it. That this is so is a queer commentary on the enlightenment of Americans in these days of public schools and free libraries.

However, we must make allowances for folks who live in Denver. Denver, you know, is a mile and a half above the sea, and most of the people who live there have "wheels." Some say that Dr. J. H. Tilden is the only really sane man in the Colorado city. Others even go so far as to say that Denver contains more cranks than Los Angeles. That, however, is of course an exaggeration.

### The Olive-Oil Industry.

From Merced county comes the news of the purchase by a Los Angeles olive-oil man of a tract of more than 4000 acres in the fertile Bear Creek country, near Merced city. It is said that for this tract was paid \$350,000, and that it is to be laid out into tracts of ten to twenty acres and sold to actual settlers. It is not definitely stated, but it is easily surmised that the promoter of this subdividing of the tract has in his mind the encouragement of cultivating olives, he being an olive man himself. There seems to be little room to doubt that the time is ripe for the encouraging of this industry. The American people are learning to use olive oil more all the time, and this is a lesson that will be progressive. The old saying teaches that, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away." Let us inform the general public that a few large spoonfuls of olive oil will help in the good work of putting the doctor and the drug store out of commission.

### Expositions as Stimulants.

There is quite a striking resemblance between the effects of expositions, or world's fairs, and of cocktails. Both of them make you feel "bully" for a time, but there is invariably a dark brown taste, and sometimes a headache, in the morning.

If you doubt that exposition, like all stimulants, are followed by a reaction, look up the facts in regard to all those held in the United States since the big one at Philadelphia in 1876.

The coming exposition at San Francisco will be no exception to this rule. The diagnosis of the one of San Diego is somewhat different, for in the case of a small and comparatively unknown place the benefit derived often overbalances the disadvantages. Many people will be induced for the first time to visit that beautiful jumping off place, near the Mexican line.

Los Angeles may congratulate herself upon being so situated that she will be able to reap the benefits of these two expositions, without their drawbacks. She will catch them "gwine and comin'," and will escape

the noise and disturbance, and distraction—also the morning-after headache.

This reminds one of a little incident told the editor of the Health Department by a Los Angeles man. He was out with a party duck shooting in Colorado. His friends divided, betaking themselves to two small lakes. The Los Angeles man posted himself midway, beneath a willow tree. The men on each side were constantly driving the ducks from one pond to the others, and the "middleman" bagged them as they flew by, getting twice as many ducks as all the others put together.

Los Angeles is a permanent exhibition—an exhibition of what pluck may do in changing a "cow country" into a Garden of Eden. She also has exhibition crowds all the year round.

### Care of the Face.

A Salt Lake correspondent sends the following inquiries:

"(1) Is the regular use of the face brush beneficial?"

"(2) Is any one of these widely-advertised massage creams of any value, or would you recommend a so-called skin food at all?"

Reply: (1) The regular use of a brush on the face causes the skin to become rough. On the contrary, only the softest kind of linen or silk should be used on the face.

(2) Some of these skin preparations are undoubtedly dangerous. Also, in most cases, after beginning to use them you have to keep it up. The best way to secure a good complexion is to have good bodily health. No matter how much you may tinker with the face, you cannot possibly have a good complexion when your blood is full of morbid matter, your bowels full of filth, the liver sluggish, and the pores clogged up.

For local treatment—next to thorough cleanliness, using distilled or rain water and mild soap—all you need is to use a little pure olive oil when the air is dry. When the air is moist that is not necessary. Gentle massage of the face with the tips of the fingers dipped in olive oil is a good thing.

The condition of the face tells those who know how to read it the physical condition of a person. Some complexions indicate pelvic trouble (in women) others eye strain, indigestion, constipation, or mal-nutrition.

In other words, to secure a good complexion you must live a natural life, and especially must you learn to eat right. As a man eateth so is he—and that applies to woman also.

### Care of the Child.

Women are today seeking the responsibility of the ballot. They already possess a far greater responsibility, namely, the forming of the character of children. "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

The first and most lasting impressions for life the child will get from its mother. How important that they should be right impressions. Even before the child is born prenatal influences are at work.

In a lecture delivered before a woman's club in Tacoma some years ago, William Van Voris, humane officer of that city, truthfully said:

"Culture of the intellect alone is dangerous, as it gives increased powers without corresponding heart culture to equalize and properly direct the energy thus created. . . . How important, then, that the first lessons be of gentleness, kindness, and mercy. . . . Teach children early to have feathered and four-footed friends, and to care for them. It will develop their hearts as nothing else will. Out of 2500 convicts in New York State prison, only twelve ever had a pet in childhood. . . . Crime in our large cities is to a great extent due to the lack of opportunities for boys and girls to play."

Another thing. Be careful that you do not feed the growing child food that, while laying the seeds of disease, stimulates its baser passions.

### Cause of Beri-Beri.

In the Journal of the American Medical Association Dr. Victor G. Heiser reported that at the last meeting of the "Far Eastern Association of Tropical Medicine" it was shown that beri-beri is caused by using, as a staple article of diet, polished rice—that is, rice from which the outer husk had been removed. By substituting unpolished rice as an article of diet in all government hospitals and institutions in the Philippine Islands, the number of deaths from this disease has been greatly reduced, in some institutions as much as one-half. Further reduction of the death rate is anticipated as soon as polished rice can be still further eliminated from use. Analysis shows that the husk contains phosphorus pentoxid, and that the absence of this substance in the polished rice is probably the cause of the disease which has been responsible for great loss of life in the Orient.

This is exactly what has been stated several times in the Health Department. The trouble is, however, not caused merely by the absence of phosphorus, the consumption of which may easily be overdone, but by the absence also of other mineral elements, found principally in the outer part of the rice grain. The removal of these valuable organic salts, as in white flour, is also a prolific cause of other diseases besides beri-beri.

\*Part II of the Illustrated Weekly. Later on both parts will be printed, stitched and issued together.





# Carry Head and Chest High. By E. B. Warman, A.M.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTOR TO THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

Author,  
Lecturer,  
Teacher.

## Mottoes:

Man. A combination and a form, indeed, where every god did seem to set his seal to give the world assurance of a man. —(Shakespeare.)

A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good will; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. —(Robert Louis Stevenson.)

## An Active Chest.

THE correct position of the body when standing, sitting or walking depends largely on what I have always designated as an active chest. In fact, a good position cannot be had without it. An active chest is essential for correct breathing, essential for health, essential for pose, poise, ease and grace in the carriage of the body.

By an active chest, I mean that the upper chest should be raised and fixed independently of the breathing; fixed, firm and apparently as immovable as a wall, as far as the question of breathing is concerned; fixed even in the most vigorous physical and vocal exercises. Yet the mobility of the chest is not interfered with as far as muscular action is concerned when that mobility is desired, but it is not desirable nor healthful nor artistic nor harmonious when the breathing is to be considered. Inharmonious action brings strain and strain brings fatigue, which is apparent in both voice and body. Not only is it an accomplishment to obtain an active chest, but it is a promoter of health, grace and beauty. Backaches, pelvic troubles, dyspepsia, torpid liver and many other ailments are the result of incorrect and ungainly positions.

Do not misunderstand me when I say that the upper chest should always remain quiet and always will when breathing correctly. This does not signify that the upper lobes of the lungs are neglected. Just the reverse is true. By breathing diaphragmatically and getting the complete breath, the upper lobes are filled without the added effort of pushing up the chest. It is active when you start and active when you finish. To have the chest rise and fall with every inhalation and exhalation is not artistic, as it shows effort—no artist ever shows effort.

## How to Obtain Active Chest.

THERE are various exercises that may be taken for building up the muscles of the chest—any exercises, in fact, that require vigorous arm movements on a level of or above the shoulders. But you may have strong and wonderfully developed chest muscles—as have many athletes—and yet be almost flat-chested—as are many athletes—because those muscles have not been educated to hold the chest in a proper position; that is, active instead of passive.

Place your hands upon the upper chest and allow it to sink—that all-gone feeling with which many of you are familiar—then bring it up to its highest point by the use of the muscles only—not by inflation. Repeat this a number of times without giving any thought to the breathing except that the breathing should not accompany but be wholly independent of the muscular action.

## The Importance of An Active Chest.

I DWELL especially on the importance of active chest, because it has a bearing on men and women in every walk in life—in public, as well as in private. The public man presents himself first to the eye then to the ear of his audience. If a man's bearing is bad he need not expect to fascinate by his voice even though his reasoning be forceful.

The queen of the drawing-room attracts by her graceful bearing more than by her handsome wardrobe. As "charity"—or by the new version—"love covereth a multitude of sins," so a handsome wardrobe may hide physical imperfections, but can never make amends for the lack of grace that accompanies the undignified carriage of the body resulting from an inactive or passive chest.

The man with an active chest impresses one with being alert, not easily influenced, not caught napping; while one with the chest habitually passive is more negative, easily persuaded and seldom on his guard.

Be firm, not rigid. Be free, not lax. Be true to the higher self. Be well balanced. Be manly and make your strength of manhood felt in your home, your religion, your politics, your daily intercourse with men until the carriage of your body is in perfect harmony with the purity of a soul within and the whole organism is attuned to its most perfect expression.

## How to Rest.

WHY, everyone knows how to rest. No, not everyone. Strange as it may seem, there are few persons, comparatively speaking, who understand how to economize their forces; how to conserve their vital and nervous energy.

Sitting when one is tired, lying down when one is tired is not necessarily resting. Both are good as far as they go, but they do not go far enough. To rest, thoroughly, you must relax, let go; let go mentally and physically. Relaxing, however, does not mean collapsing.

I have previously spoken of not letting your back touch the chair back, but that position had reference to an active mental or physical attitude. This is just the reverse. Lean back in the chair and allow the chair to lean or tilt back—as a rocker or a Morris

chair. This does not interfere with the keeping of an active chest, because when the muscles shall have been properly trained the correct position will assert itself even though you otherwise relax the body throughout. And it is well that it is so, as, thereby, the breathing is not interfered with, the lungs are not crowded, the heart has ample room to perform its functions, and even the involuntary muscles are not restricted.

Rest yourself when walking—not by sitting, but by walking more rapidly, or, better still, by running. This will bring into action another set of muscles. You are seldom tired all over, but you have simply overtaxed some special set of muscles. Every experienced mountaineer climber will tell you that a long rest on a hard climb is detrimental. Mr. Dewey (who has climbed "Old Baldy" fifty times) says: "Resting on a long climb only fatigues you. If worn out, a minute will do you more good than an hour. Longer than a minute or two will stiffen one up and do more harm than good."

Years ago I discovered another principle in regard to resting; that is, rest before you get tired. I have applied this principle so thoroughly that, working on an average—mentally and physically—seventeen out of twenty-four hours, I have not, for more than a quarter of a century, been able to realize the full meaning of that little word *t-i-r-e-d*.

## A Few Gentle Hints.

TO CARRY the head high is fashionable; to carry the head high is metaphorical; but to carry the chest high is healthful.

Keep the back of your neck to the collar. Don't slump.

Do not allow your breastbone to get too near your backbone.

Many athletes—and others—are so round-shouldered that if their head were turned the other way they would be very flat-chested.

The requirements essential for health are few; the rewards many.

"Obedience is better than sacrifice." "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." "Twere better to fence the precipice at the top than to wait with an ambulance below." An ounce of care is worth a pound of wear.

## Edison's Little Secret.

THE secret, if it may so be called, in regard to Edison's endurance and the fact that he can get along with so little sleep—in bed—has just leaked out. It is due to the application of this same principle. On his sixty-fifth birthday anniversary (February 11) he remarked: "Sleep? Why, four or five hours in bed every night is enough for me. But I sleep whenever I feel tired; sometimes I doze off at the laboratory."

Undoubtedly, he does not mean that he waits until the point of fatigue, but when the feeling of drowsiness steals over him, and nature says—slow up a little, my dear man. It is always wise to stand in with nature and heed her admonitions.

## Resting Before Getting Tired.

THIS reminds me of the man who hired out to the farmer, holding out the inducement that he "never got hungry and never got tired." He was instantly engaged and speedily set to work plowing a field. Long before the noon hour, the farmer found the man sitting on the plow in the shade of a clump of trees and eating a large slice of bread and butter. When taken to task for going contrary to his theories, he replied: "I told you the truth. I never get hungry and I never get tired. 'Cause why? 'Cause I always eat before I get hungry and always rest before I get tired."

To eat before getting hungry is a wrong physiological principle, and is, therefore, to be condemned; while to rest before getting tired is to be commended.

There are moments wasted that might be utilized; just a minute here and there when you should let go that physical and nervous tension.

## You Business Man.

LET go when riding back and forth to your work. Don't try to get there before the car or your "auto" does. Let go when the car stops, no matter how often; if not, you will find you are spending more energy than is required to run the car. Let go as you walk to and from business. See to it that your head does not get there before your body. No matter how rapidly you walk you should not walk nervously.

## The Housewife.

TIRED wife and mother, you, too, should learn to let go. Let go many times a day, if only for a moment. Let go, also, when at your daily duties. Do not work with every nerve tense. No wonder they cry out to you for rest. And when you do sit for a few moments do not delude yourself with the idea that you are resting because you are sitting. You are not resting if you are nervously patting the floor with your foot; you are not resting if you are drumming a tattoo with your fingers; you are not resting if you are thinking and planning for the morrow or fretting over the mishaps of the day. Close your eyes, breathe deeply and slowly, relax sufficiently to allow the stored-up energy to find its way to tired muscle, tired nerve, tired brain. Let go. Let go. Let go.

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## My Rest Cure.

COMMIT it to memory or paste it up where your eye will often rest upon it. Apply it daily as often as practicable; make it a part of your daily thought, and, my word for it, that tired feeling will vanish and you will know it no more forever. Your heart, your home, your life will be full of sunshine.

Relax mind and body.

Ease up on every nerve and muscle.

Shut out all unpleasantness.

Throw care to the winds.

If you become tired when reading, writing or in the pursuit of anything requiring mental effort; if the mind seems to lose its activity for a time, its quickness of perception, its power of concentration, it, too, needs a rest or change of activity. The brain not being a muscular organ, must rely upon bodily activity to draw away the blood that has been used and make room for new.

## To Rest the Brain.

TO REPLACE the worn-out tissue with new and nourishing material, I would recommend as a special exercise to meet the case, the following: Rise slowly on the toes (lifting the heels as high as possible without losing your balance) not fewer than forty to fifty times. When the calf muscles ache, kick vigorously a few times and continue the exercise until they ache again. You will be ready for another hour's work. This will rest you for more work, or it will rest you when you have completed your work.

## The Stairs May Prove a Blessing.

AS ALL things created were pronounced "good," there can be no evil that is not a perversion of some good—the abuse or misuse or non-use of that which would benefit us if rightly used. The fire upon the hearth that sends forth its heat to warm your body is, indeed, a blessing; but when neglected and is beyond your control and destroys your home, is far from being so considered.

Stair climbing is detrimental (especially for women,) but going up stairs correctly is one of the most healthful exercises (especially for women.) This is a distinction with a decided difference. There is a right way and a wrong way of doing everything; there is an artistic way and an inartistic way of doing things. The right way, the artistic way, is the graceful way; the wrong way, the inartistic, is the awkward way, and the awkward way is always the more difficult. Why? Because awkwardness is an undue expenditure of vital and nervous energy, while gracefulness is the very antithesis—a dissipation of forces on the one hand; a conservation of the same forces on the other. This applies especially to the use and the abuse of the stairs. It is because of the incorrect practice that the family physician admonishes his patients—the gentler sex—to avoid the stairs.

## The Benefits Are Threefold.

FIRST—The strengthening of the leg muscles.

Second—Increasing the lung and heart action.

Third—Gaining breath control.

There is, in fact, a no more healthful or invigorating indoor exercise than going up and down several flights of stairs, provided it is done correctly and that the air in the hallway is not stale. Open wide the windows and the doors, dress loosely so that the breathing apparatus is not constricted. Do not fear the effects of the moving air; it cannot harm you, especially while you, too, are moving.

Elevators are a blessing to a busy man when viewed in the light of time-savers, provided he takes his exercise in some other form than the so-called stair climbing.

## The Right Way.

FIRST—Touch only the ball of the foot to the step in passing either up or down. Touch it lightly, even if you tip the beam at 200 or more. This is very easily done if you keep an active chest when you are ascending. This position will make you very light on your feet, and give you a buoyancy that you would not or could not get if the chest were down, or passive.

Second—Incline the body forward from the hips, not from the waist. This is of the utmost importance as regards the breathing. Just as soon as you find yourself bending from the waist line, you will find yourself puffing and blowing, because the breathing has been interfered with.

Third—Keep the mouth shut, not only when going up, but when getting to the top of the stairs—or a hill. Don't talk, nor puff out the breath in one big puff as is usually done, but keep the mouth closed until the breathing is no longer laborious.

I knew of an elderly gentleman, who, after ascending three flights of stairs, exclaimed, as he sat down: "Those stairs are enough to kill a man." The words proved true in his case, for, with that expulsion of breath, he expired. The tendency in such cases is valvular difficulty caused by too sudden or at least too great dilation of the heart.

In descending the stairs, the main fault is in touching the heel to the step. Keep the body erect, yield naturally and gracefully at the knee joint, descending almost noiselessly, yet firmly.

By heeding the foregoing the dreaded steps should become as stepping stones to health and longevity.

THE following truthful remarks magazine, the Herald of the subject is pathetic. One only has streets with observant eyes, to vily, or to ride in public vehicles, tented, peaceful and happy face is among children.

So rarely indeed does one meet actually radiate happiness, that happens one remembers the circumstance, and even the countenances of am reminded, as I write, of a couple ago in a shop in London—a bright handsome man. He was buying a which she was choosing; they ev other in a genuine fashion and we and I can see, even after this long pression of complete satisfaction.

To the observant eye the average appointment, care, unrest, anxiety of ing. It suggests that "life is not wofures up thoughts of a dreaded to only too many cases one also sees cations of physical deterioration thro the laws of health—which prompt on great is the aggregate of disease, suf ture bereavement that is preventable hygienic reform.

This dearth of happiness invites cou part of those who desire to uplift and lives. God evidently intended His happy, notwithstanding the necessity gain wisdom and soul growth thro which include pain. And there are asc for such effects—some of which are movable.

If we study the characteristics an those who appear to enjoy existence an living, we shall discover some of the c make for contentment. Having done s sible for us to promote an increase of in our own lives and in those of others social service of a practical sort.

If we reflect upon the joyfulness of soon apprehend the significance of cept ye become as little children ye enter into the Kingdom of Heaven"—and learning that heaven is a spiritual condit a mere locality, we have in this affirm partial solution of our problem. For wh

Children have very simple tastes at they find happiness in small things. Y member the time when a trifling gift of performance made our cup of bliss to o fruit and cake provided us with a veri when a morning on the sands at the sea dis.

Children find pleasure in acquiring k are keen on finding out why the "wheels connection with the phenomena they me interest in life does not cease. They are and outdoor exercise, and consequently k active. They are natural, spontaneous, a conventional restraint in their ways, an freedom from much of the bondage of mo

The wonderful faculty "Imagination" great part in their lives and provides the happiness without expense. They trust i and do not worry about the cares of to they are made glad by a word of approb know it has been earned by the faithful of some simple duty. And, last but not bodies are comparatively free from the wa and impurities that accumulate in the adults, who are more lavishly and unwise that cause much depression and ill-healt

Thus we find the chief factors of happi hood to be simplicity of desire, a ceaseless life and its phenomena, constant health- ity and playfulness, freedom from care idealism, natural interchange of affection, and abstemious diet. They do not covet or wealth, fame or social position, and consequ escape many of the heartaches that afflict

Now these factors and characteristics the reach of most adult persons, and ca restored to our disordered lives with adv remedial effect. We need not be infirm, corp peptic, morbid, misanthropic, blasé or de middle age or even afterward. We can es evils, rejuvenate ourselves—in spirit, and al cases physically as well—and emancipate our the ennui, pessimism and wretchedness of western civilization. We have only to " little children."

## A Cure for Asthma.

### The Out-of-Doors Treatment Is t Thing.

HERE is a course of treatment by which at one time a victim of asthma, cured m tely:

"After undergoing every form of medical tion at the hands of half a dozen physici avers, 'without making any progress in the tion or checking of the disease, I decided to my system of the effect of the drugs with was loaded, and to go direct to nature for



# Happiness.

It Is Becoming Quite a Rare Condition in this Age of Rush.

THE following truthful remarks are from an English magazine, the Herald of the Golden Age.

The percentage of really happy faces that one sees among adult people is so small that reflection on the subject is pathetic. One only has to walk through our streets with observant eyes, to visit places of assembly, or to ride in public vehicles, to realize that a contented, peaceful and happy face is phenomenal—except among children.

So rarely indeed does one meet men or women who actually radiate happiness, that when such an event happens one remembers the circumstances long afterward, and even the countenances of those concerned. I am reminded, as I write, of a couple I saw ten years ago in a shop in London—a bright healthy girl and a handsome man. He was buying a silk hat for himself which she was choosing; they evidently loved each other in a genuine fashion and were intensely happy; and I can see, even after this long interval, their expression of complete satisfaction.

To the observant eye the average face reveals disappointment, care, unrest, anxiety, or unsatisfied yearning. It suggests that "life is not worth while," or conjures up thoughts of a dreaded tomorrow. And in only too many cases one also sees unmistakable indications of physical deterioration through violations of the laws of health—which prompt one to consider how great is the aggregate of disease, suffering and premature bereavement that is preventable by dietetic and hygienic reform.

This dearth of happiness invites consideration on the part of those who desire to uplift and brighten human lives. God evidently intended His creatures to be happy, notwithstanding the necessity that we should gain wisdom and soul growth through experiences which include pain. And there are ascertainable causes for such effects—some of which are immediately removable.

If we study the characteristics and conditions of those who appear to enjoy existence and find life worth living, we shall discover some of the chief factors that make for contentment. Having done so, it will be possible for us to promote an increase of happiness both in our own lives and in those of others—thus rendering social service of a practical sort.

If we reflect upon the joyfulness of childhood, we soon apprehend the significance of the words: "Except ye become as little children ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven"—and, as all are now learning that heaven is a spiritual condition rather than a mere locality, we have in this affirmation at least a partial solution of our problem. For what do we find?

Children have very simple tastes and wants, and they find happiness in small things. We can all remember the time when a trifling gift or a marionette performance made our cup of bliss to overflow; when fruit and cake provided us with a veritable banquet; when a morning on the sands at the seaside was Paradise.

Children find pleasure in acquiring knowledge, and are keen on finding out why the "wheels go round" in connection with the phenomena they meet—thus their interest in life does not cease. They are fond of games and outdoor exercise, and consequently keep fresh and active. They are natural, spontaneous, and free from conventional restraint in their ways, and thus enjoy freedom from much of the bondage of modern life.

The wonderful faculty "Imagination" also plays a great part in their lives and provides them with much happiness without expense. They trust in Providence and do not worry about the cares of tomorrow, and they are made glad by a word of approbation if they know it has been earned by the faithful performance of some simple duty. And, last but not least, their bodies are comparatively free from the waste products and impurities that accumulate in the systems of adults, who are more lavishly and unwisely fed, and that cause much depression and ill-health.

Thus we find the chief factors of happiness in childhood to be simplicity of desire, a ceaseless interest in life and its phenomena, constant health-giving activity and playfulness, freedom from care and anxiety, idealism, natural interchange of affection, and simple and abstemious diet. They do not covet or strive after wealth, fame or social position, and consequently they escape many of the heartaches that afflict their elders.

Now these factors and characteristics are within the reach of most adult persons, and can easily be restored to our disordered lives with advantage and remedial effect. We need not be infirm, corpulent, dyspeptic, morbid, misanthropic, blasé or despairing at middle age or even afterward. We can escape these evils, rejuvenate ourselves—in spirit, and also in most cases physically as well—and emancipate ourselves from the ennui, pessimism and wretchedness of modern western civilization. We have only to "become as little children."

## A Cure for Asthma.

The Out-of-Doors Treatment Is the Best Thing.

HERE is a course of treatment by which a man at one time a victim of asthma, cured himself entirely:

"After undergoing every form of medical persecution at the hands of half a dozen physicians," he avers, "without making any progress in the alleviation or checking of the disease, I decided to relieve my system of the effect of the drugs with which it was loaded, and to go direct to nature for help. I

bought a small tent, a camping outfit, 'grub-staked' myself, and set up my poles in a fairly high altitude, but at the base of a mountainous declivity. After a few days, during which to accustom myself to an out-of-doors existence, one morning I commenced a fast of twenty-four hours. The following morning I dressed myself at 6 o'clock and started on a brisk climb up the mountainside. I chose a steep path, and pushed forward vigorously, stopping to rest at intervals, only when I felt the slightest sensation of pain. Then I would push forward once more, energetically, but without waste of effort, or too rigorous motion.

"At first I felt a little weak and unsteady from my fast; but, as I drew in the grand-sunlit morning air, I gained my 'sea legs'. When I felt that it would be over-doing to go further I rested again, put on a light overcoat I had carried, then returned to camp, which I reached a little after 9 o'clock. I rolled myself in a blanket, and lay down in the sunlight to rest. At the end of an hour, during which I had become thoroughly relaxed, and had even dropped into a light doze, I prepared myself a light breakfast—about one-half the portion I usually allowed myself; and, although I was ravenous, I ate no more than this.

"I spent my day idly, without any marked physical effort, eating nothing until night, when I again allowed myself a meal of half-rations. I slept well that night, and the next day placed myself upon my regular diet.

"I fasted the following day, and made my mountain climb the next morning, always guarding against exertion that would bring on pain, or strain the pneumogastric nerve. I repeated the half-portion diet that day, following it, as before, with a day on full rations.

"I followed this system for about ten weeks, during which my tormenting symptoms gradually lessened, until, at the end of that period of time, they did not trouble me at all.

"I have told a number of sufferers from asthma of my experience. Some of them have tried it. A few of them have not had the patience to carry it to its logical conclusion. But in every case where they have persisted in it, great benefit has been experienced, and often an entire recovery.

"Of course, the experiment must be made when the weather is mild, and the tent must be water-proof."

## Another Oriental Peril.

The Nautch Girls of India and "Eternal Youth."

THE leading article in Hampton's Magazine recently was an illustrated one entitled "The Heathen Invasion," by Mabel Potter Daggett. The article, which is in line with one published in this department about a year ago under the heading "Oriental Mysteries," shows how foolish American women are losing fortunes and reason seeking the eternal youth promised by the swarthy priests of the Far East.

Those foolish American women who are inclined to be hypnotized by these dark-skinned missionaries from the "mysterious East," should read these remarks by Miss Daggett:

"Woman's position in India is the most degraded of anywhere in the world. Shut within the zenana, she may not even leave the house without her husband's permission. Her hope of salvation is through him whom she regards as a god. She serves him his food and waits for her own with her face to the wall until he has finished. Child marriage is required, and motherhood is enforced as early as the age of 12. Twenty-three thousand child widows freed now by English law from suttee, the rite that formerly burned them on a husband's funeral pyre, are reckoned as accursed and persecuted by social custom.

"Thousands of girls, 12,000 in South India alone, are dedicated as Nautch girls to the service of the temple priests in consecrated prostitution.

"It is a holy injunction of Manu, the ancient Hindu code, that woman shall not be taught the Vedas, and she is forbidden to pronounce even a sacred syllable from them. One hundred and ninety-nine women of every 200 in India cannot read or write. It was one of these little dark women who sorrowfully drew her chudder more closely about her and said to a missionary: 'Oh, Miss Sahib, we are like the animals. We can eat and work and die, but we cannot think.'

"Literally less than a cow is a woman in India. For the cow is held sacred.

"And the soft-speaking priest from the land of the serpent who lures the western woman with his wiles, holds her also in like contempt. What did the Swami Vivekananda, returning to his native land, tell of his fair American proselytes? The missionaries say that he boastfully spread the impression that they were even as the Nautch girls of India."

Surely, just now, when so many American women are loudly demanding the franchise—and in some cases getting it—it is a curious thing to see others turning backward toward the absurdities, crudities, and obscenities of Hindu religions.

There is nothing good or true in any of these Oriental cults that may not be found in the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth.

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There has never been an instrument devised that can compare with the Oxypathor, the most perfect instrument ever produced for restoring to the blood the Oxygen upon which its very existence depends.

The Oxypathor has cured and will continue to cure cases that years of useless doctoring have failed even to relieve. It is the most powerful Oxypathic device ever placed in the hands of the public for self treatment, and has just received the GOLD MEDAL in Canada, on that account.

Read what is said by a pastor who had suffered a complete

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ALPINE, CAL., January 12, 1912.

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Pastor Congregational Church. W. C. CONRAD.

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There are scores of users of the OXY-PATHOR in Los Angeles who will tell you that they would not take \$1000 for their Oxypathor could they not replace it. These people are not fools, but many of them, of the highest prominence, and they will only tell you this because they have PROVED its value, and they KNOW WHEREOF THEY SPEAK.

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join the movement against the na-

tional capital. It is admitted that

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## Mechano-Therapy.

## A System of Healing by Regulated Forms of Motion.

FOLLOWING is an extract from the address of the president of the New York State Association of Mechano-Therapists, James Montgomery Irving, Ph.D., at the first annual banquet of the Association in November, 1911:

Mechano-therapy is as old as humanity itself. We find that the Egyptian priests used certain forms of manipulation such as kneading and friction, for rheumatic pains, neuralgias and swellings. The Hindus had some knowledge of the healing influence of certain forms of motion upon the human body. The priests were the only physicians there were among the people and mystified them into believing that those movements used with incantations and magic words were invented by the gods.

The Persians also used a few forms of movement for some diseases.

The Chinese maintained, as long ago as 3000 years before the Christian era, a system of gymnastics to prevent the stagnation of the fluids in the human body. These people also had a fair idea of the specific healing qualities of these motions.

The Greeks were the first to devise a system of movements. Their philosophers recommended manual treatment. Plato was the first to divide movements into active and passive and he laid the greatest stress upon the latter. The Greeks made mechano-therapy a profession (they were called Paedotribes) and it must be said to the honor of these "parents of civilization" that this profession was highly honored. The Romans, especially the upper class, also used a system of movements in the cure of chronic diseases, but this soon became among them simply a light form of calisthenics. From 1776 to 1839 mechano-therapy was systematized and brought to the attention of the civilized world. It has been elaborated since then, and is now far advanced in the field of drugless healing. The system as taught by the American College of Mechano-therapy in Chicago has been based upon the work of an institution started there in 1867.

Of all the agents used to influence vital conditions essential to life and health, movements are the most rational. This is, of course, only true when these movements are the result of careful study of physics, mechanics, anatomy and physiology. Movements are the agents by which the human machine performs its functions, by which it is developed, preserved and repaired.

The effect of movement may be either general, acting upon the whole body, or it may be local, acting upon a part only. We are, therefore, able to give both a local and constitutional treatment. All movements increase the circulation of the blood resulting in a slightly increased temperature, a pulse increased in strength and fullness and a healthier color of the skin.

Contraction of the vessels means an increased flow of blood. When in the course of a mechano-therapeutic treatment certain groups of muscles are alternately contracted and relaxed, the vessels within those muscles will also be alternately contracted and elongated, thereby producing a suction which hastens the blood toward the heart. When we consider that a large percentage of disease is simply a blood stasis we begin to realize the corrective influence of properly-directed movements.

Movements of different parts of the body will increase the circulation of blood toward and within those parts and at the same time decrease the flow of blood to the neighboring parts or organs.

The value of this lies in the fact that we can, as is necessary in many chronic ailments, increase the flow of blood to certain parts without putting additional labor upon the heart. By increasing the flow of blood to any part of the body, an increased nutrition is carried to that tissue no matter of what kind the tissue may be, whether bone, muscle, glandular or nervous.

Therapeutic motion, by increasing the flow of blood, aids the collection of waste matter and carries it to those organs by which it is finally excreted or discharged from the body.

## As a Man Eateth.

NOTWITHSTANDING our reverent boast that man was made in the image and the likeness of God, there lurks in the heart of each of us the profane notion that if we could have had the making of ourselves the result would have been more pleasing. But, this opportunity having been denied us, we are nevertheless doing what best we can to remedy the oversight by altering our make-up as far as lies within the means at hand. We are confident that we should be happier were we other than what we are. Therefore, we are all of us as much engaged in bettering the handiwork of the Creator or in bemoaning the immediate accident that made us what we should not have been.

Of all the many means, from cosmetics to metaphysics, by which mankind has thought to fit itself to its ideals, none has been more constantly fashionable than diet. From the day that Grandpa ate the apple on the banks of the Euphrates, in the belief that by so doing he would make a better man of himself, his graceless children down to the present hour have been experimenting with their food to the same end.

And now along comes science and not only gravely indorses the dietary fables of our grannies, but, moreover, goes a step farther and tells us that we may do over our temperaments and dispositions to any desired style by the simple practice of legumino-therapy.

Legumino-therapy is the latest scientific novelty. It is a big name for vegetable diet—not, however, the

ordinary, helter-skelter vegetable diet, but scientific vegetable diet, whereby the exact physiological and temperamental relations of each vegetable to the human system are carefully determined.

Green peas, for example, according to this new science, cause frivolity, and should be withheld from young ladies with a congenital tendency to flirt. On the other hand, they are excellent for wall-flowers and pessimists, and should be given in generous helpings to bashful boys. Carrots develop good temper and amiability, and are particularly recommended for janitors, car conductors and ticket agents. The potato develops reason, as well as calmness and reflection; but care must be taken lest it induce apathy and indifference or that disinclination to work which is observable among boys who are fed daily on fried potatoes. String beans stimulate the poetic and artistic faculties; while cabbage and cauliflower, nourishing though they are, excite to vulgarity of thought and manner, and are therefore to be shunned by those in training for the parlor.

These are but a few prescriptions chosen at random, but they suffice to demonstrate the magical possibilities of legumino-therapy. No longer, therefore, is the whole truth comprehended in the dictum of King Solomon, that as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. It must now share its place with the modern creed, that as a man eateth, so is he.

It is not wholly a new belief, however, for those worthy apostles of the no-meat diet who have been pounding at the doors of our intelligence from as far back as we can remember have all along maintained that the eating of flesh makes us like unto the very animals upon which we feed. Perhaps it is. It certainly looks as if it ought to be. Yet, like the inquisitive Willie who was informed of this truth and wondered therefore why the eating of missionaries did not make Christians of cannibals, we too must be forgiven for holding some child-like doubts upon the subject.—[Clifford Howard, in February-Lippincott's.]

## A Hint on Circulation.

IF YOU are prone to chill easily, suffer from cold hands and feet, or readily "catch cold," here is a course of heroic treatment that one man tried, and found effective:

"I was an easy victim to colds of all brands," he claimed, "and no matter how much clothing I wore during the day, or how much covering I had over me at night, I invariably felt chilled and clammy. I felt that something should be done, and thereupon mapped out a course of treatment. I very soon proved that if the liver and bowels are left free and uncongested, it is impossible to take cold. I fasted for four days. At the end of my second day I lay down to sleep in thin night clothes, and no covering, with my windows open. As it was in the month of January, of course I was very cold all night, and slept little. I pursued the same course the third night of my fasting, slept well, and awoke refreshed and glowing. The fourth night my slumber was delightful, and I developed no cold symptoms whatever."

"I follow this practice at intervals, with the result that my circulation is perfect, my body warm and comfortable no matter how I am clad—or unclad, and no matter what the temperature of the weather."

"Another circulation promoter is the bath, and manner of bathing. Fill the tub with water as hot as you can stand it. After giving yourself a thorough soaking and cooking in this, step out, rub down thoroughly with a coarse towel, then go under the cold shower. Let the water run easily at first, to avoid shocking the heart, finally turning the water on full force, at the same time rubbing the body energetically with a Turkish towel. Then drop once more into a comfortably warm bath, and after the final rub-down, and a gentle irritant over the entire body with a not too harsh flesh brush, or smart little pats with the palms of the hands, you will feel a delicious sense of comfort throughout the whole body which is lasting in its effect, for a double reaction has been obtained, highly beneficial to the circulatory system."

RIGHTLY-MADE GLASSES  
At Right Prices

The cost of glasses varies according to the complexity of the lenses required for the right correction of one's eyesight and the work they are called upon to perform. My schedule of prices enables you to have glasses at your own price.

Rightly fitted glasses, \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.50, \$6.50, \$7.50.

Rightly fitted Toric Lenses from \$3 up.

Rightly fitted Cryptok Lenses, \$8, \$10, \$12, \$13, \$15.

Rightly fitted Cement Bifocals, \$3, \$4, \$6, \$6.50 and up to \$11.50.

YOU CANNOT BEAT THESE PRICES IN THE CITY

and every pair will be rightly fitted after a careful test of the eyes.

DR. McCLEERY FIFTH AND BROADWAY.  
Specialist and Optician. Rooms 22-23-24.  
Over Owl Drug Store.

## DEAF?

YOU SHOULD INVESTIGATE THE ADJUSTABLE  
GLOBE EAR-PHONE

Recommended by many prominent specialists on account of its extremely neat appearance and great efficiency.  
Lady Attendant.

GLOBE SPECIALTIES CO., of California  
426 LAUGHLIN BLDG., LOS ANGELES  
(Over Ville de Paris)

[356]

## HumaNaturAID

A PROVEN BALM FOR EVERY ILL

## Rupture and Uterine Prolapsus

## Positively CURED Naturally

Or if you prefer, I will design and have my own factory manufacture you a TRUSS or ANY OTHER KIND OF RETAINING OR SUPPORTING UTILITY, scientifically suited to your individual case, and MONEY BACK if unsatisfactory. I ALSO INDUCE THE NATURAL CURE OF ALL HUMAN INFIRMITIES, WEAKNESS, SICKNESS, PAIN ILL or UN-EASY FEELINGS—DIS-EASE, like a gardener who makes favorable conditions for growth of neglected, hence weakened or dis-eased vegetation, while Nature produces fruits for his efforts. If you have suffered intensely enough, and been stung enough by the old prevailing guessing methods, I am sure I can satisfy you that there is an infinitely better way. Instead of your telling a doctor what ails you, make him know enough to tell you. CONSULTATION, DIAGNOSIS and ADVICE FREE.

Sincerely Yours to Command Further Health and Earning Efficiency—ward  
J. ADOLPH PETTER.  
Physician and Orthopedic Surgeon, practicing in Los Angeles for 15 years.  
202-203-204-205-206 Pantages Theater Building.  
536 SOUTH BROADWAY



Galvanic Insoles, Worn Within the Shoes.

A Guaranteed Cure For

Rheumatism	Stomach Trouble
Neuralgia	Constipation
Nervousness	Kidney Trouble
Lumbago	Cold Feet

## Are You Cold All the Time?

Can't get warm? Your heart is weak, vitality low, circulation feeble. What would you give to feel a warm tingling glow all over your body—to digest well, sleep well and have WARM FEET? You can have them all for \$1.00. Electropoles will do it by their gentle but powerful electric current—constant, persistent, stimulating. We guarantee them to cure you. Your money refunded in 30 days if not satisfied. At all druggists.

WESTERN ELECTROPOLE CO.  
239 So. Los Angeles St. Los Angeles, Cal.

## PILES CURED



Absolutely the only method which will permanently cure Piles without the danger of an operation is our Electro-Surgical Dilators; a combination of Electricity and Dilatation. No ointments, Medicines, Drugs or any unscientific method; no pain; loss of time or inconvenience. Just a nice, easy soothing, pleasant, absolutely reliable, permanent cure and within the reach of all. A positive guarantee given of satisfaction or money refunded. Call and let us explain our method, or write for free booklet describing our treatment.

Address Rooms 406-407 I. W. Hellman Bldg.  
411 S. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.  
ELECTRO-SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO.



Are You Suffering From Painful Afflictions of the Feet, Broken Down Arches, Deformities?  
Call On Us for Relief.

There are numerous Arch Supporters put on the market to correct flat foot that are made over a form, and in some cases answer the purpose. There is no ready-made Arch Support manufactured in this way that will give the desired results in more than 10 per cent. of the cases. The reason is that there are different ligaments in the foot that may be affected and thus cause pain in the various joints. Our Arch Supporters are made by perfect measurements, and are guaranteed to relieve every case. WESTERN ORTHOPEDIC APPLIANCE CO., 731 South Grand Ave., Los Angeles.



## THE DEAF CAN HEAR

Hundreds of users in Southern California attest the success of the STOLZ ELECTROPHONE. Sold only on guarantee of satisfaction. Thirty days home trial on rental before purchasing. The one completely satisfactory hearing device for deaf or partially deaf people. (Evening appointment if desired. Phone Home F5814.) Call or address, THE STOLZ ELECTROPHONE CO., 330 Central Bldg., Sixth and Main.

W. F. Thurston, M.D.; M.R.C.S., Eng.  
(Formerly of Hot Springs, Ark.)

Special attention to Diseases of the Skin, Kidney, Bladder and Prostate. Chronic Diseases, 321 1/2 South Spring St. Rooms 10-11-12.  
Office Hours—10-12, 2-4 and 6-30 to 7-30.

## Constipation.

## A Most Stubborn Foe to Go Fight It Hard.

MANY kinds and many cures, but case needs individual treatment. "cian," says Dr. J. M. Mathews of Los Angeles to have some favorite prescription of pill or solution, but they are constant that 'they have lost their power.' Of course heard that the 'regular habit' should be that enemas are good under certain conditions a pill is necessary. But do such effect rarely."

Massage of the abdomen by the patient be found very helpful. Beginning on the hand side of the abdomen, making the hand ward over the ascending colon, then across the transverse colon, then down the descending colon. A fruit diet, together with large quantities of water, should be used. The object is to replace the amount of water has been lost by absorption of the faeces.

"One should distinguish between constipation and obstipation and constipation. The former is a contracted sphincter, a stricture in the rectum. When this is indicated, constipation may be relieved, and, in cured by the dilation of the sphincter muscle which is constipation to one may not be. Constipation is a relative term. One may evacuation and still be constipated. It depends the quantity and quality of the evacuation."

"Very often you will hear a person say, 'My bowels do not move every day, I feel languor and tired.' Another, in apparent health, will inform you that his or her bowels move every second, third or fourth day. The late Vandell once said that a patient, in desperate trouble, said that so far as her bowels were she was all right, as they moved with regularity every two weeks. Dr. Mathews, in 'Diseases of the Rectum,' speaks of a case treated, a young woman whose bowels moved once every three months, four times a year."

Let us, for a little time, consider the peristaltic defecation. The faecal mass has the starting point, and when "a call of nature" it means that a peristaltic wave occurs, which this mass rapidly through the colon, drops the sigmoid flexure, thence into the rectum. "Call" is heeded by the individual, an act result. If, through false modesty, attention to general laziness, attention is not paid to of nature, then the watery constituent, which greater, is absorbed and carried into the system. In consequence we have an auto-infection, which prove of serious import. You can readily see that by the absorption of the faecal mass, that the whole general system would be deranged. The corpuscles of the blood are diseased, color and lessened in power. Hence, a salivation, dark rings under the eyes, cold extremities, less supply of oxygen; lethargy, due to vitiated and enfeebled corpuscles. The system is not hence the loss of flesh; the diseased blood, through the nervous system, and there is, in consequence, nervous depression—we might say, no exhaustion—the pulse is slow and easily compressed. Organs of digestion and assimilation are lower in loss of memory, no concentration of thought, say the least, that which is often treated so lightly comes a very serious matter. Therefore it is that heed be given to the first symptoms, and habit.

Nothing New Under the Sun  
The Old-time Idea Appears to Be a  
sion—X-Ray Experiments.

WELL, here, apparently, we have a new idea to be found even in the up-to-date and date Times Dictionary. "Biocrotonography," in a name? Eighteen letters in this one, what does it mean? Scientifically speaking, it is X-ray photography of the stomach and other parts in action. Regular moving pictures of the stomach of human beings and animals in the process of digestion have recently been exhibited in Germany. It is likely that before long such pictures will be to every medical student as a part of his training, and very likely also to public schools. "Do your worrying and getting mad on a empty stomach," says the Technical World concerning this derful discovery.

Experiments were first made on cats. By a little subnitrate of bismuth, a harmless powder, food, the contents of the stomach became visible to the X-ray apparatus. By taking X-ray photographs rapid succession, it is possible to secure a picture effect, showing exactly the motions the stomach goes through when digesting a meal. The idea that the stomach is divided practically into parts, one being used as a sort of reservoir and other doing the digestion, is fully disproved by pictures. The whole stomach works. Soon after food enters, the stomach begins to churn and it back and forth. This churning movement takes form of regular waves, which succeed one another intervals of twenty seconds. As the food becomes thoroughly digested, it is delivered to the "pylorus," "gate keeper," which allows it to pass on. So as there are undigested masses in the stomach, kneading action continues and the pylorus re-



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## Constipation.

**A Most Stubborn Foe to Good Health—  
Fight It Hard.**

MANY kinds and many cures, but each individual case needs individual treatment. "Every physi-  
cian," says Dr. J. M. Mathews of Louisville, "seems  
to have some favorite prescription, in the form  
of pill or solution, but they are constantly informed  
that 'they have lost their power.' Of course, you have  
heard that the 'regular habit' should be indulged in;  
that enemas are good under certain conditions, or that  
a pill is necessary. But do such effect a cure? Very  
rarely."

Massage of the abdomen by the patient himself will  
be found very helpful. Beginning on the lower right-  
hand side of the abdomen, making the movements up-  
ward over the ascending colon, then across the ab-  
domen following the transverse colon, then down the  
descending colon. A fruit diet, together with the drink-  
ing of large quantities of water, should be indulged in.  
The object is to replace the amount of water which  
has been lost by absorption of the faeces.

"One should diagnose between what is known  
as obstipation and constipation. The former is an irri-  
table and contracted sphincter, a stricture or growth  
in the rectum. When this is indicated, the so-called  
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which is constipation to one may not be to another.  
Constipation is a relative term. One may have a daily  
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"Very often you will hear a person say, 'If my  
bowels do not move every day, I feel bad—headache,  
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defecation. The faecal mass has the caecum as its  
starting point, and when "a call of nature" takes place  
it means that a peristaltic wave occurs, which moves  
this mass rapidly through the colon, dropping it into  
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"call" is heeded by the individual, an action is the  
result. If, through false modesty, attention to business,  
or general laziness, attention is not paid to this effort  
of nature, then the watery constituent, which is the  
greater, is absorbed and carried into the circulation.  
In consequence we have an auto-infection, which may  
prove of serious import. You can readily understand  
that by the absorption of the faecal mass (a poison)  
that the whole general system would be deranged. The  
red corpuscles of the blood are diseased, altered in  
color and lessened in power. Hence, a sallow com-  
plexion, dark rings under the eyes, cold extremities, because  
of less supply of oxygen; lethargy, due to vitiated blood  
and enfeebled corpuscles. The system is not nourished,  
hence the loss of flesh; the diseased blood circulates  
through the nervous system, and there is, in conse-  
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haustion—the pulse is slow and easily compressed; the  
organs of digestion and assimilation are lowered; there  
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say the least, that which is often treated so lightly be-  
comes a very serious matter. Therefore it is suggested  
that heed be given to the first symptoms, and get the  
habit. E. B. W.

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parts, one being used as a sort of reservoir and the  
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pictures. The whole stomach works. Soon after the  
food enters, the stomach begins to churn and knead  
it back and forth. This churning movement takes the  
form of regular waves, which succeed one another at  
intervals of twenty seconds. As the food becomes  
thoroughly digested, it is delivered to the "pylorus," or  
"gate keeper," which allows it to pass on. So long  
as there are undigested masses in the stomach, the  
kneading action continues and the pylorus remains

obdurate. It is plainly shown by the moving pictures  
that worry, anger or other excitement causes the di-  
gestive action to stop. Observations on cats and other  
animals prove that when they are teased, or even when  
they have been asleep and have had bad dreams, there  
is a let-up of the stomach movements. It is believed  
that a careful study of this subject will throw much  
new light on the digestive processes and aid in the  
treatment of disease.

Our books on physiology will have to undergo an  
entire revolution or evolution soon. Compare this  
method with the one individual case in regard to di-  
gestion—the wounded soldier with the tube showing  
contents of the stomach and time of digestion. Surely  
"the sun do move."

## All Other Planets Lifeless.

[London Correspondence, New York Sun.] Lectur-  
ing at the Victoria Institute this week, Walter E.  
Maunder, superintendent of the solar department at  
Greenwich, declared that there could be no life  
on Mars. The earth, he said, is the only planet where  
man or any other part of animal or plant creation  
can live.

He took the planets one by one, and condemned  
each in turn. He even considered some of the moons;  
but each had some disability which could only spell  
death. He hesitated for a while in discussing Venus  
There was just a possibility that the sheath of clouds  
that covered her from the fierce heat of the sun might  
have beneath it some kind of life. If the Italian  
astronomers are right, Venus always turns one face  
to the sun and one-half of the planet is too hot for  
any life, and the half that turns its face eternally  
from the sun is chilled to the realms of death. Mercury  
is in much the same predicament.

As to Mars, we can watch it very closely and we can  
see or imagine all sorts of strange things, but its dead-  
ly cold makes life impossible. The mean temperature  
of the earth as a whole is 60 degrees Fahrenheit, and  
even by the simplest method of computation, leaving  
many considerations out of account, the temperature  
of Mars is 10 degrees (22 degrees of frost.) When  
such conditions as the water and air coverings of the  
earth are considered the difference between the tem-  
perature of the earth and that of Mars must be at  
least 100 degrees. Mr. Maunder believes that in some  
parts of Mars the temperature at times creeps down  
close to the absolute zero.

Mr. Maunder has no belief in the gigantic canals  
seen by Prof. Lowell. He believes them to be an out-  
come of the desire to see them; not exactly optical  
illusions, but something very much of the sort. Mr.  
Maunder concluded:

"So in our own system we have found that there is  
one planet, our earth, that is inhabited, and one other  
that may perchance be habitable; the others all may  
with certainty be ruled out of court."

"Under the Ptolemaic theory the earth was regarded  
as the center of the universe. The work of Coperni-  
cus deprived it of this pride of place, but exalted it to  
the rank of a heavenly body. There it seemed to be  
one of the smallest, most insignificant of its compeers.

"But I think if we have reasoned aright this after-  
noon we see that it has a claim to a higher distinction  
than size or brightness can possibly give it; it is  
almost certain that it is unique among the heavenly  
bodies that are visible to us, and among those that  
are unseen and unknown there can only be a small  
proportion, at best, so well favored. It is the home of  
life, carefully fitted and prepared for that purpose by  
its position and its size."



Your rheumat-  
ism will disap-  
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an  
"ARNOLD  
ELECTRIC  
VIBRATOR."  
Stimulates the  
circulation and  
drives all im-  
purities out of  
the system.  
1912 Model  
fully guaran-  
teed, \$19.50.

**A. M. Smith Specialty Company**

413 WEST EIGHTH ST.

Phone F2629 Agents Wanted.

## OF INTEREST TO THE SICK

Sufferers from Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Rheu-  
matism, Catarrh, Eczema, Piles, Gall Stones and all Kidney,  
Stomach, Nerve, Skin and Blood Diseases are invited to visit  
the office of the California Marveline Co., 625 E 7th street,  
and see the interesting demonstration of Marveline, a wonderful,  
natural disease germ destroyer, blood purifier, tissue builder and  
health restorer discovered in the Sierra Nevada mountains of  
California. Call and judge for yourself the merits of this nat-  
ural remedy. 625 E. 7th street, near San Pedro. Transfer to  
E. 7th street car. Open evenings 6 to 9.

# Rupture

Our Special  
Appliances  
are Rupture  
Curers.

**A. P. WATTS,**

RUPTURE SPECIALIST

Suite 315 Mason Building, Fourth and Broad-  
way, Los Angeles.

[357]

# Care of the Eyes

An Advertisement by Dr. M. M. Ring

**MY MOTTO**

**Better Glasses for Less Money**

**MY ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE**

**Your Money Back If  
Not Satisfied**

"Any fool can have a grouch on—it takes a  
man to be cheerful."

"Before you find fault with your competitor  
think about his good points. He may have  
enough to offset your wrong-impression of him."

"Some people read good advice and imme-  
diately hand it to their neighbor. Try it on  
yourself first; see how it works."

"Why is it the average business man figures  
to the penny in his business, but only to the dol-  
lars in his social affairs? Be consistent."

"Educate the big idea habit. There will be  
more in store for you."

"Make good where you are and you will be  
able to go higher up."

"The man who does more than he is paid for  
sometimes gets what he don't expect—fired—es-  
pecially if he does it wrong."

"If all the power used in the construction of  
air castles was put to practical use, Edison  
wouldn't be in."

## Additional Reasons Why You Should Have Me Fit Your Glasses

**BECAUSE** I make careful and exhaustive tests of each  
eye separately by the most modern and scientific methods  
and grind each glass to order separately to exactly over-  
come the trouble I find in each particular eye.

**BECAUSE** good glasses are the most economical, obviat-  
ing the frequent changes made necessary by "Bargain  
Glasses."

**BECAUSE** my glasses Prescribed absolutely for your eyes  
will do everything for you that modern glasses can possibly  
do, and if it is found that you need medical attention for a  
disease, condition of your eyes I am able to explain this to  
you fully and treat your eyes myself without sending you to  
another doctor who will, of course, require an additional fee.  
This very desirable feature is made possible on account of my  
having passed the California Medical Board, and being a  
graduate and licensed physician as well as a graduate and  
licensed optometrist you get the skill and knowledge of  
both for the price of one. A very reasonable price at that.

**BECAUSE** I have been engaged for many years in teach-  
ing physicians and opticians how to fit glasses and treat the  
eyes, and it is reasonable to suppose that I certainly know  
the subjects I have been successfully teaching.

**BECAUSE** I offer evidence of my skill and ability and give  
a genuine guarantee of satisfaction.

**BECAUSE** I do not use drops in your eyes that keep you  
from your work. I have a better method and give better  
results.

**BECAUSE** my glasses are made in my own shop, in my  
own offices. I am thus able to save you both time and  
money and insure accuracy.

**BECAUSE** I do my very best with every case that comes  
to me. That's the best reason of all.

A much larger number of people would seek advice about  
their eyes but hesitate on account of the fear that they will  
be told that they need glasses when they do not, or that if  
they really do need them, that the wrong ones will be pre-  
scribed, and hence prove unsatisfactory.

It is to meet this last condition that I make my unreser-  
ved guarantee to every patient who honors me with confidence  
and patronage.

## ADVANTAGES OF DR. RING'S SPECIALLY GROUND TORIC LENSES

They may be set closer to the eyes  
without touching the lashes.  
They conform to the natural curve  
of the eye.

They permit a wider field of vision  
and allow you to see through them in  
all directions with equal distinctness—  
a decided improvement.

They eliminate annoying reflections  
from back of lenses.

They are the result of modern skill  
and methods and are a great improve-  
ment over the old style.

They can be ground lighter and pret-  
tier in every way.

They are especially desirable in Bi-  
focals because they give a much more  
direct focus through the segment, and  
besides they are much more elegant in  
appearance.

**TORICS** and **KRYPTOKS** cost a little more than the old or  
regular kind, but are preferred by those who can afford them.  
No extra charge for examination when you take glasses.

I do not believe you want bargain glasses any more than you  
want nature to endow you with a bargain pair of eyes.

The memory of the quality, the satisfaction and the pleasure  
that you receive from wearing a properly fitted pair of glasses  
remain with you long after the price has been forgotten.

The more you care for the comfort of your eyes and the ap-  
pearance of your glasses, the more you'll be interested in my  
modern methods of eye-examination and eyeglass adjustment.

**DR. M. M. RING, Oculist and Optician,**  
"To those who know and care."  
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## Results Count

make a show of resistance, and then  
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tional capital. It is admitted that  
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## Hygeiotherapy. An American Pioneer of Natural Healing and His Work.

FOLLOWING, from Health Cure, is one of a series of articles on "Russell T. Trall and the Work He Did," by Susanna W. Dodds, M.D.

Whether we recognize the fact or not, great changes are taking place in the art or science of healing. In times past, it was thought by many that sickness or ill-health was a dispensation of Providence. But it is believed, certainly by intelligent men and women, that disease is the result of transgressing the laws of physiology. If we do not live in harmony with the laws, the body and its organs will become deranged, and the individual will suffer. So true is this that many well-informed people are almost ashamed to be sick. They know that by living correctly disease, as a rule, could be prevented.

But how has this change in public sentiment been brought about? Not by some accidental discovery, nor by the invention of a new "remedy." It is owing to careful thought and investigation that valuable truths have been discovered. In matters pertaining to health and hygiene there have been few more original thinkers, at least in this country, than Russell Thatcher Trall. It was he who first formulated those great principles upon which the system of Hygeiotherapy is based.

Perhaps it would interest some of our readers to know just what the circumstances were that led Dr. Trall into this work of reform. He was born near a small town in Connecticut, but afterward moved with the family to western New York. Being rather delicate from his youth, he decided to study medicine. He graduated from a drug medical college, then began practice with one of his instructors; and for twelve years he dosed his patients secundum artem. More-over, when ill himself he took his own medicine. On one occasion, being sick with a fever, he swallowed a big dose of calomel. This, he said, made him extremely ill; it also failed to have the desired effect. So he tried bleeding, which weakened him very much. Then, as a last resort, he had himself well blistered, and that he declared about finished him.

After such experiments as these, both upon himself and his patients, Trall began to have serious doubts about the virtues of drug medication. If the three leading "remedies" in this practice (sheet anchors they are called) would not relieve a simple fever, then there must be something wrong about the principles upon which it was based. He had faithfully tried giving calomel, quinine, antimony, opiates, etc., according to the formulas that were taught in medicinal schools. Nevertheless, quite a good many of his patients died, and others who recovered were far from well. Could it be possible that giving drug poisons to sick people was not in accordance with nature's way of healing? He would look into this matter; and the more he studied and investigated the stronger became his conviction that poisoning a man because he was sick was not only false in philosophy, but erroneous in practice.

It was about this time that Trall first heard of the wonderful cures that certain physicians in Germany (Priessnitz among them) were effecting by the use of water as a healing agent. These methods were also being tried in England, and with the best results. Trall, too, made a number of experiments, and found that the new way of treating was indeed marvelous—far exceeding anything that he had known in drug medical practice. He read everything he could find on the subject, and very soon realized that a new world of discovery was opening before him. Nature's materia medica, as he now began to see it, did not include chemical poisons. It embraced only such agents and influences as were in harmony with vital processes, things that in their very nature were life-giving and health-producing.

Dr. Trall then said to himself that among these agents are pure air, sunshine, pure water, a correct dietary, exercise, rest, sleep, mental and emotional influences—everything, in fact, that will strengthen and invigorate the life forces within us. With such ideas dawning upon his mind, Trall began to see the magnitude of the work that lay before him; and in the space of a few years he was writing books and pamphlets, editing magazines, conducting a large correspondence, giving lectures on the new methods of treating, establishing hygienic homes in the cities and their suburbs, and trying to found a school or college in which the true healing art could be taught.

It was the first half of the nineteenth century that Trall announced those principles which are now put into practice by all hygienists. He has been called the father of hygeiotherapy. He held (with most physicians, indeed) that all curative power is inherent in the living organism; that when an individual is sick the healing is done by the vis medicatrix naturae—not by any medicine or so-called remedy that the patient may take. He maintained further that there is no law of cure in the universe; that there are conditions of cure, in which the patient conforms to physiological requirements.

Trall's next announcement brought out the fact that the selfsame agents which maintain health are the ones to be employed in treating the sick. For example, fresh air and sunlight are leading agents in preserving health. Pure water and pure food are also essential; so is exercise, rest, sleep, etc., and a sufficient degree of warmth. Take away any of these and health will be impaired.

On the other hand, introducing into the general circulation anything which in a state of health would produce disease must be excluded from nature's materia medica. A dose of calomel or arsenic taken in health would make a well man sick. Drug medicines of any kind are destructive to the life principle, and

must therefore be avoided. These substances are chemical poisons, and if introduced into the system the vital instincts will endeavor to expel them; they beget organic war. Doctrines such as these were just the opposite of received opinions, and in their very announcement Trall declared himself an enemy to drug medication. In other words, he was engaged in a tremendous fight; the ideas advanced were not simply reformatory, they were revolutionary.

In giving instructions to his medical classes, Trall pointed out the way in which heavy dosing would not only shatter the nervous system and destroy health, but lay the foundation for future diseases. Chronic ailments especially, he said, were the legitimate results of taking drug medicines. For example, active purgatives would tend to weaken and destroy the intestinal tract; they would also develop piles, tumors and other diseases of the rectum. Powerful cholagogues, as mercury, would tear the liver to pieces in its effort to get rid of the drug. Quinine, particularly if taken in large doses, would injure the nervous system and impair the sight and hearing; it would also destroy the functions of the liver and spleen, giving rise to chronic congestions of these organs, and even cause paralysis of the nerves pressed upon and distributed to the lower extremities. The continued use of arsenic would fill up the ductless glands, producing Hodgkin's disease and other kindred ailments. Really, he declared, there was no end to the maladies which are brought on by taking drug medicines.

In connection with the above deserving tribute to a worthy and able man who in this country broke a difficult path that others have since followed, the editor of the department desires to say that in his opinion the speech delivered by Dr. Trall at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, before a distinguished audience, about fifty years ago, still remains the most incisive, comprehensive, and convincing arraignment in existence of drug medication and exposition of the principles of hygiene. It should be read by all liberal-minded people, both medical and "lay," who are willing to learn the truth in regard to this important subject. It is published by the old firm of Fowler & Wells Co., 24 East Twenty-second street, New York, in the shape of a booklet of 102 pages. Price 25 cents by mail. Send for a copy and read it carefully.

### A Difference of Opinion

(Lippincott's.) A friend once asked "Uncle Joe" Cannon for information as to the prospects of a politician who was at that time generally thought to be "on the ragged edge."

"He seems to think he's getting on all right," said Uncle Joe, "but others entertain a decidedly different opinion. His situation brings to mind the story of the old lady up in Maine. When she was asked as to the whereabouts of her husband, the dame replied:—  
"If the ice is as thick as Henry thinks it is, he is skating; if it is as thin as I think it is, he is swimming."

### Advice to Young Mothers.

The city nurses in charge of the little mothers' classes in thirty-two of the public schools of Chicago have formulated and published the following rules as to the care of infants:

"Don't lay baby face downward across your knees and beat a drum on its back.

"Don't throw baby over your shoulder like a sack of flour.

"Don't rock baby to sleep at night.

"Even if baby does gurgle with delight don't excite it.

"Playing with their toes is a healthy sport for babies."

## CANCER

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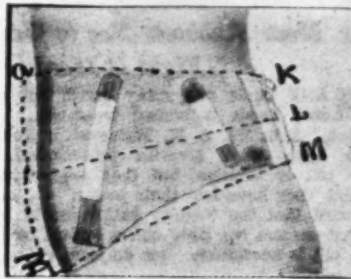
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To Measure for an Abdominal Supporter: Give measure-ments around the body, at lines K, L, and M, and for the width of supporter in front, give distance between A and B, or from top to bottom of where the supporter is to extend. Do not take measurements over clothing.



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A large share of our business comes from physicians who send their patients to us. If you want to know our standing ask your family doctor.

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## CROSS EYES

When your child's eyes are turned in, commonly called Squint eyes, the cause is generally attributed to some disease of childhood such as measles or whooping cough. But the true cause in every case is a congenital defect of vision. It is therefore only reasonable to assume that the surest and safest way to straighten the eyes and improve the sight is by properly fitted glasses. During 46 years of experience in this line I have straightened many eyes where several operations have failed.

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## Illustrated Weekly.

### Care of the Ear These All-important Organs Neglected.

THE slightest neglect and indifference of the ears are invariably followed by these organs. It is not sufficient scrupulously clean; but to preserve the delicate and intricate membranes, of wonderfully fine apparatus that convey brain, the passages leading to them of secretions resulting from cold or tions, and the deposits of wax that acc the drum of the ear. Naturally, clogg interferes with the section of the s receiving apparatus; and deafness, in its makes headway almost imperceptibly. tient finds it necessary to ask those listening to repeat what they are saying considerable degree, or is troubled by the the humming of locusts, or the distant ocean, let him heed the warning. One ringing of the ears, and a slight indistincting, went to the aurist, who extracted from each ear drum as large as a good-s to the discomfort and mortification of whose habits were of the most extreme. The doctor explained that when the con ear were very deep, these deposits are cumulate without the knowledge of the ing difficult—usually impossible—to ext without proper instruments. And these the hands of the inexperienced, would productive of injury.

A sharp or hard instrument never should be used in relieving the ear of wax. of wood, the size of a match, covered silk or linen, may be inserted, and gen often bringing away a great deal of wax. most care must be taken to make no yments, nor to push the device too far in ing, for the eardrum is easily abraded, broken.

The use of the ear syringe may be r with water between lukewarm and hot. may also be recommended, slightly dropped deep into the ear with a glass dr should be flushed out twenty-four hours warm water, when the application of oil peated.

A patient, suffering from singing of the by dry wax deposits, entrusted herself to an aurist, and was unfortunate in that he the use of peroxide of hydrogen as an ea result was that the sensitive membrane of eardrum was injured, crusted over, and the patient a longer time to recover from of her treatment than it would have requ the disease by gentle, hygienic means. Be application of astringents to an organ so d

If the trouble is internal, a simple exped recommended in the shape of hot salt w tions, the solution to be lifted to the nos hollow of the hand, and in-drawn, so that it in the interior passages. Two or three cu be used if necessary, care being taken no sufficient quantity of salt to cause irritation the mildest solution causes some burning touches the diseased parts. The results, ho be ultimately helpful and soothing.

Of course, when there are foreign grow proposed simple remedies will allay, but ca Build up the general health, and live in th as much as possible; and this, in connectio simple treatment herein prescribed, will r troublesome symptoms automatically, except i cases.

### Germs Survive High Temperature.

THE widespread idea that the process of h acts as a disinfectant has been scientific at the Berlin Institute for Infectious Disease cloths were saturated with water containing bacilli, cholera vibrios and other germs ironed.

It was found that, generally speaking, germ spore family resisted even the highest ten practicable, 482 degrees Fahrenheit, while a ture of 300 degrees, which is considered the heat of the domestic flatiron, has only a ve germicidal effect, if effective at all. At the temperature tubercle bacilli, at all events, rem virulent as ever.

Ironing on both sides of the cloth, as might pected, gave better results than treating one s but the test was considered as showing co that for germ killing purposes a heat of not l 450 degrees was indispensable, and even the germs would survive.—[New York Sun.

[Lippincott's:] Brown had just received a saying: "Your mother-in-law is dead. Shall we bury mate her?" "Take no chances," was the reply; "do bot

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Mullen & Bluff



### Care of the Ears.

These All-important Organs Must Not Be Neglected.

THE slightest neglect and indifference in the case of the ears are invariably followed by deterioration of these organs. It is not sufficient to keep them scrupulously clean; but to preserve the health of the delicate and intricate membranes, constituting the wonderfully fine apparatus that conveys sound to the brain, the passages leading to them must be kept free of secretions resulting from cold or catarrhal conditions, and the deposits of wax that accumulate against the drum of the ear. Naturally, clogging of any kind interferes with the section of the sensitive little receiving apparatus; and deafness, in its incipient stages, makes headway almost imperceptibly. When the patient finds it necessary to ask those to whom he is listening to repeat what they are saying, to any considerable degree, or is troubled by the ringing of bells, the humming of locusts, or the distant rumble of the ocean, let him heed the warning. One sufferer from ringing of the ears, and a slight indistinctness of hearing, went to the aurist, who extracted a lump of wax from each ear drum as large as a good-sized pea, much to the discomfort and mortification of the patient, whose habits were of the most extreme cleanliness. The doctor explained that when the convolutions of the ear were very deep, these deposits are likely to accumulate without the knowledge of the patient, it being difficult—usually impossible—to extract the wax without proper instruments. And these instruments, in the hands of the inexperienced, would most likely be productive of injury.

A sharp or hard instrument never should be used in the home in relieving the ear of wax. A little piece of wood, the size of a match, covered with soft oil silk or linen, may be inserted, and gently operated, often bringing away a great deal of wax. But the utmost care must be taken to make no violent movements, nor to push the device too far into the opening, for the eardrum is easily abraded, ruptured or broken.

The use of the ear syringe may be recommended, with water between lukewarm and hot. Mullen oil may also be recommended, slightly warmed, and dropped deep into the ear with a glass dropper. This should be flushed out twenty-four hours later, with warm water, when the application of oil may be repeated.

A patient, suffering from ringing of the ears, caused by dry wax deposits, entrusted herself to the care of an aurist, and was unfortunate in that he prescribed the use of peroxide of hydrogen as an eardrop. The result was that the sensitive membrane covering the eardrum was injured, crusted over, and it has taken the patient a longer time to recover from the effects of her treatment than it would have required to cure the disease by gentle, hygienic means. Beware of the application of astringents to an organ so delicate.

If the trouble is internal, a simple expedient may be recommended in the shape of hot salt water inhalations, the solution to be lifted to the nostrils in the hollow of the hand, and in-drawn, so that it runs about in the interior passages. Two or three cupfuls may be used if necessary, care being taken not to use a sufficient quantity of salt to cause irritation; for even the mildest solution causes some burning when it touches the diseased parts. The results, however, will be ultimately helpful and soothing.

Of course, when there are foreign growths, these proposed simple remedies will allay, but cannot cure. Build up the general health, and live in the open air as much as possible; and this, in connection with the simple treatment herein prescribed, will remove the troublesome symptoms automatically, except in extreme cases.

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THE widespread idea that the process of hot ironing acts as a disinfectant has been scientifically tested at the Berlin Institute for Infectious Diseases. Linen cloths were saturated with water containing tubercle bacilli, cholera vibrios and other germs and then ironed.

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Ironing on both sides of the cloth, as might be expected, gave better results than treating one side only, but the test was considered as showing conclusively that for germ killing purposes a heat of not less than 450 degrees was indispensable, and even then some germs would survive.—[New York Sun.]

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"Your mother-in-law is dead. Shall we bury or cremate her?"

"Take no chances," was the reply; "do both."

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## WHY MAN OF TODAY IS ONLY 50 PER CENT. EFFICIENT.

By WALTER GRIFFITH.

IF one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American Nation is striving for such an end—And this is so.

The American Man, because the race is swifter every day, competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself the greater the confidence of other people in him; the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The American Woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire World ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to a stove; make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it, in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine, because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself, as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are ten to one that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now this waste I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "Why Man of Today Is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient," which treats the subject very exhaustively and which he will send without cost to any one addressing him at 134 West 65th street, New York, and mentioning that they have read this article in The Los Angeles Times.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.

"When You Take Cold."

### —ramie assurance

You never take cold when the skin pores are open and performing their duties properly.

"Cold-taking" is the result of a clogged system—clogged by poisoned blood—blood clogged because the skin pores could not give off the blood's impurities.

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*Handwritten signature: H. B. Shaw*

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## Hands Across the Sea.



(Uncle Sam:) "Howdy, Uncle John!" "Belly good, Uncle Sam!"

## Good Little Poems.

## One Perfect Day.

It was brought to him into the dark, somewhere,  
The one perfect day, in the long ago;  
And its wine he quaffed, and he sang and laughed,  
Till the face of him shone with a wondrous glow;  
And the sky leaned down upon every side,  
And its talm was poured, and his wounds were healed;  
And Life, as sweet as a smiling bride,  
Put up her veil, and stood revealed.

For some one—but who there was none could tell,  
If a man, or a woman, or only a child—  
Somewhere, somewhere, with the tenderest care  
Had met him, and hailed him, and sped him and  
smiled;  
And whichever way that he chanced to look,  
On the earth below, or the sky above,  
He saw how the pages of Life's great book  
Were writ a thousand ways with love.

[John P. Sjolander, in Youth's Companion.]

## The Rose and the Nightingale.

The Rose's heart is heavy with desire,  
And all her little leaves are tipped with flame,  
But she is shy and full of tender shame,  
And red with blushes for the rapturous fire  
Her fond dreams of the Nightingale inspire;  
For all the garden knows her secret aim,  
By the perfume in which she breathes his name  
And the bride-beauty of her soft attire.

Oh, when you find her, Nightingale, I know,  
Some time between the twilight and the morn,  
Your joy will make the listening lilies glow;  
And you who in the dusk were so forlorn,  
In ecstasy of love will tremble so  
You will fall fainting on the cruel thorn.

[Elsa Barker, in Kansas City Star.]

## We Wingless Ones.

When I saw in the vaults of azure and sun,  
Like blooms from their fields astray,  
On painted wings that fluttered and spun,  
Two golden butterflies play—  
Two flames by an airy love made one  
In the heart of the day—

Then I longed for a mate and the gift of wings,  
But was doomed on the earth to lie,  
Till I cursed the clasp of the marl that clings  
To thwart my lust for the sky,  
And the mournful hunger of wingless things  
For the visions that die.

[Herman Scheffauer, in Harper's Weekly.]

## Why Have Slums?

[Frederic B. Hodgins in Lippincott's:] While it may be true that we shall always have the poor with us in our cities, why need we have centers of vice and crime? It is a good work that church and charity organizations are doing in lifting the poor and maimed out of the gutter, but would it not be a wiser policy to abolish the gutter?

This is the age of preventive therapy in medical science. Ex-Chief Croker, of the New York fire department, has resigned to organize fire-prevention work. George W. Perkins, trust magnate, has retired from J. P. Morgan & Co. to devote his time to the prevention of destructive competition in business. The church and the charitable institution must follow suit if they would hold their own and win in their fight.

Kansas City has begun her work in a business-like way. She has started in to wipe out her notorious "McClure Flats" by condemnation proceedings, as unworthy of her reputation and a lowering of the level of her decent citizenry. She is doing this through an official Board of Public Welfare, composed of five public-spirited citizens who serve without pay, and who have a fund of two hundred thousand dollars this year with which to wage war on the slum.

Rochester has abolished her slums simply by providing something better for her poorer citizens, and by raising the standard of living without adding to its cost.

Cleveland has such an admirable building code that Berlin has just adopted it as her model in dealing with the housing problem.

Boston proposes to cut out her four million two hundred thousand dollar medical bill by the establishment of preventive clinics and publicity. Her slogan is "Boston—1915," and Louis D. Brandeis, efficiency expert, is leading the crusade.

The most notable fact in all this work is that it is being carried out by business men as a business proposition. Our cities have been recklessly and blindly commercial hitherto. Now they are counting the cost of neglect, and are planning for the future along preventive lines.

The slum must go. And it is going.

## Freak Club in London.

[New York Sun:] The latest freak club in London is called the Ethna. It has rooms on a street just off Piccadilly, and here its men and women members meet for intellectual converse.

The rule of the club demands that there shall be as little distinction in the dress and appearance of the members as possible, and both men and women don long flowing white garments of sacklike shape and sandals before they enter the dimly lighted rooms of the club. Most of the men are clean shaven and a few of the women have short hair, while those who have long hair twist their locks about their heads as tightly as possible.

No introductions are ever made. Any member is

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## Illustrated Weekly.

## Illustrated Weekly.

## THE HOMESEEK

permitted to talk to any other and to talk freely and openly on any subject. The object of the club is to foster free discussion between men and women. Visitors are occasionally allowed, but they must of course wear the flowing robes and sandals.

The membership is very limited, and a positive requisite is intellectual work of some sort. Most of the members are writers, others are interested in social problems and work on committees, while still others are members of the great band of men and women in London who seem always on the outlook for the very latest thing in fads and fancies.

## Holland's Bulb Fields in Bloom.

[Magazine Flowers for February:] "It is a sight unparalleled in splendor, endless in profusion. As far as the eye can reach, in every direction, the earth is carpeted with a tapestry of rich natural hues, stained with such a variety of colors as are not to be equalled in any artificial dyes or tinctures. The flowers are grouped together in great clusters or patches, according to their kind, and the effect is, perhaps, more that of a mosaic than a tapestry, with here a field of white, there a strip of yellow, yonder a mass of scarlet, the near ones distinctly marked, but they stretch away and away until the horizon reveals only a monochrome of melted tints and shades.

"In early morning, when the sun steals over that ocean of color and finds it bathed in dew drops, the myriad blooms sparkle with innumerable prismatic; then the dew disappears, and they seem beautiful objects varnished over with a natural glaze. Sturdy, serious burgomasters gaze spellbound at the dazzling reflections of these awaying, bending, laughing, languishing, lawlessly reveling beauties; little tulip-cheeked children stretch their chubby fingers down to feel the satiny, silky blossoms, floating out and blowing about like so many ruby bubbles."

## A Help to Promptness.

[Lippincott's:] Anxious Voice Over the Phone: Doctor, please hurry over to our house. One of the family has suddenly been stricken with a fainting fit. Is there anything you want ready when you get here so that there will be no time lost?

Doctor: Yes—er—you may have my fee ready.

## IT MAKES ONE SO NERVOUS.

## Gas in the Stomach Does, Especially When It Gets Around Your Heart.

Do you know there are thousands of people in the United States who have been cured permanently with our Baalman's Gas Tablets?

If you suffer today with Stomach Gas and Nervousness, try Baalman's Gas Tablets.

There is no remedy sold that will do for you as much as Baalman's Gas Tablets, because these Tablets are made especially and distinctly for the permanent cure of Stomach Gas. While they relieve instantly a bad attack of Gas, yet a few days' use between meals will cure any person—man, woman or child—permanently.

Miss Florence Gerald, 314 W. Forty-sixth st., New York, July 12, 1911. "I find I have had great relief from the first bottle of Baalman's Gas Tablets."

Mr. F. S. Smith, Tucson, Arizona. "I am much pleased with Baalman's Gas Tablets."

Mrs. C. M. Bones, Sebastopol, Cal., writes: "I never saw anything that would take the place of Baalman's Gas Tablets. I have been taking treatment for dyspepsia for two and a half years and my stomach was, if anything, worse than when I began. I have now been taking Baalman's Gas Tablets for three weeks, and feel very much better."

Every druggist sells them for 50c or send 50c direct to J. Baalman Co., 336 Sutter street, San Francisco.



## A WONDERFUL REMEDIAL OIL FOR OUTER APPLICATION.

Unexcelled for the upbuilding and rejuvenation of the body. Highly endorsed by the editor of the Care of the Body. Price, \$1.00 per bottle, expressage, 25c extra. Otto Carque, 943 W. 12th St., Los Angeles. Send for circular. Also for sale at Van Houten's Health Food Store, 457 S. Hill St., Los Angeles.

## NO MORE HAWKING and SPITTING—CATARRH BANISHED

## Guaranteed Remedy for Catarrh

The Celebrated Clover Leaf Catarrh Remedy is guaranteed to relieve at once or money refunded. Catarrh is likely to pull down your whole system and make you feel miserable. Clover Leaf Catarrh Remedy is sold by all first-class druggists. Free sample by writing Clover Leaf Pharmacy, Cloverdale, Cal.

## MENTAL AND NERVOUS CASES

Neuroses, Fears, Depression, Hysteria, Obsession, Perversions, Insanity, Suicidal and other Manias, etc., permanently restored to genuine well being by rational psychological procedure.

Dr. Haydon Rochester, Psychopathologist

1532 ORANGE STREET, SUITE 106.

Hours 2 to 4 and by Appointment. Phone, Wilshire 3302.

## ACIE-TO-SO

The only compound of Pure Pine Tar with plants and Herbs for Smoking and Inhaling for Catarrh, Bronchitis or Asthma. Those little cigarettes are pleasant and clear your head. By mail, 27c. Bulk for pipe, 60c.

For that throat and stomach trouble try Cherry's Pine Tar Eucalyptus Gum. This gum holds the oils that blend with the saliva and gives continuous treatment. By mail five 2 cent stamps. P. H. CHERRY, 425 South Hill street.

## ASTHMA

Full test free. I cured my Asthma—no relapse—no return of the disease, and have cured so many others with THIRJAKA that I offer FULL TEST prepared for each sufferer. Neither FAITH nor BELIEF is required—test it yourself. For immediate relief of the spasm and curative treatment, visit the ASTHMA CLINIC, suite 425 Union League Bldg., corner Second and Hill streets. Hours, 11 to 12, and 2 to 4. I SPECIALIZE in Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh and Rheumatism. If out of city write.



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# THE HOMESEEEKER.



A familiar scene in our suburban communities.

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W. E. the Old Fields.  
FARM VII.  
Automobile and Sports.  
FARM VII.  
General Supplement.  
AMMUNITION.  
"The" Illustrated Weekly.

Yesterday married society girl at Hinton,  
N. Y., at St. Louis.  
Every county in the Sixtieth Congress  
District of Iowa, with one exception, yes-  
terday instructed for President Taft, and  
hopes of Cummins were shattered.

WASHINGTON. Congressman Victor Ber-  
ger and a member of the Lawrence Cit-  
izens' Committee almost came to blows yes-  
terday.

rather than enemies. Americans in  
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# Ten Thousand Millions.

## The Golden Story of a Mountain of Gold.

By Tom Fitch. Copyright, 1911.

### XVIII.

#### ANNIHILATION OF BEARS.

(CONTINUED.)

IT WAS blue Monday in Wall street. It was the beginning of the second week of the most disastrous panic ever known in the history of finance. Capital fled affrighted to its strong boxes, and refused to come forth at any rate of interest, or upon any security. Values had been going downward without reaction for six days. The yellings and shoutings in the stock board were such as might have been indulged in by escapes from an asylum for violent lunatics. Fortune after fortune had been swept into the vortex in a vain attempt to stay the current. Stocks which had ranked for years as among the most reliable of investments, descended the grade as rapidly as the "fancies." Northwestern had fallen from \$112 to \$60; Western Union from \$80 to \$45, and Lackawanna from \$138 to \$70, and even at these prices more stock was apparently offered than found purchasers.

The conspirators were, apparently, successful. Three men whose combined wealth already aggregated \$300,000,000 had produced this storm of disaster merely to increase their millions, regardless of ruined homes. They sold their own stock as they had plotted, \$75,000,000 of it at full rates, and \$75,000,000 at an average reduction of 15 per cent. early the preceding week, and before Morning had perfected his arrangements or appeared upon the scene. Their subsequent short sales were made at lower prices than they had estimated, for others came in competition with them as vendors. They looked up both the currency received from their sales, and the currency they had borrowed, so effectually that merchants, brokers and others, who were unable to obtain the usual banking accommodations, were compelled to throw upon the market their holdings of bank, railroad and telegraph stock.

Borden, who personally led the bear raid in the board, followed prices down with fresh lines of shorts, to an amount beyond that originally intended, and at the close of the previous week the short sales of the conspirators amounted to \$400,000,000. In one particular they had miscalculated, for, after stocks had fallen 20 per cent. the brokers who purchased them refused to loan them again for resale on the customary margin, but believing, or affecting to believe, that prices would advance with greater celerity than they had receded, they demanded an amount of money as margin equal to the difference between the existing market price of the stock loaned, and the market price that ruled before the break.

This demand was made under the direction of Morning, who did not appear in public, but, from his private office on Broadway sent orders to a dozen different brokers whose services had not been engaged by the Gray-Claybank-Borden syndicate. After the first break, Morning was the purchaser of nine-tenths of the stock sold, and after each purchase the money paid for the stock with the margin added was locked up in the vaults of one of his brokers, or in banks not under the control of the conspirators. In this way the syndicate had been compelled to add \$60,000,000 to the \$140,000,000 they had received from the sale of their own stock.

On the morning of the second Monday of November, 1911, the "Gold King" was the owner, by purchase, of stocks which had cost him \$400,000,000, but which were worth at the prices which prevailed before the raid \$600,000,000.

These stocks had been loaned to the conspirators by Morning, repurchased by him, loaned and repurchased again, until he now held in his control \$200,000,000 put up by the syndicate as margin or security, for the delivery to him of stocks which needed only to be restored to their former value to cause the conspirators to lose \$200,000,000, and Morning to gain that sum. If, however, prices could be kept at panic figures until the conspirators could turn buyers and cover their shorts, they would gain \$200,000,000, which would have been filched from whomsoever had been compelled to sell. There were \$400,000,000 at stake on the game. The bear syndicate thought they were playing with loaded dice, and so they were, but the load was against them instead of being in their favor.

On Sunday night a private conference was held at Mr. Claybank's residence on Fifth avenue.

"Tomorrow," said Gray, "let us stop selling and begin buying and cover as rapidly as possible. There are some features of the situation which fill me with uneasiness."

"And so I think, Mr. Gray," said Borden. "I don't comprehend where the money comes from on Friday and Saturday with which our sales were met. As I figure it, we had every dollar locked up on Thursday that was anywhere available, but so much as a hundred, or, maybe, a hundred and fifty millions of new money came into the street on yesterday and Friday."

"It probably came from Chicago," said Claybank.

"No," replied Borden. "Chicago sent only fifty millions, and it was all here by Wednesday. It puzzles me, and I don't like it, and I believe it is full time to commence closing the deal."

It was accordingly agreed to close it, and on Monday morning these three worthies appeared in their seats in the Stock Exchange, for they were all members of that body, although they seldom or never participated in its proceedings, preferring to transact their business through other brokers.

Morning was also a member of the Stock Exchange, having purchased a seat a year previously, but he did not often appear there, and had never bought or sold a share of stock himself in open board. Even amid the excitement of the panic his presence gave interest to the occasion, for his sobriquet of the "Gold King" attached legitimately to his ownership of a mine that was yielding millions every month, with the probability of making its owner in a few years the greatest billionaire of the world.

There were probably few among the active members of the Stock Exchange who did not, at this time, know nearly as much about the causes of the panic as even the three men who produced it, and among all the brokers, except those in the employment of the syndicate, only indignation was expressed at the operations of Borden, Claybank and Gray. The New York stock broker is neither a Shylock nor a miser. He is usually a genial, generous sort of fellow, who prefers a bull market to a bear raid. He likes to make money himself, and have everybody else make it. A boom is his delight, and a panic his abhorrence. If a majority of the board of brokers could have had their way, they would have hung the members of the syndicate to the gallery railings and the question of reaching them in some lawful way, and relieving the board from the effects of their conspiracy, had been informally discussed.

But nothing was attempted, because nothing seemed really practicable. It was well known that the existing condition of things had been produced by locking up the currency. So long as it remained locked up, prices must remain at whatever figures the conspirators might choose to place them. Only the power that withdrew the money from circulation could restore it to the channels of commerce. There was absolutely nothing for those not already ruined to do except to hide in the jungle until the three tigers should have fully gorged themselves. When Claybank, Gray and Borden should graciously permit the money to be unlocked, then stocks would advance to their real value, business would resume its proper channels and the panic would be over—and not until then.

In the Exchange, under the new rules adopted, stocks were called alphabetically, and the first upon the list of railroad securities was the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. This was not a favorite investment stock, and probably three-fourths of it had been held in the street for years, in speculative and marginal holdings. Morning had special reasons for securing control of this road in addition to his general purpose of thwarting the conspirators. Prior to the panic Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe had vibrated for months between \$27 and \$70, and on the Saturday previous to the Monday which saw the beginning of the bear raid, it had closed at \$67. Under the operations of the conspirators it had been hammered down to \$15, at which figure it closed on the previous Saturday.

One of the syndicate brokers who sat by Borden opened the ball by offering 200 shares of Atchison at \$15.

"Taken," cried Morning, from his seat.

"Five hundred Atchison at \$15½," said the broker.

"Taken," replied Morning.

A shade of uneasiness covered the features of the broker, but, in response to a gesture from Borden, he called again:

"One thousand Atchison offered at \$16."

"Taken," said Morning.

The broker dropped into his seat and mopped his face with his handkerchief.

"Any further offers of Atchison for sale?" cried the caller.

And there was no reply.

"Two hundred Atchison, Brown to Morning, at \$15; 500 Atchison, Brown to Morning, at \$15½; 1000 Atchison, Brown to Morning, at \$16. Are there further bids for Atchison?" said the caller.

Borden arose and cried: "Fifteen dollars is offered for 1000 Atchison."

There was no higher offer, but the caller did not proceed to cry the next block on the list. Somehow everybody seemed to feel that a crisis had been reached; it was in the air, and, amidst a hushed and expectant silence unprecedented in the history of the New York Stock and Exchange Board, the voice of David Morning rang out like a trumpet.

"I will give," said he, "\$60 per share for the whole or any portion of the capital stock of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company."

Then pandemonium reigned. The quick wit of the stockbrokers comprehended the situation in an instant. It was all as clear to them as if it had been written and printed. They knew that Claybank, Borden and Gray had joined forces, locked up the currency, brought about a panic, broken down the market and ruined half the street. They knew that the country was prosperous, the mines prolific, and the crops good. They knew that the depression in prices was wholly artificial and that it must, sooner or later, be followed by a reaction and restoration of values, and they had so advised their customers, but they supposed the period of such reaction was wholly within the control of Gray, Claybank and Borden.

They had no reason to expect that relief would come from any other source, and the appearance and action of Morning burst upon them like a revelation. Here was a man who was a newcomer to fortune and to

finance, a man who had devoted the immense revenues of his mine to beneficent rather than business purposes, and who was above the necessity or the temptation of increasing his wealth by speculation. His presence in the board and his bid of \$60 a share for Atchison demonstrated that he knew of the Claybank-Gray-Borden conspiracy, and that he proposed to baffle it. He must have measured the forces of the members of the syndicate and be advised as to the amount of money necessary to meet them. Possibly he had found a way to unlock the Federal treasury, or had from some other source obtained the necessary millions. Certainly he had obtained them or he would never have thus challenged the magnates of Wall street to combat. Clearly the panic was at an end, the man from Arizona was about to lead them out of the wilderness.

And they shouted, and roared, and cried, and hugged each other and mashed each other's hats, and marched up and down and around the floor, and joined hands and danced around Morning, and disregarded all calls to order, and were finally quieted only when Morning escorted by the president of the Stock Exchange, ascended the stand.

The president, as soon as silence was secured, said: "Gentlemen, it seems to be the general wish that the regular call shall be temporarily suspended, and that we shall hear from Mr. David Morning."

That gentleman after the roar of greeting had subsided said:

"Gentlemen: I think that you will agree with me in believing that the prices of securities listed on this exchange have during the past week ruled altogether too low. I propose to put an end to this condition of things which ought never to have been brought about, and I have authorized my brokers here to offer, during today and tomorrow, and for the rest of this week, to purchase, to the extent of \$700,000,000, any and all stocks listed on this exchange, at the prices which ruled at the close of the board on Saturday week, before the panic began."

A great cheer went up from the throats of the multitude, and, after it subsided, William Borden, livid with rage and excitement, arose and exclaimed:

"Does this lunatic then expect to make fools of us all? Is it to be believed that this crazy man has got \$700,000,000 in cash to buy stocks with? His gold mine has turned his brain. It is better that we don't all be too fresh about this business."

Morning quietly continued:

"Anticipating that my purchases of stock might possibly be large today, and during the week, I have made arrangements to dispense with the customary methods, and so will avoid the usual delays in receiving and paying for stock. I have quadrupled my usual force of clerks, and my offices on Broadway will be open every day this week from 9 o'clock in the morning until 9 o'clock at night. No checks, certified or otherwise, will be issued by me, but the stocks bought by my brokers will be paid for on delivery at my office during the hours named, and paid for in treasury and national bank notes."

"Where," roared Borden, "did you get such a sum of money as seven hundred millions of dollars? You are either a liar, a lunatic or a counterfeiter."

"Two hundred millions of dollars of the money which I hold," replied Morning, "was deposited by you and your colleagues in the conspiracy, as security for the return of stocks which I bought of you and then loaned to you to sell to me again and again. Under the rules of the stock board these \$200,000,000 will be forfeited to me unless you restore the borrowed stocks on the usual notice. The notices will be served on you today, and when you begin to buy in to cover your shorts you will be compelled to pay full value. I think that I can count upon your \$200,000,000 to aid in paying for today's purchases, Mr. Borden." And, amid continued cheers and laughter Morning descended from the caller's stand and started for his seat.

Claybank and Gray had left the hall, but Borden remained, and as Morning passed along the aisle, Borden, with face white and twitching, and with foam on his mustache, stepped out and confronted him.

"You have made a beggar of me," said he with a curse, "but I will have your heart's blood for this," and he reached for Morning's throat.

But the man from Arizona stepped backward and then forward, and at the same time his right arm went swiftly forth from his shoulder.

"Smack! smack! smack!" and the nose of Borden was spread over his face, and the crazed man was hustled and hurried by the crowd, and greeted with oaths and blows as he went, until, with torn clothing and battered face, he was literally kicked into the street.

### XIX.

#### DEATH OF BOSTON.

FROM THE BARONESS VON EULAW, IN MENTONE, TO MRS. PERCES THORNTON.

O My Beloved Mother: While I feel always sure of your earnest sympathies, how shall I expect you to appreciate the sentiment of horror which this new and fiendish device for torturing my feelings visits upon me! How can I write it?—my poor little Boston is dead.

That fact, with a few silent tears, and a day or two of depression, I could have borne as the end of all things mortal. But he was as foully murdered as ever was the victim of the most infernal plot, for he was given no

poorest or most unequal chance to which was as dear to him as mine to the least possible to be said. I am in mind to discuss ethics, or to philo events which led to this tragical term ences, of which poor little Boston's life

It may be that I was wrong, certain made any terms to have saved my poor terrible fate, few as were the years he at most.

I am not unaware that there are certain acts of graciousness, which sense, may properly be expected of every reasonable husband. Not his boasted any meaps, but the fact that she is lieved from financial stress or respo tutes an unwritten law among well-th everywhere, I believe, and makes the de But I considered nothing but the enor band's exactions, and erred in my estim bility of my husband's brutality. I wi stronger word which I might politely

Shall I give you briefly the harrowing ruffianly act of cowardice? I think I last how the Baron had left the house, dictive rage at my refusal to demand of sums of money for his gambling losses hour he returned and renewed his prop ceased violence, at the same time sel writing a cablegram, which he commande

Remembering that I had given him co of money from time to time, amounting ands of dollars, I entreated him to wait he should make me understand the co financial affairs. This proposition he the most frightful oaths. He declared take my life, and would begin by killing No sooner said than done. He rushed to where poor little Boston lay stretched up asleep in the sun, and, seizing him by dashed him violently to the ground below utes later my little friend was brought to conscious, but mangled, bleeding, dying.

How can I ever forget, who ever did witness it forget that last questioning look of affection and dumb fright which turns upon the face of some one he has less than human or more? Not till the m across his pretty brown eyes was that last peal swept away. "What have I done?" "done? What have I done?" was the que asking of me. Who shall say whether he answer in some later and easier transla than mine, in some new and disenthralled ing? Who shall say that he did not carry him a love which was all love, with no tain ness or ulterior thought, quickened by no tion, or tradition, or sanction, or human shall say that the attributes of faith, and der, and charity, and forgiveness, and love because in one incarnation they were tongu myself I want to see my dogs again. The loved companions, as are my books or my w And if the fire destroy them, are their cont or worthless because an unlettered man cou them? At best an after life is a problem, bu the problem together and one may help to other, for half a truth is oftentimes a lie.

I have sought distraction in these comm sorrow returns to me, dear mother, and my e full of tears to be able to see the lines. Vale ton, and a grateful throb of gladness that I h mother to whom I can tell my grief.

Your loving but unhappy

### XX.

A CROWNING OUTRAGE.  
FROM THE BARONESS VON EULAW TO PERCES THORNTON.

Dear Mother: Is there but one depth for a like him I call husband? What mockery in "What have I suffered for him, and what cou my pride! And this is my reward! To have b the dupe of a dastardly plot to ensnare cow tims! To have sullied my skirts with the d usurer's and gambler's den! To have my r zoned side by side with the modern Cora Pea ery court journal in Europe! To have been the lair blindly by one who is sworn to be tector! To have followed in faith the man w load the dice of his self-imposed despair with dishonor!

But I must remember that all this is a riddle and must read like the ravings of a maddened I will give you the story of my shame and rag it has probably already been telegraphed over t tints. Verily, it is too sweet a morsel to en newspapers.

As I believe I mentioned to you, invitation issued for a ball, to be given at the Chateau noticed that the occurrence was making rather and especially that the Baron was unwontedly over the event, inasmuch that when I propos ing regrets, he fell into a violent rage, and declar I would ruin him, past and future. Naturally, I comprehend his meaning, but, seeming to tak much to heart, I readily consented to accompan asking no further questions.

Arrived at the place of what later proved to scene of the most disgraceful orgies, we enter salon, and instantly my heart misgave me. The



poorest or most unequal chance to fight for his life, which was as dear to him as mine to me—and that is the least possible to be said. I am in no condition of mind to discuss ethics, or to philosophize upon the events which led to this tragical termination of differences, of which poor little Boston's life paid the forfeit.

It may be that I was wrong, certainly I would have made any terms to have saved my poor terrier from his terrible fate, few as were the years he would have lived at most.

I am not unaware that there are certain concessions, and certain acts of graciousness, which, in a limited sense, may properly be expected of every wife toward a reasonable husband. Not his boasted superiority by any means, but the fact that she is measurably relieved from financial stress or responsibility, constitutes an unwritten law among well-thinking wives everywhere, I believe, and makes the demand upon her. But I considered nothing but the enormity of my husband's exactions, and erred in my estimate of the possibility of my husband's brutality. I wish there were a stronger word which I might politely use.

Shall I give you briefly the harrowing details of this ruffianly act of cowardice? I think I told you in my last how the Baron had left the house, filled with vindictive rage at my refusal to demand of my father large sums of money for his gambling losses. In about an hour he returned and renewed his propositions with increased violence, at the same time seizing a pen and writing a cablegram, which he commanded me to sign.

Remembering that I had given him considerable sums of money from time to time, amounting to many thousands of dollars, I entreated him to wait for a day, while he should make me understand the condition of his financial affairs. This proposition he received with the most frightful oaths. He declared that he would take my life, and would begin by killing my pet dog. No sooner said than done. He rushed to the veranda, where poor little Boston lay stretched upon his cushion asleep in the sun, and, seizing him by the neck, he dashed him violently to the ground below. A few minutes later my little friend was brought to me still feebly conscious, but mangled, bleeding, dying.

How can I ever forget, who ever did who has ever witnessed it, forget that last questioning, beseeching look of affection and dumb fright which a dying animal turns upon the face of some one he has loved? Is it less than human or more? Not till the mists gathered across his pretty brown eyes was that last eloquent appeal swept away. "What have I done?" "What have I done?" "What have I done?" was the question he was asking of me. Who shall say whether he received his answer in some later and easier translatable speech than mine, in some new and disenthralled state of being? Who shall say that he did not carry away with him a love which was all love, with no taint of selfishness or ulterior thought, quickened by no new speculation, or tradition, or sanction, or human edict? Who shall say that the attributes of faith, and self-surrender, and charity, and forgiveness, and loyalty are lost because in one incarnation they were tongue-tied? For myself I want to see my dogs again. They were my loved companions, as are my books or my works of art. And if the fire destroy them, are their contents naught or worthless because an unlettered man could not read them? At best an after life is a problem, but let us put the problem together and one may help to solve the other, for half a truth is oftentimes a lie.

I have sought distraction in these comments, but my sorrow returns to me, dear mother, and my eyes are too full of tears to be able to see the lines. Vale, poor Boston, and a grateful throb of gladness that I have a dear mother to whom I can tell my grief.

Your loving but unhappy

ELLEN.

XX.

A CROWNING OUTRAGE.

FROM THE BARONESS VON EULAW TO MRS. PERCES THORNTON.

Dear Mother: Is there but one depth for a creature like him I call husband? What mockery in a name! What have I suffered for him, and what concealed in my pride! And this is my reward! To have been made the dupe of a dastardly plot to ensnare cowardly victims! To have sullied my skirts with the dust of a wurer's and gambler's den! To have my name blazoned side by side with the modern Cora Pearls in every court journal in Europe! To have been led into the lair blindly by one who is sworn to be my protector! To have followed in faith the man who could load the dice of his self-imposed despair with a wife's dishonor!

But I must remember that all this is a riddle to you, and must read like the ravings of a maddened brain, so I will give you the story of my shame and rage, albeit it has probably already been telegraphed over two continents. Verily, it is too sweet a morsel to escape the newspapers.

As I believe I mentioned to you, invitations were issued for a ball, to be given at the Chateau d'Or. I noticed that the occurrence was making rather a stir, and especially that the Baron was unwontedly nervous over the event, inasmuch that when I proposed sending regrets, he fell into a violent rage, and declared that I would ruin him, past and future. Naturally, I did not comprehend his meaning, but, seeming to take it so much to heart, I readily consented to accompany him, asking no further questions.

Arrived at the place of what later proved to be a scene of the most disgraceful orgies, we entered the salon, and instantly my heart misgave me. There was

present a mixed assemblage of people, among that a few whom I had met in the best circles—a few who seemed equally out of place with myself—and many of them nondescript quality found in every society, who defy comment. But not until we were presented to the receiving party, was my amazement at its climax. I am not yet sufficiently in possession of myself, to describe the magnificent apartments of the interior of this most superb mansion. All that wealth could bring from the uttermost ends of the earth, contributed to the sumptuousness of these most artistic apartments. No smallest detail had been forgotten in the programme for this entertainment, even to the grottoes with singing birds, and flocks of ice in seas of wine.

But the recollection is hateful, and I hurry on. The host was a tall, sinewy, middle-aged man, with a strongly-marked Hebraic cast of face, and an oily, obsequious manner, quite at variance with his prominent features. He greeted us with an air of the most profuse cordiality, and passed us along to a bevy of much-painted and over-dressed, or, rather, under-dressed women, who vied with each other in chattering society phrases.

From the first moment, an undeniable air of dissoluteness pervaded the entire place, and I looked to the Baron for an explanation. He pressed my arm nervously, and politely warned me to hold my tongue. There was no mistaking the animus of this party. It was revelry, riot, unrestrained. Answering a sign from the host, the Baron soon left my side, and joined the convivialists, I being politely led to the main salon, where there was dancing.

Pleading indisposition, I declined to take part, and remained aside observing the dancers. I noticed that many of the ladies were singularly lovely and exquisitely attired, but generally lacking in grace of movement and aplomb. I observed, also, groups of women, some of them deathly pale, others flushed with indignation, evidently discussing the situation, and the truth slowly dawned on me that these were women of the demi-monde, and that I had been tricked into an attendance upon this reception.

After two or three attempts I succeeded in bringing the Baron to my side, much the worse for wine but quite docile. I demanded to be led to my dressing-room, and at first he temporized. Finding me insistent, he begged me to remain, promising to be among the first to depart at the proper hour. His conduct was unusually conciliatory, and when I referred to the character of the entertainment, his manner was full of conscious guilt, while he assured me that he would explain everything later, but that he dared not precipitate a scene by taking me home.

At this juncture Count Volensfeldt, whom we knew, accompanied by the Prince of Waldeck, came our way, and saluting, faced us, and, remarking somewhat satirically upon the unexpected numbers in attendance, gave me an opportunity to ask if his wife were present.

"The Countess is not here tonight," replied the Count, a little dryly. "She is not well."

"And my wife is here," put in the Prince bluffly, "but she will not be longer than till I shall have made my way through this crush."

"Let us join the Prince's party and leave this place at once."

Meanwhile the music had for the moment ceased, and loud laughing and shrill voices, mingled with smoother tones and words of entreaty, were heard, and there was a simultaneous movement toward the dressing-rooms and places of exit. Suddenly word came back that the doors were locked, and the frightened lackeys had fled from their posts, with orders that no one should be allowed to leave the house. Then followed a scene of consternation and confusion—wives demanding redress from their husbands, and husbands denouncing the violation of hospitality by their host, and through all the din the guttural tones and the piping taunts of the unsainted.

Presently the tall form of Herr Rosenblatt shouted, a head above the crowd, adding to his length the height of a fauteuil, upon which he balanced, with a drunken man's nicety of poise, for he was drunk but coherent.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we have met together, as we have met before, for the purpose of proving which man among us has the staying qualities, and who is willing to risk his money in this little game. You come to me and say: 'Open your doors, my lady wishes to go,' but how many of you dare to go when I say to those who will go: 'Tomorrow I shall expose you, tomorrow you will sign over your estates to me, tomorrow you shall be ruined and I shall be winner.' I did not make this party for your money—nor that you shall play, at my tables and lose, for that you have already done, but one thing I want which money will not buy—social recognition—and that you shall give me. You will not leave my house, gentlemen, till morning. The ladies will not talk about this entertainment. It is too beautiful; they will not attempt to describe it. Now, gentlemen, I bid you to stay, and I shall make myself sure that you enjoy yourself. These remarks make it long for the champagne to wait, and the ladies, poor things! will be wanting refreshments. And such refreshments! Oh, mon Dieu! that the gods could sup with us," and the speaker was helped caressingly to the floor.

My dear scandalized mother, what did I do? I, an American girl, with the blood of heroes in my veins? Why, I remained and supped and smiled with the others, for not a man even tried the doors. Thereafter there was no restraint. It was, as I have said, a night of orgies. Each man felt that he was no more deeply involved than his neighbor, and that Herr Rosenblatt had told the truth when he said to all that he held

rates in his fist, otherwise they would not have been

He was right, the affair was not talked about except among themselves. But some mischievous astral—some, ubiquitous spirit of a reporter—was floating about, and before twenty-four hours had elapsed the court journals had published an account of the whole affair, comments included.

Dearest mother, this letter is long, and I can write no more tonight. I have decided upon nothing so far. So soon as I have done so, I will write, but I must have time for reflection. In tears and love adieu.

As ever yours,

ELLEN.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Pro Ella" Crosses.

[Wide World Magazine:] In the Island of Ushant, the "Isle of Fear," there exists a custom probably unknown in any other part of Christendom. When a native dies abroad or is lost at sea his relatives have a small wax cross made, some seven inches long.

This is solemnly taken to the church and presented to the priest, who deposits it in a box, shaped like a cinerary urn, that hangs on the south side of the altar of St. Joseph. This is called the "Pro Ella" cross, and is supposed to stand for the spirit of the dead. These memorial symbols are allowed to accumulate in the box till the next church mission comes round.

A day is then set apart for their solemn interment. It is the great day, the climax of the mission. The church is draped in black and crowded with a mourning congregation, many of whom break out into loud wailing. The crosses are brought from their urn in solemn procession, a requiem mass is said over them, and then they are carried to the churchyard, the iron door of the tomb is unlocked and they are interred with full honors.

Judge an Incendiary

[New York Sun:] The paddle, instituted several months ago by City Judge O'Connor and familiar to many delinquents in the juvenile branch of the Utica City Court here, was used by Judge O'Connor on Patsy McBride at the regular session of court today and precipitated a few thrilling moments.

The court, intent upon his work, gave no heed to the cries of the lad, for the judge has a rule which fixes the number of whacks delinquents shall receive, regulating it according to age, etc.

Suddenly there was a puff of smoke near the back pocket in the boy trousers and then a tiny flame. The court set the boy on his feet and spilled a pail of water on the fire area. Later the lad explained that he had purloined a box of matches and hidden them in his back pocket and that the first blow of the court's paddle had set them on fire. Subsequently Judge O'Connor announced that hereafter paddling will be done only after the pockets in the line of action are thoroughly emptied of their contents.

Postage Stamp Forgeries.

[Answers:] Forged postage stamps are seldom heard of. The most glaring case of stamp forgery in Great Britain occurred in 1872 and 1873, and its origin has never been discovered. In those days the minimum rate for telegraphic messages was one shilling, and the stamps that were forged were all for such amount, each being passed through the Stock Exchange telegraphic office.

One of the principal reasons against postage stamp forgery is the keenness of philatelists. The vigilance of the collector would speedily bring to light the existence of any faulty stamps.

Of the many thousands of varieties of stamps issued only about one hundred are known to have been forged, and these specimens have usually been skillfully faked, more with the object of trapping the collector than robbing the postal authorities.

The Amiable Man.

I've never found that speech profane has won a friend for me.

I've never found it paid me much to cuss.

And while I know a lot of words of sheer profanity,

I've never found they've helped me in a muss.

And so it is no mortal lives who's ever heard me swear,

Not even such a little word as "My!"

When things go wrong and seem to be completely past repair

I simply bang my foeman on the eye.

I've never found it paid to meet my troubles with a frown—

It doesn't pay to corrugate one's face.

Frowns only serve to drag a fellow's troubled spirit down,

And fill his mind with notions mean and base.

And hence it is my pallid brow of wrinkles all is free,

Nor gives an outward sign of inward cares.

When some one comes along by day or night to pester me,

I simply smile and kick him down the stairs.

I don't believe it ever pays to lose one's temper o'er

The little slings and arrows of this life.

I don't believe an angry shout or loud and blatant roar

Will ever ease a fellow of his strife.

'Tis better far to go your way with fresh and happy mien,

As though you dwelt beneath a flag of truce.

And when the hosts of Trouble shall appear upon the scene

Take off your coat and thrash 'em like the deuce!

—[Lippincott's.]







will be great piers and stations, arranged in a circle, for use of the passenger carrying vessels of the lakes. At the extremity of the southern coast of the harbor will be buildings for park purposes, overlooking the lake, crowning an island in the lake. Still further to the north and south of this harbor, and at a distance of three miles from each other, will be two parks, 500 feet wide and running out into the lake more than a mile, built as island piers. These great piers, which are to be tipped with high lighthouses marking the entrance to Chicago's magnificent harbor, will serve as walls to break the force of all storms which assail the city from the lake.

The treatment of the lake front north of Grant Park and extending to Wilmette, a distance of twenty miles, will be similar to that on the South Side, except that here the parkway will be somewhat narrower, and an additional element will be introduced in the form of a chain of outlying islands.

The plans for these great island parks call for bridges and connecting ways by which the people of the various divisions of the city may at all times easily reach the lake front parks, playgrounds, and the recreation and bathing beaches adjacent to them.

Chicago, unlike many American cities, has not drawn away from the water. The creation of Grant Park is of inestimable value. This park, which is one of the principal features of the lake front improvement plan, contains over 200 acres and was built up entirely of the city's waste in a few years. It very readily lends itself to the function of a spacious and attractive park.

Another feature of the general scheme of lake front improvement is a stadium for both land and water events, of unrivaled size and great beauty. This stadium will have a seating capacity of more than 100,000, with a pit on land sufficiently large for the most elaborate athletic events, army tournaments, or other outdoor gatherings. Over the arena spectators will have an open view of the lake, an arrangement which will permit the use of the stadium for naval displays, boat races, and other water events.

#### Livery and Precedence.

[Journal des Debats:] French footmen are rising up in protest against the wearing of livery. Yet it was once considered an ornament, almost a coat of arms.

When the Marquis of Genlis found that one of his servants was a poisoner instead of delivering him up to justice he gave him notice after having had him ceremoniously unfrocked. "Burn that suit" was his order; "no servant would care to wear it after him."

In those times the servants' hall jealously kept up a certain table of precedence headed by the chaplain and descending to the footmen who "were expected to do obeisance to the principal domestics." The Duchess de Rohan was given a little lesson in this table by one of her footmen. Coming back from a walk she exclaimed: "I'm dying of hunger! Quick, bring me something to eat!"

A footman was present but he only knit his brows. Not an inch did he stir. The Duchess reiterated her command angrily. The footman stood as still as a statue. Finally he uttered these words with the solemnity of a judge. "The steward is not here." He knew his duty; the Duchess had forgotten hers. She had to continue dying of hunger, as her steward was not present.

After dressing their master in the morning the valets found time hanging heavily on their hands, wherefore Abbe Fleury in 1688 advised them to study mathematics, music, drawing and surgery in their leisure moments. He considered that such pursuits were quite as congenial to their profession as the arts of hairdressing, tailoring and upholstering.

Tirewomen, observed the good abbe, should refrain from decorating the hair of their mistress more than they were positively ordered to. Besides this "let them avoid balls, comedies and especially the opera, if they are not obliged to accompany their mistress there; and if she does compel them to attend, and that often, let them not stay long in her service."

Valets and maids were not always content to wait for the cast-off clothing of their masters and mistresses, and sometimes anticipated the event. They felt that they made part of the family and were entitled to take the initiative. So it was that Abbe Fuscée, thinking in 1775 that he was approaching the end of his life, had a leaden coffin brought into his room and then said to his valet: "Here is my last coat. I hope it will not enter your head to rob me of this one."

#### When Velma Reads.

When Velma reads the printed page,  
Her thoughts are flying here and there;  
For hers, forsooth's the flighty age—  
Her mind is everywhere.

When Velma reads, of course, she thinks,  
Though little of her open book—  
She dreams of dances, skating rinks,  
Of drives and quiet nooks.

When Velma reads, the thought-waves rise  
In telepathic symphony;  
And each wave, like a love-bird, flies  
Through barren space to me.

When Velma reads! Oh, fairest boon!  
Her thoughts with happiness are rife.  
But she'll give up her reading soon,  
For she's to be my wife.

—[Carleton G. Garretson, in Judge.

#### On the Line.

### A NIGHT ENCOUNTER WITH CHINESE SMUGGLERS.

By George F. Paul.

ONE NIGHT shortly before Thanksgiving, 1910, I was on duty with Inspector A. T. White at El Paso, Tex. At that time I was also an immigrant inspector. White and I had been working together for several months attempting to stop the Mexicans from smuggling Chinese over the dry bed of the Rio Grande into the United States. On this particular night both of us being armed with .45 Colts and flashlights, we had been patrolling up and down on the soft river sand between the Santa Fe bridge and the International dam. At about 10 o'clock we returned to our headquarters on the Santa Fe bridge to get a bite to eat and have a smoke.

Just after we entered the Inspector's room, the negro watchman came in saying that a Mexican wanted to see us. We ordered him to be shown in, and in a few seconds Washington, the watchman, came back accompanied by no less a personage than Tomas Montes, one of the most notorious of the Mexicans who make their living by bringing in contraband Chinese at so much per queue.

After Washington had retired from the room, Montes, who knew both White and myself well, told us that another Mexican, Francisco or "Pancho" Guerra, was about to cross the river with fifteen Chinese. Furthermore, he stated that he, Montes, had been asked to do the job and had agreed to do it for \$150, but that Guerra, owing to his professional jealousy, had promised to bring them over the line for \$100. Montes, therefore, to get revenge, had come to us, having first found out the exact place where Guerra intended to cross and the signals he intended to use.

Right at the Mexican end of the Santa Fe bridge the river bank is some ten feet high. When the Rio Grande does have water it, it is one of the swiftest of streams. In order to prevent it from eating away the bank, the Mexican side is protected by rip-rap, and in front of the rip-rap is a tall rack of piling filled with bundles of brush, to act as a further aid in breaking the force of the water. On the shore behind this rip-rap grow immense cottonwood trees, so you can imagine what a shadow is thrown across the river bed. At a point about fifty yards west of the bridge, in the thickest of the deep shadow, Guerra and his confederates planned to bring the Chinese across to American soil.

Montes told us that we should make all possible haste, and he would guide us to advantageous positions. We immediately left the building, sneaked along under the bridge to the Mexican side, and then along in the shadow up the river bed for possibly twenty-five yards. Just as we got settled down to wait for the fun to begin, a match was lit on the American shore at a point directly opposite us. After lighting a cigarette the man who lit it threw the blazing match two or three feet in the air. Immediately from the Mexican shore arose the whistled air of "La Paloma." These, then, were the signals. The man on the American bank lit and threw the match in the air to let Guerra know that no officers were in sight, and Guerra whistled the popular Mexican song to tell his confederates on the other side that he was coming with his human contraband.

By crawling along on our stomachs in the shadow we had reached a place from which, by straining our eyes, we could see a little group of men on the Mexican shore. They advanced noiselessly toward the river bank. Then, as they came closer to us, we imagined that we could hear Guerra softly blessing the Chinks under his breath whenever the rip-rap would make the least noise under their feet. Having reached the edge of the rip-rap, they climbed the outer breakwater and dropped into the sandy river bed as stealthily as possible.

Be it understood that we could not arrest them on the Mexican side of the river, but we had to be prepared to swear that they had actually crossed the river. In order to head them off, White sneaked over toward the American side. I remained where I was to follow them over and hold them if they started to run for Mexico when White halted them. Montes, having guided us, had disappeared, as it would surely have gone hard with him had he been seen with us.

Now, if this were a story, I would tell you how White and I arrested the whole outfit, sent the Chinks back to China and Guerra and his confederate, who afterward proved to be Juan Parra, to prison for many years. As it is truth, which is stranger than fiction, I shall have to tell you of our ignominious failure to do any such a thing.

When White had reached the American side of the "line," (which is, of course, purely imaginary) he had stumbled right into Juan Parra, Guerra's partner. Juan let out a yell, Guerra ran his Chinks back to Juarez, White grabbed Parra, and when I got to them they were rolling in the sand, with Parra on top. I could not shoot Parra for fear of hitting White, but, watching my chance, I hit him on the head with the butt of my revolver. The blow, however, was a glancing one, only serving to draw a little blood and madden the Mexican. I jumped on top of him. He rolled over, trying to get my revolver from me.

For the same reason that I had not been able to shoot Parra, White could do him no damage without wounding me. He lay down beside us. On the bed of the river lay my Colt's with my right hand around

the grip and me on top of my hand. I was lying on my stomach. On top of me, and using both hands to try and make my gun away, was Juan Parra. I had my left hand over his neck and was pushing his head down into the ground. White yelled to me to let go of the gun, as he had it. Lying on the sand in front of me was my flash-light, which weighs about a pound. I planned to let go of the gun, grab the light and give Parra a few gentle raps over the head with it. Just as I let go the gun, Parra kicked White in the head stunning him. Then Parra leaped to his feet like a cat, and grabbing the gun, he struck out for Old Mexico, leaving us behind in the sand, White being unconscious.

If Parra had had the nerve he could have killed us both right then and there, but, like all peons, he had no "sand" and did not fire a single shot until he was up on the rip-rap, and that, I think, was a signal to let Guerra know that he was safe.

When White came to, we returned to the office and wrote our report. Maybe we didn't get a fine teasing for our failure to subdue one small Mexican! I especially got it because he had not only escaped, but had escaped with my gun! The revolver was afterward recovered for me by Tom Montes, Parra having pawned it in Juarez.

Later I met this same Tomas Montes in the river bed when he was on contraband business of his own, and bitter blows were exchanged. Later, when White and I refused to testify falsely against him, we won his eternal friendship. Poor Tomas! I see at last he has been convicted at El Paso, arrested with a Chink seated complacently on his sturdy back! From childhood Tomas Montes had been trained to smuggle Chinese, but he was good-hearted, courageous and plucky.

#### Where Boston Differs.

[New York Sun:] "Did you ever think how much the temperament of a city is expressed in its street cars?" queried a man of an observant turn of mind. "I have just returned from a trip to Boston, and never before have the essential differences between that city and my own New York been so impressed on me as by my observations in the street cars."

"The first thing I miss in Boston is the familiar 'Step lively!' Instead I am exhorted 'Move as quickly as possible, please.' How could any one shove and push and crowd after that?"

"Once in the car I find myself still surrounded by an atmosphere of consideration and of correct English. In our own subway we are laconically ordered 'Use both doors.' In Boston we are requested, 'Kindly leave by the nearer door.'"

"This atmosphere is further maintained by another sign in the car. 'The passenger is requested, the conductor is required, to name the value of any coin or note tendered in payment of fare.' Can you imagine a passenger being requested to do anything in a New York street car?"

"At Dudley street station, the principal transfer point for suburban cars, there are large placards on every platform: 'Women first, please.' I must admit that I did not observe that these had any appreciable effect on the scramble when the cars came in, but it certainly indicates a kindly spirit on the part of the man who is responsible for the cards."

"Pay as you enter cars have recently been installed on some of the Boston lines, so recently that they are still more or less of a novelty. But if you go to Boston do not make the mistake of calling them pay as you enters. Such a thing would mark you immediately as a provincial. In Boston they are called 'prepayment cars.' Of course that is just as good a name for them as we have, perhaps a little better; and yet wouldn't you know that Boston would call them prepayment cars, and we would call them pay as you enters?"

#### His Money's Worth.

[Youths' Companion:] A man with a long but scanty beard and a gimlet eye came into Cyrus Teed's general store, in a little New Hampshire town, and called for 5 cents worth of peanuts. Cyrus measured out a pint and handed the bag over. The man weighed it in his hand and looked more disappointed than ever.

"There ain't many there, be they?" he asked querulously. "Ain't it kinder small measure?"

"Regular full pint, what I always give for a nickel!" snapped Cyrus, who knew his customer well.

"Why, when I was down in Boston," argued the bearded man, "there was a place there where I could get twicet as many peanuts as this for 5 cents."

"Well," said Mr. Teed, defiantly, "the round trip to Boston is only \$2.55. Why don't ye go down to Boston and get your money's worth?"

This closed the incident.

#### The Anxiety of Noah.

[John Kendrick Bangs, in Lippincott's:] It was the first day out, and Noah was standing on the upper-deck, nervously sweeping the vast expanse of the waters with his eye.

"S matter, Pop?" said Shem, leaning against the rail beside his father. "Anything gone wrong?"

"I don't know, my boy," said the old gentleman. "But if the wind continues to blow in this direction, I'm afraid we'll land somewhere in the United States, and if that happens the duty on this menagerie of ours will bust me."

Whereupon, ringing for the Library Steward, the Skipper called for a copy of the latest tariff schedule, and spent the remainder of the morning in an anxious perusal of the same.



## When Kit Carson Was in California.

### Strenuous Days.

#### FIRST VISIT WITH A COMPANY OF BEAVER HUNTERS.

PIONEERS OVER ARID TRAIL FROM TAOS, N. M.—CARSON THE YOUNGEST IN A PARTY OF EIGHTEEN ADVENTURERS BUT NO TENDERFOOT—GUIDED BY INDIANS ACROSS GRAND CANYON—ARRIVED AT SAN GABRIEL MISSION—ONWARD TO MONTEREY—EXCITEMENT NEAR SAN JOSE—SOUTH AGAIN TO LOS ANGELES—PERIL HERE AND ESCAPE TO DESERT FOLLOWS.

By Edwin L. Sabin.

IT WAS JUNE, 1829, and seventeen American beaver hunters under Captain-of-Trappers Ewing Young of Taos, N. M., were westward toiling, with horse and mule, and three deer-stomachs of water, across the desolate region of the Colorado Plateau, south of the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Forty strong, and of many nationalities, they had in April left old Fernandez de Taos, American trapper headquarters in the West, and save for the Hudson Bay communities in Oregon, the northernmost white settlement on the continent, between the Missouri and the Sierras, New Mexico and Canada. They had been bent upon revenge and beaver. The revenge was found when near to the sources of the Rio Salido, in Arizona, they had met and routed the Apaches who recently had met and routed some Taos comrades; and beaver they had found, until twenty-two of the party must be detailed for Taos again, with the plunder.

Now, leading the remaining seventeen, and laden with the extra traps, Ewing Young was pushing on for Alta California, the little known.

Regard them, first Americans to attempt this arid trail where for 118 miles there was not a drop of water; first Americans upon the Colorado Desert, and the first whites, after the Spanish padres of 1776, to approach the Rio Colorado by land from the southward. They would be the second party of Americans to see the Grand Canyon.

The roll of this Ewing Young company is still uncalled. There was Capt. Young himself—Tennessee cabinet-maker, Missouri pioneer, beaver hunter and trader of Taos and Santa Fe, eventually to be one of California's early white residents, at Monterey, and as a cattleman and distiller of old Oregon to die (as supposed) intestate and to provide the Territorial government with its first funds. There was James Higgins, and there was "Big" James Lawrence. There were Francois Turcote, Jean Vaillant, Anastase Curier—Canadians. And there was Kit Carson—destined to be the West's best-known scout, but now only 20 and a boy upon his first beaver expedition. The youngest member, he, of the forty as well as of the eighteen, he was hardened by wrangler's work along the Santa Fe trail, by teamster's work from Santa Fe to Chihuahua, by a winter at the McKnight copper mines sixty miles north of Chihuahua; and thus he was no tenderfoot.

This was a strangely lonely journey. The country is lonely today; but a century ago no prospector's burro had penetrated it—only the mule of the padre, who prospected, it is true, for human souls. But since the incursion of Father Escalante, in 1776, all those leagues between the Rio Grande del Norte of New Mexico and the missions of Alta California had been molested not by outsiders—save as the trapper Jedediah Smith, in 1826 and 1827, had crossed the Mohave Desert from the Colorado to San Gabriel.

The missions of Father Kino, on the Gila and the lower Colorado, were deserted, the native ceased to worship his little crosses, the fabulous cities lost their fascination, and the Indian became the conquistador, levying upon that civilization which had attempted to levy upon him, and the feeble efforts of which had dwindled into but a few shallow indentations along his southern border. For fifty years the Southwest slumbered again.

So Cabeza and Estevan, Friar Marcos, Coronado, Diaz, Alarcon, Father Lopez, Father Rodriguez and Santa Maria and Baltran and Don Espejo, Onate, Kino the Jesuit, Garces and Escalante—all were names forgotten by the desert, and doubtless unknown to Ewing Young.

To prepare for the dry entrada ahead the Ewing party had camped for several days at the sources of the San Francisco River, in the Bill Williams country, northeast of present Prescott, Ariz., but had succeeded in killing only three deer. Jerking the meat, as provision, and filling the paunches with water, driving their pack mules they once more faced the west, and the unknown.

Their course was diagonally right across the Colorado Plateau, which borders on the south the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. "A more frightfully arid region probably does not exist upon the face of the earth," says Lieut. Joseph Ives, in his government report of 1857-58. It was—and is—a rolling tableland, of a mile elevation, with occasional thick growths of pines and cedars, with expanses of loose, porous soil wherein the mules sank to their fetlocks, with sharp slopes forming small higher plateaus, with unexpected, sheer, impassable canyons or ravines sometimes so closely intersecting that the surface was shattered like a dropped window pane; with an intensely hot sun streaming down through a dry, thin air that sucked moisture from the body, and finally, in the midst of a

plain destitute even of lizard or bird or coyote, with mules staggering along as if drunken and men's brains afloat from the scorching rays.

And thus, braving the horrors of worse than death, here toiled on, pigmies 'midst the gigantic ruin, the eighteen Americans from far Taos, their ambition not the lofty one of souls, nor the fancy-laden one of the seven cities, but the prosaic quest of beaver pelt.

Through four days the water in the skin sacks was doled out to them by an unarmed guard; on the fifth day they came to a pool, where for two days they rested. Then must ensue four more days of march, of thirst and of hunger, broken at last by the purchase from some Mojaves of an old mule, until the trail was cut short by the Grand Canyon, about where at the western terminus enters Diamond Creek.

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado! Two years previously another party of Americans and of beaver hunters, the party of James Ohio Pattee and father, from Santa Fe, had gazed into it; Jedediah Smith, from the north of California, barely had missed it. Before the Patees and Smith were Cardenas, in 1540, and his fellow-Spaniards; after the Patees and Smith, as second Americans to witness the mighty depths came Ewing Young, Kit Carson, James Higgins, "Big" James Lawrence, the three French Canadians, and their comrades whom no man knows.

On the brink of the Grand Canyon the Ewing Young party now stayed three days, recouping while doubtless also vainly wondering how to pass this tremendous gorge. Mojaves from the south found the camp and brought in a small quantity of corn and black beans. From these visitors the trappers would learn that southward the canyon walls lowered, and crossings existed.

Thither wended the travelers, refreshed. By three days' journey they arrived at the Mojave village, where but two years before the indomitable Jedediah Smith had been treacherously attacked, in mid-stream, his men slain, his goods taken. This was his second welcome, upon approaching Nueva California. However, warned, perhaps, by the news which had filtered through to Taos or Santa Fe, the Ewing Young party were upon their guard, and from the Mojave village crossed in safety to the desert of San Bernardino county, California.

Hastening as best they might, they came upon a "river with no water in it." The Mojave, this: that "singular stream" described by Thomas Farnham in 1849, as one which, throughout its reputed length of 200 miles, "does not run two miles without entirely disappearing in the sand. So that it presents to the traveler a long line of little rippling lakes, from two to two and a half feet deep, at one time sunken among hard flinty hills or piles of drifting sands, and at others gurgling through narrow vales covered with grass, and fields and forests in which live the deer, the black bear, the elk, the hare, and many a singing bird!" With the remark for future publication that the stream, "bottom side up," coursed northeast into the Great Basin of the Salt Lake (when it doesn't!) the trappers followed it, for the water; must leave it; and in four more days arrived, worn and dusty and parched, at the mission of San Gabriel, near by El Pueblo Nuestra Senora la Reina de los Angeles.

This was one goal—the result of a throw of the dice in the beaver hunters' gamble.

So here was Capt. Young, and here was Kit Carson, and here were the sixteen others; gaunt all, burned, bearded, in tattered patched buckskins, but steady-eyed, unabashed, handling their long rifles easily, and in sooth a little company compact and formidable.

The missions of California still were prosperous, although hampered by supervision and interference from the newly-installed Mexican government. Materiality was succeeding spirituality, and the end was nearing, the power of the priest upon the wane.

Nevertheless they were fat, those splendid missions, gathering about them their flocks and herds, and oozing oil and wine. San Gabriel Arcangel, old (lacking two years of being the oldest) and honorable, famed for its vineyards, was proud mistress over a thousand Indians, 70,000 neat cattle, 4200 horses, 400 mules, 54,000 sheep; its vines produced annually 300 barrels of brandy and much wine; and here were stationed a priest and fifteen Mexican soldiers as guard.

But Ewing Young—might not tarry at San Gabriel, strongly though it did appeal to him and his thirsty, wearied men. The American trapper, whose reputation as a roysterer and a pillager had preceded him from New Mexico, was about as welcome in California as an Orangeman in Dublin. Jedediah Smith, first by land into California, was arrested and expelled; the Patees, second Americans by land, were arrested and the father died in prison at Santa Catalina. The Ewing Young party not only were American trappers, but they had no trapping license from Santa Fe.

"A law of the republic of Mexico requires the citizens of other nations, who would hunt, trap, or trade for furs on any portion of her dominions, to obtain from the proper authorities written licenses to that effect. Three, four, and six months are the usual terms of time specified in them, and the rights conveyed by them vary, from the mere privilege of trapping to all the several franchises of a general trader."

It is recorded that one American trapper, having lost his license, summoned before the alcalde of Monterey, lost also his furs, to the amount of \$3000, and suffered seven years' imprisonment besides.

Accordingly, mindful of the peril to which he was exposing himself, Capt. Young paused here at San Ga-

bel only long enough to trade four butcher knives for a fat ox, and then hastened onward ere the presidio of San Diego, under whose protection the mission was, should have been notified. Moreover, the summer was well advanced, and the valley of the Sacramento was waiting.

Northward the little party pressed; past the famous olive orchards of San Fernando Rey de Espana, but a short march of thirty miles from San Gabriel; stopping here only an hour or two, and hastening again. The route pursued was the "inside" route of today. With its abundant water, its herbage and natural trees, roamed over by vast quantities of deer, elk, bear and wild horses, under the soft California sky it was a landscape, even then, in the dry season, which appealed as a trappers' paradise. So different was it from the desert, at last left behind.

Few human beings except the Indians and now and then a roving vaquero, attache of some mission, were met; for the settlements in California were mainly along the seaboard; and this was seventeen years before American conquest. Up through the pleasant land pushed the Ewing Young party, living well en route, until they emerged upon the noble San Joaquin (Joaquin,) about where, having left the mountains, with sweep from west into the north it continues on through its lush valley, to the yet far distant bay.

Perhaps mistaking this San Joaquin for the Sacramento, better known because of the operations thereon of the Hudson Bay Company men, upon its banks Capt. Young made camp and rested until the fall and the beaver season. For the San Joaquin, flowing amidst wide meadows high with grass and bordered with trees, was rife with beaver and otter.

At the proper time entering into their business of "making fur," the Americans trapped industriously down the San Joaquin; they saw signs of other trappers; and soon they overtook a party in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company of Vancouver, under command of the renowned Peter Skeen Ogden, for whom Ogden, Utah, is named. With rare unanimity—induced, maybe, by the peaceful California atmosphere—the two parties trapped side by side to the watery delta forming the virtual juncture of the San Joaquin and the Sacramento, at Suisun Bay, which is the innermost extension of the Bay of San Francisco.

This was indeed the golden land; and when, in the spring, the Peter Ogden party left, traveling up the Sacramento for the bleaker Columbia, the Taos party, having finished out the season of 1829-31, again went into summer camp, upon the lower San Joaquin. No ties of home called them back to New Mexico, so remote. Nevertheless, now Kit Carson, as a runaway boy, had been three years from his widowed mother in Missouri, and in Taos Capt. Young had left a Mexican wife and their little boy.

The splendid summer passed with no interference from the jealous Californians; the soldiery of the missions and of the few presidios had wholesome respect for American trapper rifles. Besides, at Monterey Capt. Young possessed a friend in residence—Capt. J. R. Cooper, who had been upon the California coast for six years, trafficking in pelts and tallow and the fur of the sea otter.

This, the year 1830, was in the jurisdiction, in California, of the Governor Col. Jose Maria Echeandia, who from his capital at San Diego dominated north and eastward. His was the plan, in 1826, of emancipation of the neophytes—the deserving ones to have the liberty of gente de razon, or citizens, those among them who were minors or males unmarried to be liable still to corporal punishment of fifteen lashes, only, a week!

Nevertheless, spiritual power was slow to yield to temporal; and therefore when, in July of 1830, from the mission of San Jose fled to the mountains some former retainers (neophytes emancipated but not of the gente de razon!) the alcalde of Monterey appealed to the trapper camp for aid.

Powerful and rich was the mission of San Jose, situated some twenty-five miles westward from the camp, and fifteen miles north of the presidio of Monterey. It raised much grain. From eighty bushels of wheat sown were gathered more than a hundredfold, or 8600 bushels. It grazed 60,000 cattle, and in 1825 was suzerain over 3000 Indians. But it was reputed to be a hard taskmistress, and generous with the whip.

The alcalde's force from presidio and mission had pursued the fugitives to an Indian village and had been defeated. The Americans, although recognized as invaders, ruffians, and even heretics, were of course great fighters. Would they help?

They would. Twelve, including Kit Carson, volunteered. Thus augmented by the beaver hunters glad of the excitement and of a chance to put the mission and presidio under obligations, the Californians returned to the attack, the village was captured, "one-third of its inhabitants killed." The demand to deliver over the refugees "was complied with."

Now Capt. Young was emboldened to visit the mission for the purpose of trading. He offered furs for horses, of which he was in need. Successful, he sought the camp with his fresh stock—and almost immediately sixty of the animals were stolen from the cavity by Indians who sneaked in at night, a revenge, no doubt, by those villagers whom the trappers had needlessly rendered hostile toward them.

This was serious, as only fourteen horses and mules were left. The American trapper's policy never has been to submit to Indian peccadillo; promptly youthful Kit Carson, not yet a man in years, was put at the head of ten others of the beaver hunters and was dispatched in pursuit of the thieves.

These Californian Indians learned that they had no irresolute, even easy-going Spanish soldiery, or showy vaqueros to deal with. One hundred miles straightaway into the Sierras plunged the pursuit; and in the very act of feasting upon six of the horses the maraud-

ers were surprised, scattered, shot and killed, and with the regained animals tured children the victorious little expectant camp on the San Joaquin.

The summer passed. Having traded furs and consigned the remainder to September, 1830, Capt. Young broke camp and with his men started on the back to New Mexico. Only one disaster had occurred—only one, for we may stealing episode, which had a satisfactory sally for the mission, which was scrimmage. In July the three French-cois Turcote, Jean Vaillant, Anastase Curier, were sent to Monterey, where they had purpose to stay in California.

Hired trappers were these; indentured to Capt. Young. He had maintained over their whereabouts, and now, on they were in his debt (as probably they help of the friendly alcalde he forced the party.

The trail led south, until again at San Fernando; thence the captain made the long a visit with his party to the near-by Angeles. His followers may have imagined this final dissipation, on the eve of a long The action of the three Canadians who ranks were turbulent spirits.

The town of Our Lady, Queen of the place older and more pretentious than 1830 it had 1000 inhabitants; it was a with symptoms that a little later marked abode of the lowest drunkards at the country; but although the houses were than hovels of mud, eight feet high, with and asphaltum, it was known, as today, gardens." It suited the trappers; they have a good fling. And Capt. Young, unsaw what an error he had committed.

To arrest eighteen rough and ready American hunters and deprive them of their arms rather more of a task than the small alcalde's immediate service could manage with true natural shrewdness, taking advantage of the trappers' bent, he did not press his authority encouraged his citizenship to show the time. Capt. Young presently had the clenching his men being plied with free about to be made helpless subjects for the bosom. Moreover, well he knew that when reinforcements from San Gabriel, and from of San Diego or Santa Barbara, he and his or sober, would be in serious plight. Trapped, a license, he had broken the law; this mention of property, and imprisonment indefinitely.

In the crisis he again placed reliance upon son, the boy, who, as was characteristic of years, evidently had kept his head. Carrected to take three of the still somewhat and the extra horses, and to go on; if the other trappers did not catch up with time, they were to be reported in Taos as by the Mexicans of California. In event of port, Capt. Young had dreams of being rever-

By a resort to resort canvass like the sea patrol ferreting out sailors he succeeded in tipsy crew together, and heading them into the Californians hung about, but were holed own petard. For, inspired by the free liquor engaged in a drunken fracas among and James Higgins shot "Big Jim" Lawrence trapper in his cups was apt to think less of dian or Spaniard than of killing a comrade fornians hastily withdrew to avoid damage.

A short march to water and a night's sleep sense to the tough mountain men, so that of day, with realization of their peril, overtaking they hurried on until safe from pursuit.

They recrossed the San Bernardino Desert, nine days' travel out of Los Angeles they more upon the brink of the canyon Colorado. The winter was spent along the Gila, and 1831, two years almost to a day from the they had fled out, the hardy trappers, Ewing Kit Carson, and all except "Big Jim" Lawrence with his share of \$24,000 proceeds in pocket, by from mysterious California rode into old "Tos."

Not until thirteen years had passed was Kit again in California and the San Joaquin Valley meanwhile Fate, which seemed to have destined for him the Anglo-Saxon and not for the L shaping him to do his further work in promotion.

So, in February, 1844, as a skilled scout, Fremont, he approached the Sierras from the Basin side. He had been keeping up the spirit party, amid snow and starvation, by his men the luxuriant vales of the Sacramento and Joaquin; and today, February 7, with an exclamation he pointed to the low-appearing range in the "There," said he recognizing a landmark, little mountain—it is fifteen years since I saw I am just as sure as if I had seen it yesterday spoke the trained observer.

He and Fremont entered the State by way American River. And again they were together California, in 1846, when Carson was to perform more important. By his hard-won knowledge, of strategy and of impromptu fighting, enabled to guide Kearny, to rescue Kearny, bearer of dispatches to cross the desert four times.

And again, in 1853, was he in California, driven a flock of 6500 sheep from Santa Fe by the ern route of Ft. Laramie and the Mormon trail California he sold them at \$5.50 a head. He visit-



ers were surprised, scattered, shot down. Eight were killed, and with the regained animals and three captured children the victorious little squad returned to the expectant camp on the San Joaquin.

The summer passed. Having traded in some of his furs and consigned the remainder to Capt. Cooper, in September, 1830, Capt. Young broke the pleasant camp and with his men started on the back trail for the desert and New Mexico. Only one disagreeable incident had occurred—only one, for we may except the horse-stealing episode, which had a satisfactory ending, and the sally for the mission, which was but a trappers' scrimmage. In July the three French-Canadians—François Turcotte, Jean Valliant, Anastase Currier—had deserted to Monterey, where they had announced their purpose to stay in California.

Hired trappers were these; indentured for their outfit to Capt. Young. He had maintained an espionage over their whereabouts, and now, on the charge that they were in his debt (as probably they were,) with the help of the friendly alcalde he forced them to rejoin the party.

The trail led south, until again at the Mission San Fernando; thence the captain made the mistake of paying a visit with his party to the near-by Pueblo de los Angeles. His followers may have importuned him for this final dissipation, on the eve of a long desert march. The action of the three Canadians shows that in the ranks were turbulent spirits.

The town of Our Lady, Queen of the Angels, was a place older and more pretentious than Monterey. In 1830 it had 1000 inhabitants; it was a pleasure resort with symptoms that a little later marked it as "the noted abode of the lowest drunkards and gamblers of the country;" but although the houses were little more than hovels of mud, eight feet high, with roofs of reeds and asphaltum, it was known, as today, as a "city of gardens." It suited the trappers; they determined to have a good fling. And Capt. Young, unable to produce the proper papers at the demand of the vigilant alcalde, saw what an error he had committed.

To arrest eighteen rough and ready American beaver hunters and deprive them of their arms and outfits was rather more of a task than the small force at the alcalde's immediate service could manage. However, with true natural shrewdness, taking advantage of the trappers' bent, he did not press his authority, but he encouraged his citizenship to show the visitors a gay time. Capt. Young presently had the chagrin of witnessing his men being plied with free brandy, and about to be made helpless subjects for the dread calabozo. Moreover, well he knew that when arrived reinforcements from San Gabriel, and from the presidios of San Diego or Santa Barbara, he and his party, drunk or sober, would be in serious plight. Trapping without a license, he had broken the law; this meant confiscation of property, and imprisonment indefinitely.

In the crisis he again placed reliance upon Kit Carson, the boy, who, as was characteristic of him in after years, evidently had kept his head. Carson was directed to take three of the still somewhat sober men, and the extra horses, and to go on; if the captain and the other trappers did not catch up with him, in due time, they were to be reported in Taos as "massacred" by the Mexicans of California. In event of such a report, Capt. Young had dreams of being revenged.

By a resort to resort canvass like the search of shore patrol ferreting out sailors he succeeded in getting his tipsy crew together, and heading them into the country. The Californians hung about, but were hoist with their own petard. For, inspired by the free liquor, the trappers engaged in a drunken fracas among themselves, and James Higgins shot "Big Jim" Lawrence. As a trapper in his cups was apt to think less of killing Indian or Spaniard than of killing a comrade, the Californians hastily withdrew to avoid damage.

A short march to water and a night's sleep restored sense to the tough mountain men, so that on the next day, with realization of their peril, overtaking Carson they hurried on until safe from pursuit.

They recrossed the San Bernardino Desert, and after nine days' travel out of Los Angeles they stood once more upon the brink of the canyoned Colorado.

The winter was spent along the Gila, and in April, 1831, two years almost to a day from the time when they had fled out, the hardy trappers, Ewing Young, Kit Carson, and all except "Big Jim" Lawrence, each with his share of \$24,000 proceeds in pocket, back again from mysterious California rode into old "Touse."

Not until thirteen years had passed was Kit Carson again in California and the San Joaquin Valley. But meanwhile Fate, which seemed to have destined California for the Anglo-Saxon and not for the Latin, was shaping him to do his further work in promoting that end.

So, in February, 1844, as a skilled scout guiding Fremont, he approached the Sierras from the Great Basin side. He had been keeping up the spirits of the party, amid snow and starvation, by his memories of the luxuriant vales of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin; and today, February 7, with an exclamation of joy he pointed to the low-appearing range in the west.

"There," said he recognizing a landmark, "is the little mountain—it is fifteen years since I saw it, but I am just as sure as if I had seen it yesterday." Thus spoke the trained observer.

He and Fremont entered the State by way of the American River. And again they were together, in California, in 1846, when Carson was to perform service more important. By his hard-won knowledge of trailing, of strategy and of impromptu fighting, he was enabled to guide Kearny, to rescue Kearny, and as bearer of dispatches to cross the desert four times.

And again, in 1853, was he in California, having driven a flock of 6500 sheep from Santa Fe by the northern route of Ft. Laramie and the Mormon trail. In California he sold them at \$5.50 a head. He visited San

Francisco—that city upspring from the wretched Yerba Buena of 1830 and from the scarcely better hamlet of 1844 and 1846, its population increased now by 34,000 in half a dozen years! He visited Los Angeles—that City of the Angels which since his first inspection, and since the hoisting of the Bear flag, had made a long stride toward the condition of paradise which its name would imply. But of those ancient foes of 1830, "they had all disappeared, and when I inquired about certain tribes I had seen on the very spot where I then stood, I was told by the people living there that they had never heard of them." Thus tilt the scales of human existence.

In this year 1853 Kit Carson paid a call upon his mountain-man friend of the beaver days—Joseph Beard of Monrovia of today. And talking of those beaver days which were forever gone, he made Mr. Beard thoroughly homesick for "Touse" and New Mexico. But Mr. Beard himself had much to recite, for he had been a member of that famed if foolish "Jayhawker" expedition which in overland time journeyed so dreadfully through Death Valley.

No mention is made in contemporary accounts, but it is fair to presume that in these various visits to California, Kit Carson met his elder brother, Moses B. Carson, who, in turn, came out to the Golden West with that same Ewing Young, from Taos, in 1832. He, Moses B. Carson, was for many years a Californian; he sold goods to the American forces during the Mexican War; in 1886 it was stated that he was still living; and he left in California a nephew, Moses Carson Briggs, to perpetuate the Carson name.

Rumors there have been to the effect that a daughter of Kit Carson by an Indian wife married a George Stilts, lived with him in California, died and was buried on the shore of "Mono Lake," in the "White Pine silver district." Capt. James Hobbs, the frontiersman and Californian of '49, put a fence around the plat. "She was a noble-looking woman, of mixed complexion, black eyes and long black hair, and could excel most men in the use of the rifle." However, the rumors and rumors of other Carson descendants in California, when traced, grow thin and tenuous; and if any can be substantiated the writer of this article would be glad to know.

## Don't Sponge on Your Family's Record. By Herbert Kaufman.

[Copyright, 1912, by Herbert Kaufman.]

Don't tell us how far back your family goes—show us how far forward you have come.

Your descent is of no possible interest. We are only concerned with your rise.

*The more you emphasize who your people were, the more we will doubt what you are.*

*A "live" man is ashamed to sponge upon the achievements of his dead.*

If you can't point to something noteworthy that you have accomplished, keep still, and then the world won't learn how sadly the family has deteriorated.

If you possessed a genuine pride of breed, the example set by preceding generations would inspire you to emulate their eminence.

You have less excuse for your uselessness than those who have no household traditions to prove what courage and effort and ambition can accomplish.

*So long as you seek to enjoy a distinction which you have not earned, you cheapen the name you hold so dear—you are not a paragon, but a parasite.*

You prate of the Mayflower and recount the glorious deeds of the sturdy band who endured a thousand menaces rather than relinquish their convictions, but you omit mention of the hardships and self-denials that you have undergone to advance civilization.

*Your chest expands into a Saratoga trunk at reference to the Declaration of Independence, and you favor us with a condescending leer as you recount your family's share in the founding of the Republic.*

*But you neglect to specify what you have contributed to the nation's weal—in what struggle you ever risked hide, or time, or dollars to insure the liberty which they secured.*

### He Talks a Fairly Long View.

[Kansas Magazine:] A Larned man who was the father of twelve children had rocked each one in the same cradle by the same great toe. He was rocking the newest arrival one evening when his wife remarked: "William, that cradle is nearly worn out; it's getting rickety. I'm afraid it will fall all to pieces."

"It is about used up," replied her husband. Then handing her a \$10 bill, he remarked: "The next time you go downtown get a new one, a good one, one that will last."

### When Lent Begins and Ends.

[New York Sun:] About this time of year you may hear speculations as to when Lent begins and when the Easter holidays will be here. Curiously enough, Ash Wednesday, which is the beginning of Lent, is fixed by the end of Lent, which is Easter Sunday, because Easter Sunday must agree with a certain phase of the moon, which does not occur until Lent is nearly over. Easter Sunday being fixed, Ash Wednesday is placed as the seventh Wednesday before that day.

Easter is called a movable feast because it falls on different days in different years. As you know, it takes fourteen days for the moon to become full. The Pas-

You pride yourself on your aristocracy—you, whose sires were driven into the wilds by their very intolerance of class distinctions.

Your assumptions are only to be excused on the score of your palpable ignorance of history.

Read and find who your people were. Learn from what plain, ordinary workaday folks you are sprung—carpenters, shopkeepers, cobblers, farmers, yeomanry—good, wholesome peasantry, with plentiful callouses on their hands, and a few with an occasional wart on their records.

*The purple tide of the Caesars, the indomitable ichor of Lacedaemon, the splendid fire of old Poland, the ancient lymph of Iberia and Erin and Byzantium lurk in the veins of track-walkers, and fruit venders, and street cleaners, and bootblacks, and waiters, and peddlers, and carters whom you esteem beneath your notice.*

Today they are but scrap in the junk heap of Time; but tomorrow they will be blent into a new and wonderful alloy of which many an illustrious generation will be wrought.

*Continue to disdain your actual origin—delude yourself long enough with the fool notion of your lofty caste—keep despising the plowman, and shoemaker, and the butcher in your ancestry, and within another century your children's children will be valeting cobs, and tapping soles and cutting pork chops for the sons and daughters of today's Greek, Italian, Russian and Armenian immigrants.*

Utility is the only twentieth-century nobility.

*Family tree can't grow on dead roots.*

*It is far more important to be an efficient ancestor than to have one.*

chal moon is the name given to the Jewish Passover moon, which is the first full moon on or after March 21.

Easter Sunday is the Sunday after the fourteenth day of the Paschal moon, so the earliest date it can fall is March 22, when the moon is full on the 21st and that date is Saturday. It cannot be later than April 25, when the fourteenth day of the Paschal moon falls on the 18th, and that date is a Sunday.

This year Ash Wednesday falls on February 21 and Easter Sunday on April 7.

### Legal Definition of a Chinaman.

[Case and Comment:] New Zealand not long ago found that the Chinese were doing a very large proportion of the laundry work and had thrown out of employment the women workers in some of the laundries. In New Zealand a laundry is a factory within the meaning of the factories act, so it occurred to a lawmaker that he could settle the difficulty of this Chinese competition by a neat amendment in the interpretation clause of the act above mentioned. An amendment was therefore drafted and printed and sent with the utmost seriousness and good faith to the crown law office for consideration; it contained a provision in these words: "For the purpose of this act (the factories act,) a Chinaman shall be deemed to be a girl under 18 years of age."



# The House Beautiful in California.

## Its Flower Garden and Grounds.

### Spring Lawn Making.

#### SOME SUGGESTIONS IN REGARD TO THE WORK.

By Ernest Braunton.

THE very best time of all the year for lawn making will soon be with us, and in addition to the great number of new ones there are many that need re-making. The treatment is the same in each case. Thoroughly work up the soil, at the same time work in a liberal quantity of stable manure—say four inches. If the soil is light, cow manure is best, as it will tend to cement the particles together (for a short time only); if the soil is heavy, horse manure will best lighten it. If further enrichment is necessary, use commercial fertilizers, but stable manures are needed in the soil to supply the much-needed humus, of which we can scarcely have too much. After spading, wet down thoroughly, leave till quite dry, and then tread carefully over the whole surface, unless the lawn is too large, when a roller must be used.

After treading or rolling, rake the low places full of soil from the higher spots, being sure they are well filled, for time will again settle the soft spots. The soil must be thoroughly pulverized for at least the two

feet in height and has a trunk diameter near the base of twelve or more feet. W. M. Thompson, in his account of his travels in Palestine and Syria, states that he found one spot where several hundred of these trees were growing, from small seedlings to forest giants, evidently about 3000 years old. These old trees now occupy but a small space, and though every year thousands of seedlings spring up, man and beast conspire to destroy them. Under the ruthless hand of the Arab and the Turk all in their wild state will soon pass away. So far as their preservation from extinction of the species is concerned they are safe, for in California we have a greater number than grows in all Lebanon, and from Texas to the Atlantic seaboard there are many in park and garden, while England contains many times the number found in the United States.

#### Trials of Goldfish.

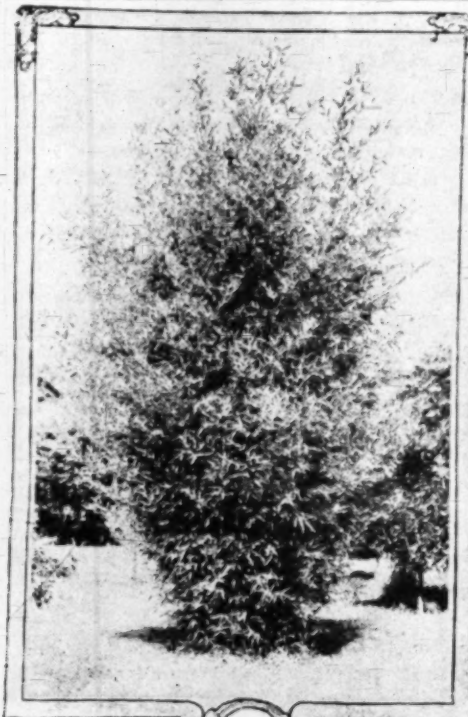
GOLDFISH are a necessary feature of water gardens, and all who have kept them are so enthused over the beautiful little creatures and they require so little care that it is a matter for wonder that many more do not keep them. To show their hardiness under many varying conditions, Mrs. W. C. Parcher, formerly of Hollywood, now of Bishop, Inyo county, sends the following account of her experiences:

"Possibly you might be interested in an account of the adventures of my Japanese goldfish since they were brought into this valley, 4500 feet above sea level. I got the fish about four years ago, and they lived in a tub sunk in the ground until last June, when they were brought up here in a tin pail. At that time there were three of them and the water in the tub was often not changed for two weeks at a time.

"We sunk a tub in the ground for them after their arrival at Bishop and filled it with water from the irrigating ditch. About every two hours they would come to the top and appear so distressed we would take them out, empty the tub and refill it. At last we stopped using the ditch water, and instead took water from the artesian well on the place—and after that we had no more trouble. We do not know whether it was because the ditch water was impure or because of the poisonous weeds along its edge—or what was the matter. Every one here told us we would not be able to keep the fish anyway. They said no one in the valley had been able to raise goldfish.

When cold weather came we took them from the pond and put them in a big glass punch bowl. During the winter they froze up several times, so that we were obliged to break the ice on top of the bowl, and at last one extremely cold night they froze almost solid. The smaller one was fast by his nose and long tail to the bottom of the bowl. They were both apparently lifeless. I lifted the large one out and warmed him in my hands and he soon began to show signs of life. I had some trouble releasing the smaller one, but at last he was free, and I lifted him up. It was some time before his fins began to move. We then gradually warmed the water by turning in a little that was lukewarm and dipped out the ice. In half an hour both fish were lively as ever.

"After that we were more careful as to where we stood the bowl on cold nights. The fish had still another adventure. I have a beautiful piece of copper ore which I put in the water one day. It looked pretty in with the fish, and I never dreamed it would harm them. The water soon became full of white milky particles, seeming to sluff off the fishes themselves. I thought some one had been feeding them, and changed the water, but did not remove the ore. Soon the bowl was in the same condition again. Then I be-



A FINE GARDEN BAMBOO.

top inches. If the soil surface is dry on top when you wish to sow (as it usually is), give it a light sprinkling and allow it to remain undisturbed for an hour or two to get past the sticky stage. Sow the seed when there is no wind so that it will remain where you put it, and not blow up into drifts or windrows. Early morning or late in afternoon is best. You will need to walk in on the plot on boards carefully placed at proper intervals. These cannot be too wide for the good of the lawn surface. Begin to sow at the back side, and as you move toward the front you may remove the boards as each strip is finished; that is, seed sown, lightly raked in, and covered with finely-screened manure. Every lawn should have the seed covered with at least one inch of such material.

No new lawn should be walked on until the first mowing becomes necessary, and even then great care must be used and boards to walk upon would help much. Boards should be used to stand on when watering, and these may be left on the lawn and turned over every two days so as not to remain in one place. The first few waterings must be very carefully given so as not to wash the manure and seed about in drifts, as will be the case if too much force is used or so much water given that both will float, or if the surface is sloping so that little water channels form through the covering and to a lesser extent in the soil. When ready for weeding, kneel on a cushion on one board, keeping your toes on another and carefully remove all weeds. Do this at least until you begin to mow, and you cannot weed too much. Remember that stable manures carry much seed of noxious weeds, and after the establishment of grass a commercial fertilizer will be best for all surface feeding. Sponginess in new lawns is best overcome by rolling after first mowing.

#### Cedar of Lebanon.

THE cedar of Lebanon (Cedrus Libani of the botanists) on Mt. Lebanon, 6000 feet high, grows to 100

gan to suspect what the trouble was, so I cleansed the bowl, put in fresh water and did not replace the copper. The result was satisfactory and the fish are still alive and happy. Ordinarily we change their water once a week."

#### Holly From Seeds.

J. A. C. has some holly branches sent from the East, (evidently Ilex opaca,) and wishes to know if he can grow holly bushes from the berries. If Mr. C. came from "the land of Uz" or has any inward or outward manifestations of Job-like patience, he may get holly plants from his berries. Proceed as follows: Wash the pulp from the seed (it may be necessary to wash them by hand in sharp sand and water); sow in a box of sandy soil, cover soil with sphagnum moss or other moisture-conserving mulch, and keep cool and moist. The seeds will germinate early in the second year of your vigil, and in the third year you will have little plants tall enough to transplant. Unless moved by sentimental reasons to acquire holly by such a tedious method, we would strongly advise purchase of plants several years old. In cool places hereabout Ilex opaca holds its own fairly well, but the rate of growth is very slow and the plants never improve in appearance after arrival here.



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# The City

## The Camphor Tree

GOOD STREET TREE THAT THRIVES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

THE tree from which is obtained the commerce is quite a common one also of Southern California and must be any list of our good street trees, though tions, under hard conditions, it does not th a row may be found in prime condition street alignments that equal it in beauty commercial camphor is a commodity known tree is always an object of interest to Cal tators. Pasadena has some fine lots of the streets and the largest ones so used are road near Alhambra. Santa Ana has them way around the Orange county Courthouse largest one the writer remembers is star White place, on Holt avenue, Pomona.

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SCENE IN CENTRAL PARK.

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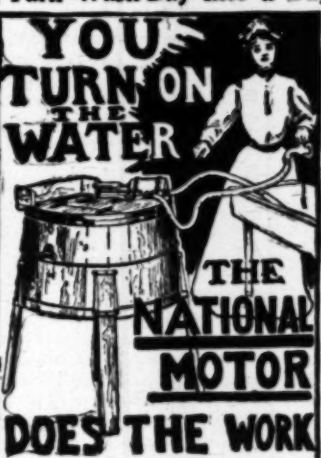
#### Catalpas for Streets.

"J. V. M." is informed that no catalpa tree "J. for street planting, and the southern species suitable for this climate" is not fit for any purpose: latter species (Catalpa bignonioides) scarcely mak tree at all, but is a large, ill-shaped shrub, though ing showy flowers. The hardy species of the m ern-States (C. speciosa) is a superior tree, but suitable for fence posts and railroad sleepers than landscape ornament. We have had some in our p for many years; they are not very rare here, and ther north in California are more planted, but f street tree in Southern California they would prov be decided and disastrous failures. We have many ciduous trees greatly superior for street planting.

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# The City Beautiful del Sur. Its Avenues, Streets, Parks and Lakes.

## The Camphor Tree.

GOOD STREET TREE THAT THRIVES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

THE tree from which is obtained the camphor of commerce is quite a common one along the streets of Southern California and must be considered in any list of our good street trees, though in some sections, under hard conditions, it does not thrive. Where a row may be found in prime condition there are few street alignments that equal it in beauty. Because commercial camphor is a commodity known to all this tree is always an object of interest to California visitors. Pasadena has some fine lots of them along her streets and the largest ones so used are on a country road near Alhambra. Santa Ana has them in the parkway around the Orange county Courthouse, but the largest one the writer remembers is standing in the White place, on Holt avenue, Pomona.

The camphor tree speaks eloquently for our climate, for in its native home the rainfall is the heaviest to be found anywhere, so heavy, in fact, that in one season it would play sad havoc with Southern California landscapes. The way the tree adapts itself to this country of light rainfall is little short of marvelous. It is hardy on this Coast some distance above Oakland and on the Atlantic Coast as far north as Charleston, S. C. In the

ings provided by others, and so Carnegie's name will not be long remembered after his death. How much better would it have been to have given Carnegie parks, monuments that would endure for all time and grow in beauty and value as time rolls on (which the aforesaid time will persist in doing.) Libraries are perishable things at best, and provide only intellectual food, but parks give life itself by providing breathing spots where rich and poor alike may go and rest, thereby regaining life almost flickered out through ill-health. Who will switch the Laird of Skibo off onto the right track?

### Knowing Common Things.

TOO MANY school children know more of things distant than things near, and nature study was instituted to teach the child of those things with which he daily comes in contact. The primary object of nature study is to lead the child to observe more things about him every day, not the unusual, for the latter he will unconsciously observe because of novelty. We need to know of that we stumble over in every day life, knowledge easily acquired close at hand, yet we look beyond, for "distance lends enchantment."

It is related that a wealthy Chicagoan visited Paris and asked a native the location of the Tuilleries, and on being told he did not know, said: "Great Scott! man, I came all the way from Chicago to see them." Whereupon the Parisian exclaimed: "Oh! see great Chicago, I like so much to see zee great stock yards; you see zee stockyards?" And the Chicagoan had to admit never having visited them. We know too little of everyday sights and objects, and nature study in schools is supplying the deficiency.

### Growth of Billboards.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA is noted the world over for its progressive and aggressive spirit as manifested in her citizens. Our building record is little short of amazing, and in the list of structures billboards will be found at the top. Every year, in both city and country, their numbers increase even faster than the population. Legislation, spurred on by agitation, has not been effective in lessening either their number or their size. We need a heavy, lasting crusade which shall terminate only when every billboard is gone. Every movement that will tend to discourage the degradation of our city or country landscapes by billboards is worthy to be commended and supported by every good citizen. The transportation lines are among our worst offenders and seem eager to rent lands along their rights of way to whomsoever will, evidently willing to desecrate the beauty otherwise apparent to the traveler for the sake of keeping up the old game of wringing from the public "all the traffic will bear."

### "New and Little Known Street Trees."

UNDER the above head C. F. Franceschi of Santa Barbara has a very interesting article of some length in the December issue of the Pomona College Journal of Economic Botany. The notes on the several trees mentioned are very interesting, for nearly all of them are from the author's observation in the field, and he has been a plant fancier, plant grower and introducer of new plants in our midst for many years. All his writings are of interest, through his judgment as to the requirements of street planting have never appealed to the writer nor to any of the local authorities whom the writer has asked regarding this really interesting contribution. Too many plant lovers are carried away by their regard for certain trees, to recommend them for uses for which they are totally unfit, the only objection against this paper the writer would urge. As a contribution to our local plant literature it is valuable for the many personal observations recorded.

### Street-Tree Laws.

IN NEW JERSEY the statutes provide that the cost of planting and transplanting any trees in any highway, and of tree boxes or guards for the protection thereof, shall be borne by the real estate in front of which such trees are planted or set out, and the cost thereof shall be certified by the Shade Tree Commission to the Receiver of Taxes.

Upon the filing of such certificate, the amount of the cost of such improvements becomes a lien upon the lands in front of which said trees are planted. The Receiver of Taxes is required to place the assessment so made against any property in the annual tax bills rendered to owner or owners of such property, and the same shall be collectable in the same manner as the other taxes against said property are collected. If such an enabling act were passed by our Legislature it would make easy the task of beautifying the streets in California cities. Such an act has brought Newark, N. J., fame for her finely-planted streets.

### Model Park and Tree Ordinances.

IN THE city of Newark one may do many things by permission of the Shade Tree Commission (also having charge of the parks,) but those things forbidden unqualifiedly interest the writer greatly and are as follows:

To prevent, delay or interfere with the Shade Tree Commission or its employees in the planting, pruning,

spraying or removing of a tree in any public street or city park, or in the removal of stone, cement or other substance from about the base of such tree.

To fasten a horse or other animal to any tree in any public highway or city park, or to cause a horse or other animal to stand where it can injure such tree.

To enter upon any portion of lawn or ground within a city park when notified by a sign in or a guardian of such park, or by an officer, not to do so.

To leave any paper or waste material in a city park except in the receptacles provided for such material.

To offer any article for sale, display any advertising device or distribute any circulars or cards, in a city park.

To utter any profane, threatening or abusive language or loud outcry, do any obscene or indecent act, commit any nuisance, solicit any subscription or contribution, or play any game of chance in a city park, or bring into such park any instrument of gambling or of similar use.

[Harper's Weekly:] Winkleby gazed at the new triplets with fatherly pride, but not a little apprehension in his eyes, nevertheless.

"What are you thinking, dear?" asked Mrs. Winkleby, softly.

"Nothing, dear, nothing," he said falteringly, "only don't you think that it would be wiser for us hereafter to build up our little family on the installment plan?"



SCENE IN CENTRAL PARK.

interior it flourishes from Augusta, Ga., south to the gulf, also in the warmer parts of Texas. Abroad it is not uncommon in Italy and Southern France. It is native to all Japan, the southern part of China and Formosa. On the latter island it is most abundant and inhabits fertile slopes up to 8000 feet elevation. In the United States its nearest relations are the sassafras and the red bud, both of the southern States. All belong to the laurel family, to which the magnolias belong. As a street tree in cities it does not thrive nearly so well as it does along country roadsides, and the nearer to the heart of a city it is carried the poorer it becomes. At its best we grow few trees more beautiful.

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# Farming in California—The Land and Products.

Conducted by J. W. Jeffrey,  
Former California State Commissioner of Horticulture.

## Waterless Alfalfa.

I VISITED a section of the State a few days ago where alfalfa is grown upon a large scale without irrigation. There may be other sections like this, but I have not seen them. In the vicinity of Arbutle, in Colusa county, these waterless alfalfa fields may be found producing from three to four good crops each year. The soil is an upland clay-gravel mixture, excellent for wheat and barley, to which it is mostly cultivated. The alfalfa fields have no underground water supply. Only a few deep wells are seen and no water is pumped from them for irrigation. It is the peculiar fact that alfalfa can be profitably grown with nothing but the winter rainfall to depend upon that constitutes the agricultural interest of this item.

Another novel feature of alfalfa growing at Arbutle is the production of seed for the markets. California is not noted as a producer of this seed. One farmer who told me he had made \$75,000 on his barley crop last year, said one of his neighbors had sold his alfalfa seed last fall at current prices, the yield bringing him over \$40 an acre. The second crop is saved for seed almost invariably, though occasionally the last crop is used for this purpose. But they cultivate their alfalfa there with a cylindrical implement much resembling the cylinder of an old-fashioned threshing machine. I saw several of these implements at work as I rode from field to field in a high-grade car owned by the man who had made the strike in barley. Cultivating is done soon after the alfalfa starts to grow and is sometimes followed by a heavy roller, compacting the soil loosened by the teeth of the cultivator and forming a dry mulch which prevents evaporation. Some of these fields had stood for three years, so dry farming for alfalfa is not an experiment there by any means. This season promises to test the new industry, for only four inches of rain has fallen so far, when ordinarily the precipitation has reached fifteen or twenty inches at this date.

My chauffeur told me he had planted 200 acres of his land to wheat and about 1000 to barley. His father grazed sheep on this land in the very early days, but was finally compelled to buy great blocks of it, an aversive government compelling him to pay 75 cents an acre. The son has just refused \$150 an acre for the land in wholesale quantities and will not sell under \$200, he says. The barley on that portion of the farm he chose to cultivate last season brought in a revenue of over \$75,000. But of such is the experiences of pioneer and "modern" agriculture in California, and of such diversity as almonds, grapes, dry-land alfalfa, wheat and barley, we boast a great State able to grow all these and other commodities upon the same tracts of land.

## Slow Recognition.

TWO years ago, while employed as a State official, the writer addressed a letter to the leading dealers in dried fruits, calling attention to the unsatisfactory condition of the export trade in dried fruits. Attention was called to the fact that in the Dutch importing centers American dried fruits could not be ordered from samples. These Dutch importers are distributors for these fruits for a large portion of the world, and they wrote me to recommend to them some central organization in California to which they could appeal for more trustworthy samples of fruits upon which to make their orders. I made public this public correspondence and appealed to the producers and shippers of dried fruits to meet and consider the demands of the importers for more uniform grades and better methods of handling the whole business.

And what were the results? The leading dried-fruit handlers seemed offended that any one should question the perfection of their methods, and one of them wrote me a very severe letter for meddling with the business at all. Their trade journal at San Francisco gave the matter long editorial notice and it seemed to have been a case of futile agitation upon my part, all refusing to attend the standardizing conference suggested, and, of course, no meeting was held. But here is the signal as noticed in the Rural Press of February 10:

"A meeting of the Dried Fruit Packers' Association was held at Monterey last week, at which the standards of all kinds of fruits—peaches, apricots, raisins and others—were adopted. Samples of screens, whereby the sizes of these classes can be measured, will be sent to members and jobbers all over the United States. This move of California packers was declared to be urgent."

## Success With Eucalyptus

IT IS pleasant to record one great, uniform, thriving eucalyptus plantation. There may be many others in the northern counties, but I have not seen them. On the branch line of the Southern Pacific Railroad between Vacaville and Winters one may see a model grove of 320 acres. The plants have been set out two years and have made a fine growth. Over a great portion of the tract the trees are all growing, not a miss being noticed, and the plants are even in size and exceedingly vigorous. These trees have not been planted to sell the land, and that may account for their uniformity and vigor. The rows are about eight feet apart, with the plants the same distance in the rows, allowing sixty-four feet to the tree.

I am sorry that the promotion schemes that I have seen in the Sacramento Valley cannot be even favorably mentioned. It is true my observation has been confined

to four or five large tracts, planted apparently to sell the land. There may be successful eucalyptus plantings elsewhere, but they have escaped the writer's notice. Most of these enterprises present a most ragged, disreputable appearance and some of them have failed altogether. One in particular, covering perhaps a half section of land, has not a thousand thriving trees on its whole area, and at least 90 per cent. of the acreage is covered with dead trees or entirely barren. It is such promotion schemes as these that bring discredit upon California. Considerable moral courage is necessary to bolster one up to a conservative position when such wildest propositions as growing canaigre, Belgian hares, spineless cactus and rams are the fads. Some eucalyptus schemes have proved equal in the scale of valueless investments.

## Ravages of Birds.

SOME of the isolated districts are suffering again this season from the attacks of birds upon the fruit buds of the apricot trees. In one locality in Los Angeles county the linnets have ruined the almond crop and minor losses are reported in many places. There is no effective means of preventing these attacks. Every method of poisoning has failed, the birds will not "scare" and there is little to do but just bear the damages. An inventor has devised an automatic gun operated by clock-work. It is designed only to frighten the birds and is built for noise only. A number of these guns are "set" in the orchard and timed so there will be a continual fusillade. Each gun will discharge its

noisy contents continually for ten hours, one discharge each hour. By adjusting the clocks and having enough of these cannon located in the orchard the birds are supposed to be kept in a state of chronic alarm.

I have visited within the last few days the largest apricot district in the State, but heard no complaint of injury from the depredations of birds. In fact the losses are usually inconsiderable where large areas are planted to orchards. Near the foothills, in orchards surrounded by lands affording little bird food, and in districts where linnets nest largely—these are the locations that suffer. These losses are so considerable in the aggregate that fruit growers operating under these conditions will welcome any device or remedy that will effectually protect the fruit trees about blooming time.

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## Gardening

### Two Vigorous Plants.

I RECENTLY had an inquiry from a subscriber who had seen in a clipping published in the Garden Department a reference to the Kudzu Vine. I have a good old friend in Angeles, who is intimately acquainted with plants and has had experience in their cultivation. Mr. P. D. Barnhart, editor of the Garden, and a well-known practical botanist, Mr. Barnhart has kindly written:

"The plants your inquirer is after are *Sesuvium* and *Cucurbitaceae*. *Sesuvium*, melons belong to the same tribe though families. The fruits of the *Sesuvium* family are one seed which is part of and inseparable with the meat or edible part, and in its texture they cannot be distinguished one from the texture of the fruit, seed included, is like the radish, but with a flavor all its own. It approaches maturity there is no skin on the radish or turnip, hence not a particle of fibrous coat which is not edible. While you are crisp and tender as a well grown radish, they are excellent either boiled, baked like egg plants. The vine is a prodigious grower. The root is said to attain enormous size. The root in its native habitat, that plant is more highly prized as an article of food. A native of tropical America that not endure a particle of frost, moreover in California it must be grown in thoroughly and where frosts are severe the crown must with a mulch.

"Get a fruit or two for your Sacramento garden is low, make a mound two or three feet high and five or six feet in diameter at the base. Plant one on top of it, then watch it grow. The leaves are covered with short stiff prickles, smooth, and are creamy white in color. It had come under the observation of some of our breeders ten years ago, God alone knows would have said about it. I cannot even imagine not new in the sense that the word new is used. Fifteen years ago I saw it in Santa Ana. Bulletin No. 28, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Division of Botany, issued in 1901, full of it.

"The other plant the San Dimas man is a legume, a native of Japan known in that country as Kudzu vine, which George Bentham, the English botanist, named in honor of M. N. Puerari, the English botanist, and Carl P. Thunberg, the Swede, as *Thunbergiana*. It is now known as *Dolichos* which is a better appellation, since it belongs to the bean family and is a native of Japan. I have grown it for a quarter century, but on ornamental subject in the East where the frozen off annually. In this climate and country it ceases its luxuriant growth, but because it is covered with the luxuriant foliage, hide view, and it smothers out everything else, I planted it in this State.

"Last summer a plant enthusiast living at told me that in Florida it grew to perfection on sandy soil, and was a wonder as a forage crop cured as hay or as a pasture. So thoroughly it was he that it would do equally well in this State. He set out a small acreage, five I think, to try out, for hay. If permitted to creep over the vine roots at every joint, and these roots into large tubers, from which an excellent starch is made, and we are told by several writers from the fibrous part of the root the Japanese make a cloth of remarkable fineness and strength. If you never grown this plant get one, but bear in mind cover up a fifty-foot lot in a season, and every after it is once established."

### A Hollyhock Revival.

HOLLYHOCKS were the special glory of old-time gardens; but of late years, their cultivation has been made difficult, because of a disease known as Hollyhock Rust. Now, however, there has appeared an annual variety of these flowers, which is less liable to attacks of the old-fashioned kind, and which has the advantage of blooming the first season.

Seeds may be started in the house in April, or sown out of doors in May, and the plants will be in flower in July or in August. The plants will live for several years. For formal planting, the double kinds are usually preferred; but most people like the single kinds better in the kitchen garden. Hollyhocks may be planted along the fence, or at the rear of the garden, and it is well to have them sheltered from the wind, as the stalks are easily broken.

Seeds of the old-fashioned hollyhock are sown to advantage in July. They will blossom the second year; and the rust can be kept in check by spraying with Bordeaux mixture. (San Francisco Call)

### Potato Possibilities.

THE Wyoming station puts the problem of potato yields this way: In one acre of potatoes planted in rows three and half feet apart, and spaced fourteen inches apart in



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# Gardening in California—Flower and Vegetable

## Two Vigorous Plants.

I RECENTLY had an inquiry from a San Dimas subscriber who had seen in a clipping published in the Garden Department a reference to *Sechium Edulis* and the Kudzu Vine. I have a good old friend living in Los Angeles, who is intimately acquainted with these two plants and has had experience in their cultivation. This gentleman is Mr. P. D. Barnhart, editor of the Pacific Garden, and a well-known practical botanist of the South. Mr. Barnhart has kindly written as follows:

"The plants your inquirer is after are *Sechium Edulis*, a member of the tribe Cucurbitaceae. Squash, cucumbers, melons belong to the same tribe though of different families. The fruits of the *Sechium* family have but one seed which is part of and inseparably connected with the meat or edible part, and in its half grown state they cannot be distinguished one from the other. The texture of the fruit, seed included, is like unto that of the radish, but with a flavor all its own. Until it approaches maturity there is no skin or coat like that of the radish or turnip, hence not a particle of waste when used for food. After it matures it is covered with a fibrous coat which is not edible. While young they are crisp and tender as a well grown radish. When matured they are excellent either boiled, baked, or fried like egg plants. The vine is a prodigious grower, and wonderfully prolific, besides the foliage is drouth resistant. The root is said to attain enormous size, and we are told that in its native habitat, that part of the plant is more highly prized as an article of food than the fruit. A native of tropical America the roots will not endure a particle of frost, moreover in our beloved California it must be grown in thoroughly drained soil, and where frosts are severe the crown must be protected with a mulch.

"Get a fruit or two for your Sacramento home. If your garden is low, make a mound two or three feet high and five or six feet in diameter at the base and plant one on top of it, then watch it grow. Some varieties are covered with short stiff prickles, others are smooth, and are creamy white in color. If this plant had come under the observation of some of our plant breeders ten years ago, God alone knows what they would have said about it. I cannot even imagine. It is not new in the sense that the word new is generally used. Fifteen years ago I saw it in Santa Ana covering a fence. Bulletin No. 28, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Division of Botany, issued in 1901, fully describes it.

"The other plant the San Dimas man is after is the legume, a native of Japan known in that country as Kudzu vine, which George Benthall, the English botanist, named in honor of M. N. Puerari, the Swiss botanist, and Carl P. Thunberg, the Swede, as *Pueraria Thunbergiana*. It is now known as *Dolichos Japonica*, which is a better appellation, since it belongs to the bean family and is a native of Japan. I have known and grown it for a quarter century, but only as an ornamental subject in the East where the tops are frozen off annually. In this climate and country it never ceases its luxuriant growth, but because the flowers are covered with the luxuriant foliage, hidden from view, and it smothers out everything else, I have not planted it in this State.

"Last summer a plant enthusiast living at Pomona told me that in Florida it grew to perfection in the sandy soil, and was a wonder as a forage crop, either cured as hay or as a pasture. So thoroughly convinced was he that it would do equally well in this State, he has set out a small acreage, five I think, to give it a try out, for hay. If permitted to creep over the ground the vine roots at every joint, and these roots develop into large tubers, from which an excellent quality of starch is made, and we are told by several writers that from the fibrous part of the root the Japs manufacture a cloth of remarkable fineness and strength. If you have never grown this plant get one, but bear in mind it will cover up a fifty-foot lot in a season, and every season after it is once established."

## Hollyhock Revival.

HOLLYHOCKS were the special glory of old-time, formal gardens; but of late years, their culture has been made difficult, because of a disease known as rust. Now, however, there has appeared an annual variety of these flowers, which is less liable to attacks than the old-fashioned kind, and which has the advantage of blooming the first season.

Seeds may be started in the house in April, or even sown out of doors in May, and the plants will bloom late in July or in August. The plants will live over in the ground, if given some protection, and bloom freely for several years. For formal planting, the double sorts are usually preferred; but most people like the single kinds better in the kitchen garden. Hollyhocks should be planted along the fence, or at the rear of the garden, and it is well to have them sheltered from the wind, if possible, as the stalks are easily broken.

Seeds of the old-fashioned hollyhock are sown to best advantage in July. They will blossom the succeeding year; and the rust can be kept in check by spraying them with Bordeaux mixture.—[San Francisco Call.

## Potato Possibilities.

The Wyoming station puts the problem of potato yields this way:

In one acre of potatoes planted in rows three and one-half feet apart, and spaced fourteen inches apart in the

row, there are something like 10,000 hills. If each hill were to yield eight potatoes, which is not at all extraordinary for individual hills, and if each potato weighed eight ounces, a moderate figure, the yield from the acre would be 520 bushels. The fact that the average potato crop runs only 20 to 30 per cent. of this figure shows that many or most of the hills must fail to produce their share; in other words, that insects, disease, weeds, poor seed bed, bad spots in the soil, imperfect seed, and unfavorable weather, each takes its toll. To a considerable extent most of these influences are entirely subject to control, and the remainder are decidedly influenced by proper precaution and care. You may argue that the low spot in one part of the field has only a modest effect on the total yield; that the bugs that eat the vines do not affect the tubers very much; that the seed was fairly good, if not quite the best; and that another cultivation would not have helped a great deal. But the total of all these things that might have been done better makes the difference between 100 and 350 bushels to the acre.—[Country Life.

## Two Cabbage Diseases.

THE sprightly cabbage is threatened by the spread of two serious fungous diseases. One of these is properly known as the fusarium wilt, and popularly called "yellows." The other is the phoma wilt known locally as "black-leg" or "foot-rot."

For the first it is recommended that seed be treated by soaking for twenty minutes in a solution of one part formaldehyde, to 320 parts of water. Growers must raise their own plants. Infested plants must be destroyed. Cabbage ought not to be grown two seasons in succession on the same ground.

For the phoma wilt the same seed treatment and preventive measures are desirable. Since individual plants in the seed-bed may be infected the entire bed should be sprayed with Bordeaux before beginning transplanting in order to minimize the risk of trans-

ferring living spores from infected to healthy plants.—[Country Life.

## Song of the Westerners

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Who live in the land of light.  
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The dominant strength of the sun we share;  
Slow to anger, but quick to dare,  
And fervent to seek the right.  
Laurel and bay leaf their sweet odors yield,  
The clover-scent drifts from the wide, sunny field;  
Truth is our banner, and fairness our shield,  
The sons of the open air.  
—[Geraldine Meyrick, in *Overland Monthly*.

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join the movement against the na-  
tional capital. It is admitted that  
Madero now has his hands



# Practical Poultry Culture in the Southwest.

FINE FOWLS AND SOME SUCCESSFUL BREEDERS OF THEM.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

## Booted Bantams.

THEY APPEAL TO BOTH FANCIERS AND SPORTSMEN.

ALLOWING for the fact that at the late Los Angeles Poultry Show some twenty-six different breeds and varieties of bantams were exhibited, it was a trifle singular that no Booted specimens were to be seen. In more respects than one they possess features attractive alike to the fancier and to the sportsman. The cocks are sprightly and full of vim and "go"—the personification of impudence. They are by no means "new" in the usual acceptance of that somewhat abused word, having been bred in England for years, and also somewhat sparingly in the eastern States. There are several varieties, but the most popular are the Whites and Blacks. We imagine that in the Southwest the Whites would be the more difficult to breed to purity of color in plumage, because constant sunshine has a tendency to turn the feathers into a weak yellow—"brassiness," in the vernacular of the poultry breeder. Owing to the "wings on their feet" some care must be exercised to keep them on clean runs; a heavy, sticky soil soon spoils the feathers on feet and shanks. For this reason they also require some ex-

ing the poultry industry, by teaching and breeding centers, by practical instructors and premiums. It is in this direction that the special genius of the German people is manifest, for the whole country is being organized in a way unknown elsewhere and which cannot fail to have a vast influence in the future. No fewer than 2995 breeding stations are in operation from which birds and eggs for hatching from selected stock are disseminated to farmers and others. At agricultural exhibitions classes are provided only for such breeds as can be recommended as utility stock, either for egg or flesh production.

The great tendency of population in Germany has been from the country to the towns; her immense development in manufactures and the arts has been out of all proportion to her growth in rural economies. The pendulum has been swinging beyond the safety mark, and now that it has apparently reached the limit of profitable endurance, her public men are using every effort to bring about normal conditions. Not only must she expand her markets for manufactures, but she must also stop the outflow of capital for foodstuffs and bring about a return of profitable agriculture. In this the government has shown a lively appreciation of the importance of stimulating and expanding the poultry industry. In this she is but following in the wake of our Federal Department of Agriculture and the State experiment stations. As a source of food for man, the hen is indeed an economic factor of the very first importance.

misleading is the claim that any number of birds ever produced Madison Square or Boston winners regularly for "the past three or four years." Nature does not do business that way; no indeed.

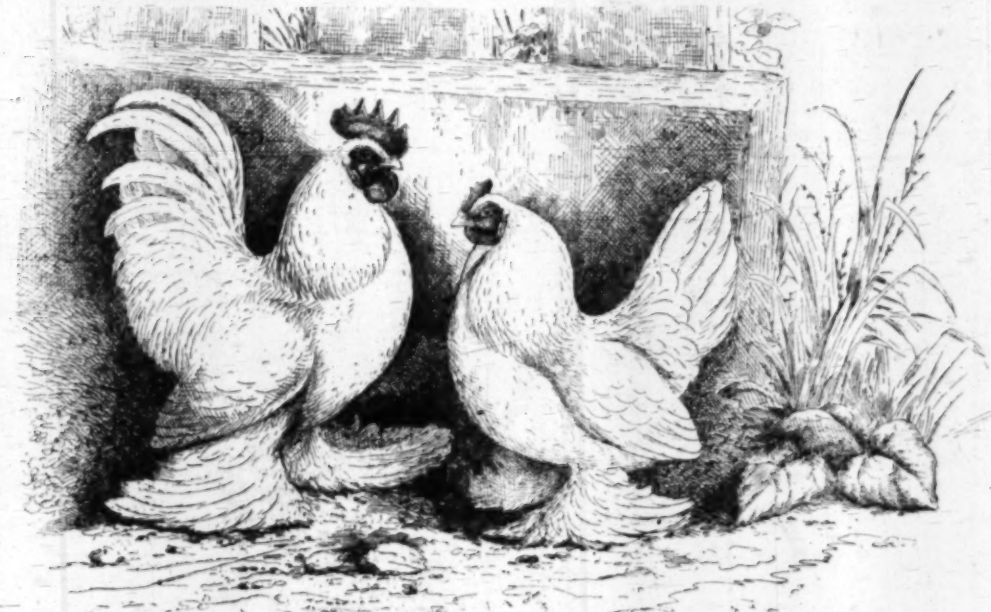
Advertising to be worth anything must be honest. Exaggeration may catch the ignorant or unwary once, but never a second time. But if it is conservative, and the goods balance with the description, the chances are that the breeder has secured a permanent patron. Shooting the long bow may hit the mark once in a while, but short-range shooting will hit oftener and also nearer home, which is a good thing, as the California-bred bird is fully the equal, and in some respects superior, to the bird bought from a distance.

### Eggs for Hatching by the Piece.

While it is true that the demand for settings of eggs for hatching has been much reduced since the introduction of the professional hatcheries and the custom of selling day-old chicks, there is still a considerable business carried on in selling eggs for hatching. Usually a sitting of eggs consists of one more than an even dozen, though many breeders advertise fifteen to the sitting. In the main this method has served very well, but of late years there is a growing tendency to sell eggs for hatching by the piece, thus allowing the purchaser to buy only the exact number he may want. And as eggs vary in size, and broody hens do not measure alike, this system has much to commend it. Often where choice stock is offered this price goes as high as \$2 each, though the average price for eggs from choice stock is in the neighborhood of 25 cents each in small lots. No breeder with pure-blooded fowls possessing a record for good performance, should sell hatching eggs for less than 12½ cents each. If the product of careful mating, intelligent management and caretaking, coupled with returns from infertility (which at times happens under the best of care) fails to command sales at this figure, the breeder had better hatch them himself, or else turn them into commercial eggs.

### The Growing Flock and Its Treatment.

It of course goes without saying that young chicks should remain with hens or in brooders as long as they are likely to require heat more than is supplied by their own bodies. And this again depends on weather conditions. When several weeks along, they may under favorable conditions do without it, but if exposed to a low temperature, they are apt to huddle together, a circumstance that is inimical to a robust and continu-



WHITE BOOTED BANTAMS.

tra labor when preparing for exhibition. Breeding and management is much the same as with other breeds and varieties of the midget classes in standard poultry.

The following description is taken from the latest edition of Lewis Wright's "Book of Poultry":

Head small and neat, carried well back; beak rather stout, medium length; eye full bright and prominent; comb single, of medium size, well serrated, firm, and perfectly straight upon the head; ear lobes flat, small and neat; wattles small, fine, and well rounded; neck rather short and curved, with full hackle; body short and compact; breast full and prominent; back short; saddle feathers long and abundant; wings large, long and carried drooping; tail large, full and upright; sickles a little longer and slightly curved; coverts abundant, long and nicely curved; legs and feet: thighs short and well-feathered at hocks; shanks fairly short and heavily feathered on the outer sides with long and rather stiff feathers, those growing from the hocks almost touching the ground; toes four, well spread and straight, very heavily feathered on the outer and middle toes; shape and carriage erect and strutting; weight, cocks about 24 ounces, hens 20 ounces. Our illustration is of a cock and hen of the White variety.

### The Hen in the Fetherland.

No one thing has elicited wider interest among poultrymen on the continent of Europe, as well as in England, than the strenuous efforts now being made by the German empire to encourage the industry both for eggs and carcass. The reason for this is explained by the fact that the German people are now the largest importers of hen fruit and table fowl of any nation of Europe, the sum total running annually into the millions of dollars. Take the one item of geese, Germany imports over 8,000,000 head annually. These come principally from Russia, in what are known as goose trains, being four-decked wagons built for the purpose. In an extensive government report on the subject of poultry culture, the most suggestive chapters, according to the Feathered World, are those dealing with the methods adopted by Imperial and State authorities for advocat-

### The Cost of Production.

But few breeders really know what it costs to produce eggs and fowl. To allow for cost of hatching eggs, expense of incubation and brooding, feeding and caretaking, fighting insect foes and disease; is not enough; to these must be added the owner's time and labor, overhead or fixed charges, together with insurance and taxes, and a certain percentage to cover losses by death, bad accounts, and minor contingencies. Estimating along this basis, we are of the opinion that in many cases selling prices received by the producers are rather too low than too high. At a recent meeting of poultrymen held in San Jose a Mr. Van Every, an experienced White Leghorn breeder, gave a thoughtful paper based on years of experience from which we take the following figures: Out of 1700 eggs, allowing for all troubles, 1065 chickens could be hatched to cost the raiser at birth 8 cents apiece. It costs 3 cents a week to feed a chick up to eight weeks, and at this age the birds should average a cost of 32 cents a head, allowing time and material. At this time it should weigh a pound. During the remaining sixteen weeks till the chick has reached the pullet stage it costs another 68 cents, making the bird cost at a laying age \$1. When to this overhead charges and possible shrinkages are allowed for, it will be seen that a price of \$2 per head for pure blooded pullets or hens is none too high, while for fine breeding specimens the price should be from \$2.50 and up, according to quality. It would be interesting to learn the average cost per dozen for really prime fresh eggs covering a year's production. Possibly some enterprising reader of this department of The Times can furnish data along this line?

### Shooting the Long Bow.

Now that the show campaign is over, we find that some breeders who have won on their birds are shooting the long bow in their advertising matter. In other words, many are overadvertising their stock, as to its productiveness as well as its showroom qualities. As is quite well known, no flock, nor pen, nor trio, nor pair of birds produce 200 and 225-egg hens; she is always the exception and never the rule nor average. Equally

## Illustrated Weekly.

ous growth. The important thing is to develop along lines that will insure at maturity. To accomplish this the fowls should possess comfort, clean quarters, some feeding. Chicks of the Mediterranean begin roosting of their own accord weeks old; some of the heavier breeds require a little coaching. If provided with bedded to litter, they may be left so until weeks old; if this is impracticable, they may be early in life. Use wide roosts, all of the from the floor. Often chicks can be "coached" by putting the perches rather low, and then a couple of hens, or chicks that are of perching.

It is always advisable to separate the fowls as possible, which should never be possible the period that the cockerels show symptoms of the hens.

It is indeed poor economy to bother specimens. All birds showing symptoms of physical defects had better be "runty" fowl always brings a run of a pen, results in hen fruit are apt to be several deformities, if not too bad, can be to the bird is large enough to possess a value. Birds showing constitutional weaknesses, slow of growth, puny in frame and make eyes and rusty plumage—might as well be once, and so afford larger scope and development of the flock. Birds possessing recognized as disqualifications by the Standard, should be eliminated (though not discarded when chicks) from breeding operations.

If there is room, the pullets may be reared and the cockerels fattened for table use. Defects bear more directly on the commercial phases; the skillful breeder, and especially the person catering to the market and exhibition specimens will also cull in plumage, head and leg points, etc.

### Wing Flights and Pin Feathers.

According to the late Federal census the increase in value of poultry in the years between 1910 and 1910 was 80.2 per cent. In other words, the average value per fowl rose from 34 cents in 1900 to 61 cents in 1910. But what will it be in 1920?

Iowa has the largest total value of poultry in the United States, with a value of \$12,270,000, and Missouri ranks second with \$7,100,000. The eight States next in order are: Ohio, \$5,533,000; New York, \$4,785,000; Pennsylvania, \$4,762,000; Kansas, \$4,377,000; Michigan, \$4,311,000; and Texas, \$4,308,000. These ten States together the value of poultry in the United States is \$48,100,000, or 55.9 per cent. of the total value of the continental United States.

Here's hoping that the many poultry readers of the Times will experience progress in their breeding. And while hope is bright, do not forget to brain and brawn go hand in hand in the achievement of good results.

Patronize home industry is an axiom of wisdom, and is especially significant when buying blooded poultry for breeding purposes. As a proposition we are convinced that the nearer you buy from a reliable breeder, the better value you get for your money.

The last year book of the Department of Agriculture devotes sixteen pages to the egg question with well worthy careful reading.

It makes little difference what breed you are buying you will be quite sure to "get" more or less careful to mate up only your best specimens; if eggs or stock, be equally cautious in securing strain.

The Pennsylvania branch of the American Association has endorsed the candidacy of The McGrew for the presidency of the American Association, which is certainly commendable. McGrew has been identified with poultry culture for a century, and for a like period has been closely with the organization. In conversation with the at the Denver meeting Mr. McGrew expressed a deep and an appreciation of prevailing conditions in the industry on this Coast that was as surprising as gratifying. If elected, California would command recognition.

Salt in the mash is good if used with discretion much makes the birds dry, and so is apt to do harm than good. Indeed, all highly-seasoned meats have some value as tonics, but little as hence use sparingly.

### Rising to the Occasion.

[Harper's Weekly:] "Fifty dollars!" cried the judge after the judge had named the fine. "Why, Judge, an outrage. I admit I was going too fast but \$50—'Them's the figgers,' said the judge, coldly. "All right, I'll pay," said the judge, coldly. "That so?" said the judge. "Wa-al, by Gosny, sorry. You've been a mighty good customer. Bill added, turning to the sheriff, 'hang crape on the house, will ye? This here gentleman's about to go on forever.'"

NOTE—Short articles of a practical nature are cordially solicited from breeders and fanciers, relating their experiences with poultry, giving their successes as well as failures. The writer will be glad, in so far as lies in his power, to act as an inquirer of public interest bearing on any phase of an improved poultry culture, such as feeding and management, and its prevention, market conditions, fancy points, etc. co-operation of utility breeders and fanciers is cordially solicited, to the end that the best thought and practice in the lightened poultry culture may find a healthy expression in columns.



is the right food to begin on. It contains just the grains the little chicks need. It is rightly ground to suit their delicate digestive organs.

If you would succeed with poultry begin with this food. Start the chicks right and you need have no fear of their rapid growth and well being. They will live and prosper and their prosperity will put dollars to your credit.

Our food is for sale by all reliable poultry supply houses. Ask for Coulson's Special Chick Food and see that you get it. There are many substitutes, but the original is the only food worth having.

**Coulson Poultry and Stock Food Company**  
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German Seed and Plant Company, Los Angeles, agents for Southern California.

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## Illustrated Weekly.

ous growth. The important thing is to accelerate development along lines that will insure a vigorous bird at maturity. To accomplish this the growing youngsters should possess comfort, clean quarters, and wholesome feeding. Chicks of the Mediterranean class usually begin roosting of their own accord when about eight weeks old; some of the heavier breeds may, however, require a little coaching. If provided with a clean floor bedded to litter, they may be left so until ten to twelve weeks old; if this is impracticable, they had better roost early in life. Use wide roosts, all of the same height from the floor. Often chicks can be "coached" to roost by putting the perches rather low, and placing with them a couple of hens, or chicks that are in the habit of perching.

It is always advisable to separate the sexes as early as possible, which should never be postponed beyond the period that the cockerels show symptoms of annoying the hens.

It is indeed poor economy to bother with weakly specimens. All birds showing symptoms of weakness and physical defects had better be destroyed. A "runty" fowl always brings a run of a price, and if a hen, results in hen fruit are apt to be scrubby. Physical deformities, if not too bad, can be tolerated until the bird is large enough to possess a value for table purposes. Birds showing constitutional weakness—are slow of growth, puny in frame and make-up, with dull eyes and rusty plumage—might as well be destroyed at once, and so afford larger scope and development in the remainder of the flock. Birds possessing blemishes recognized as disqualifications by the Standard of Perfection, should be eliminated (though not necessarily discarded when chicks) from breeding operations.

If there is room, the pullets may be reserved as layers and the cockerels fattened for table use. These defects bear more directly on the commercial or economic phases; the skillful breeder, and especially the fancier and the person catering to the market for breeding and exhibition specimens will also cull for defects in plumage, head and leg points, etc.

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### The Station Agents' Job.

[Sioux City Journal:] "Do you suppose No 17 will be in on time day after tomorrow?—Why not?" "Can you tell me if a young lady in a blue dress and straw hat got off the train which got in from the North at 2:10?"

"What time does the 5 o'clock train leave and is it going to leave on time?"

"Is the train going into Fort Wayne on time, do you think?"

"What made No. 7 so late a week ago last Tuesday?"

"Do you think it is safer to ride in a parlor car or is there apt to be a rear end collision?"

"Why is No. 13 marked up for fifteen minutes late?"

"Have you noticed an old gentleman with white whiskers and a telescope go through the gate any time today?"

"How do I get to Bink's Corners, Tex., without changing cars?"

"I lost a back comb on the south bound train three weeks ago last Wednesday. Can you tell me where I can find it?"

"Will you watch for my sister and tell her how to get up to my house? I haven't time to wait for her train."

### Disinterested Friendship—A Fable.

[J. J. Bell, in Lippincott's:] A young lady who had written divers verses was asked by three score and seven of her Relatives and Friends why she did not give her Compositions to the World in a nice little Book; for (said the three score and seven of her Relatives and Friends) her Poems were quite the prettiest and sweetest Things they had ever read. The young Lady blushed and shook her head, but secretly considered the Suggestion; and in course of time she found a Publisher who was willing to accept the Contents of her Portfolio and Purse. The nice little Book shortly appeared and was given to the World. Unfortunately, two of the young Lady Friends had died in the interval, so that the Book did not sell so freely as it might have done had they lived. Within a Year nine Copies were sold.

Moral—Kind, encouraging, friendly Words need not cost us Anything.

### An American Cat.

[Letter in the Spectator:] A New York publishing firm whose premises occupy the sixth and seventh floors of one of the city's "skyscrapers" has two black cats which have been in its service for several years. These cats are usually domiciled in the editorial department on the seventh floor, where they have many friends among the employees. Recently for certain reasons the cats were "degraded" to the printing department on the sixth floor. This treatment they naturally resented, and the elder, graver and more resourceful of the two has hit upon the following ingenious expedient to regain his old haunts and friends. Every morning at 8 o'clock he waits at the gates of an ascending elevator and entering with the connivance of the operator is conveyed to the seventh floor, where he alights. The cat is somewhat "advanced in years" and moreover, being an American citizen, does not see the force of climbing a "stairway" when he can go up by the elevator.

### Population of France.

According to the quinquennial census returns, now made public, the total population of France is 39,601,509, an increase of 349,264 since 1906. In sixty-four out of eighty-seven departments there has been a decrease. The increase is confined almost entirely to large towns.

The Department of the Seine, which means Paris and its exclusively urban environment, gained 305,424 in population, or more than 75 per cent. of the national increase. Paris proper has a population of 2,888,110, an increase of 124,717. Marseilles ranks as the second largest city with 550,619 inhabitants and Lyons ranks next with 523,766.

That the increase in the cities is due almost entirely to accessions from the country is sharply illustrated in the case of Ile et Vilaine, one of the departments, whose total population decreased by 3707 while Rennes, one of its towns, increased 3732.

### Use of "Papa" and "Mamma" Declining.

[London Chronicle:] The use of "papa" in this country illustrates the flow and ebb of fashion in words, as in costume, pretty clearly. All authorities agree that "papa" and "mamma" arrived here from France in the seventeenth century. At first they were courtly expressions, and were used by "persons of fashion," adults as well as children, in the eighteenth century. But with the nineteenth the middle classes took them up, originally regarding them as genteel; in our own time one of the faults of the hero of "E dunno were 'e are," after coming into "a little bit 'o' splosh," was that he "ad the cheek and impudence to call 'is mother 'is ma." The usual result followed. Everybody's words adopted as genteel became vulgar, and now "papa" and "mamma" are dying out even among children.

### Swift's Joke on Partridge.

[London Chronicle:] Partridge, the almanac maker, who taught Old Moore his business, will be remembered as the victim of an extraordinary practical joke played on him by Dean Swift.

Against Partridge's almanac for 1708 the dean published a rival almanac, predicting Partridge's death on March 29, about 11 at night, of a raging fever. And on March 30 appeared a pamphlet giving an account of the almanac maker's death with his confession that he was

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March 2, 1912.] -29

an impostor. This was followed by Swift's "Elegy on the Death of Mr. Partridge," which so completed the deception that the Stationers Company struck Partridge off the rolls and applied for an injunction against the publication of almanacs in his name.

Partridge advertised that he "was not only alive, but was also alive upon March 29." But no one believed him.

### An Able Arguer.

Old Clem Follansbee is hardly what you'd call a great success;

Every year his farm gits poorer, and it's morgidged, too, I guess;

All his barns are leanin' over, kind of tired-like and weak,

And they're all in need of shinglin', but he merely lets 'em leak;

Clem has patches on his breeches, but he looms up mighty strong

When he gets to argyfyin' as to how the Bible's wrong.

He can quote whole chapters to you, for he's read it through and through;

He has got the flaws all spotted and each contradiction, too;

He insists that Daniel never was in any lion's den;

He can tell you how the prophets had their visions, and just when;

He would rather sit and argue than fix fences, any day,

And nobody's ever got him in a corner yit, they say.

I have heard there's not a passage that he hasn't figured out;

He's left lots of people guessin' and has filled their minds with doubt;

But his farm keeps gettin' poorer and his roofs keep leakin' more,

And his wife is lookin' thinner than she ever did before,

And sometimes I kind of wonder, as I work to git along,

If it pays to read the Bible just to find out where it's wrong.

—[Chicago Record-Herald.

[Wide World:] What is perhaps the most extraordinary coal mine in the world as well as the smallest is situated on a tiny island in the Japan Sea, near Nagasaki, and has just sufficient room upon its surface for the shafts and the hoisting machinery. The workings, which are very extensive, extend in all directions under the sea.

## Essex Model Incubator



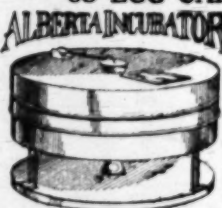
(Cyphers New Model)  
65 in use in one Plant,  
Inglewood, Cal.  
Best Hatcher,  
Easy Regulation.  
No Trouble to run this Machine.

PRICES OF ESSEX-MODEL INCUBATORS.		
Standard No. 0 Essex-Model, 100 Eggs.	Price.	\$17.50
Standard No. 1 Essex-Model, 175 Eggs.	Price.	23.00
Standard No. 2 Essex-Model, 275 Eggs.	Price.	32.00
Standard No. 3 Essex-Model, 410 Eggs.	Price.	40.00
Standard No. 4 Essex-Model, 324 Duck Eggs.	Price.	46.00
Standard No. 5 Essex-Model, 42 Ostrich Eggs.	Price.	50.00
Middle-Price No. A Essex-Model, 70 Eggs.	Price.	11.00
Middle-Price No. B Essex-Model, 150 Eggs.	Price.	15.00
Middle-Price No. C Essex-Model, 200 Eggs.	Price.	20.00
New Homestead Essex-Model, 70 Eggs.	Price.	10.00

Use Midland No. 4 for fertile eggs, \$2.00 per sack.  
Steinmisch Chick Feed for baby chicks, \$3.25 per 100.  
Send for our Seed and Poultry Catalogue.

Aggeler & Musser Seed Co.  
115-115 N. Main St., Los Angeles, Cal.

## 65 EGG CAPACITY \$7.50



Alberta Incubator Mfg. Co.

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532-533 Garman Building  
Phone F4781.

Sales Room—  
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Incubator Without Lamps  
Uses No Oil—Big Hatchers!  
A 200-egg Size Natural Hot Incubator for \$8.  
Most successful for 10 years. Patented in U. S. and foreign countries. Here herself controls heating, turns and airs eggs—does everything. No expense of heating. Agents Wanted. Write today for catalog. Big Money.  
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### Mandy Lee

Incubator measures and adapts heat, moisture and ventilation to each other. Gives definite proportions of each. Results, right conditions, big hatches, strong chicks. The one really scientific hatcher. Same results for all users. Investigate. My latest, best poultry book free. Address  
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# Woman: In the Home and in the World.

By Women and Men of The Times Staff.

## THIS PAGE

Will present from time to time, at frequent intervals, these distinct features, viz.:

- I. Woman in the Home, at the Bedside of Suffering, and in Benevolent, Charitable and Humanitarian Work.
- II. Woman in Social and Club Life.
- III. Woman in Music, Art and the Drama.
- IV. Woman in Public Life, in Politics and as a Lawgiver; "in the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

### I.

#### WOMAN IN THE HOME.

GIVE a woman a mat, a cat and a pot o' tea and she can make for herself a home anywhere.

I mean that if she is a truly womanly woman she can give to the most humble abode that indescribable touch which sends a warmth of greeting to the heart of those who come. It is impossible to say exactly wherein this homey touch may be hidden. Possibly it may manifest itself in the placing of the easy chair, in the very spot which invites to rest, or in the hanging of a picture in the proper light. It may lurk in the unanalyzed harmony of coloring which weds carpet to wall paper, sash curtains to pillow covers. Or maybe it blossoms in the simple pot of plants placed beside an open window, or is revealed between the pages of the studiously careless row of books upon a handy shelf. Indefinable as the lines of the face which make for beauty, yet powerful as the presence of woman herself, this home-making spirit—truly a feminine spirit—eludes definition and yet compels attention. It may be present in the cottage and coldly absent from the house of luxury. It is unpurchasable and beyond the ken of those who have it not. Some recall its memory as lurking in the singing of the teakettle on the shining kitchen stove; to others its presence will always be connected with the leaping of flames upon the hearth. But whatever its form and however summoned, it is one of the potent forces of life, to daily beckon toward rest and peace after the day of toil, or treasured as a recollection which will forever purify and exalt the ideals of home, making all men better and stronger.

Many women have the privilege of making for themselves and their families such home centers as their hearts may dictate, but when it is given to a woman to put into a great philanthropy that same pervading and uplifting spirit, that woman is indeed blessed.

This God-given spirit has recently found manifestation in the tenement-house-furnishing schemes of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr.

Ideally arranged for those who by force of circumstances must dwell in the crowded city, the plans put into effect by this generous lady are intended especially to benefit those who have tubercular tendencies. All the outdoor advantages which are possible in any city, for the purposes of rest and recuperation, have been embodied in the plans of these tenements.

Every convenience for maintaining spotless cleanliness and such sanitary conditions as are essential for regaining and holding health have been installed here. Cleanliness cannot be avoided in the apartments offered by this new housing plan, where there are no corners for dirt to lurk, even when the overburdened housewife has little time for anything save the daily demands of the work of feeding and caring for her family. Outside stairways, balconies, roof gardens, and perfect ventilation in every room are some of the benefices of Mrs. Vanderbilt's plan; while limitless hot water, bathrooms and illuminating electricity are included in the rent, which is as moderate as that of the cheapest and least sanitary tenement in the metropolis. Close proximity to schools and parks, the priceless boon so necessary to child life at its best, has not been forgotten in this ideal housing. In no sense a charity, since those who dwell in the new tenements pay for their homes, Mrs. Vanderbilt's plan is a philanthropy, in its highest sense, since the income derived from rentals is applied to the expenses of the national war against tuberculosis. Not only to the direct beneficiaries of this plan does the good extend, but in the demonstration that such living places are possible through the investment of money which brings to its owner a sure 4 per cent., a standard will be set for the construction of other similar homes at moderate rentals.

Thus, one woman's home-loving sense, manifested in a broadly altruistic way, will go far toward eventually making over the wretchedness of starved city life in a metropolis where light and air are too often denied.

#### Woman by the Bedside of Suffering.

The particular hand may not have rocked a cradle, but it is the hand guided by the sure instinct of potential motherhood that is preeminently fitted to touch the brow of suffering with healing sympathy, and to bring relief to the body racked with pain. It is by the bedside of the sick that the real woman shines to her greatest advantage; for there she entirely sinks self in her one object, to bring relief. A little woman known

to me—willful and unquiet, subject to temperamental tantrums, sometimes delightful and sometimes difficult—becomes a perfect model of womanly sweetness, tenderness and quiet, watchful care whenever the object of her teachings becomes her patient.

Whether at the bedside in the home, in the hospital, on the field of battle, or during the visitation of calamity upon a wrecked community, the woman's supreme moment is that in which all of her maternal instincts are active in administering relief to the suffering.

Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, at the head of her three dozen splendid young English women in London, is accomplishing an admirable purpose in thoroughly equipping them for "first aid" service on the field of battle—and "last" aid, too, and all of the aid that comes in between; for her course includes instruction in nursing the sick and wounded, the dressing of wounds, camp and hospital cookery, laundry work, riding, bicycling, signaling in both the semaphore and Morse codes, and stretcher drill; all of which are practised assiduously every week, with regular days a-field during the summer. These young Amazons, intelligent, strong, capable, tender, ride their horses astride, are up in military tactics, and ready to follow the army at the first alarm of war.

Katherine Bement Davis, wearing the Madonna expression always depicted in the face of Florence Nightingale, did not need the cry of war to hurry her to the aid of the suffering and needy. She was the right woman, in the right place, at the right time, when the terrible Messina catastrophe occurred. Her regular work is healing and strengthening the morally weak, that class of young girls who most need the friendship of a good woman; and perhaps no M.D. can boast a higher percentage of patients "cured" than Miss Davis is able to report each year among those whom she is leading by love and wholesome surroundings toward moral balance and health. In her Reformatory School at Bedford, N. Y.

She had gone abroad for a rest, when the Messina horror drove hundreds of refugees into the city of Syracuse, where she was sojourning. Maimed, bleeding, terrified, their bodies scarcely covered by shreds of clothing, they filled the hospitals, and whatever public buildings could be spared to shelter them; and still they continued to pour into the city in great numbers.

Miss Davis gave herself, and all she had, to aid the sufferers. Her linen she tore into bandages; and in the hospital she worked, cleansing and dressing wounds, and doing all she could to see that proper food was provided, until the Red Cross of Berlin and Breccia came to relieve her. Then she turned her attention to the sufferers in the streets, nursed them, clothed them, and put them to work on public roads, whereby they were able to earn wages. The Mayor and the Red Cross materially aided her, for her own finances were speedily exhausted; but all was brought to pass by the force and contrivance of her brain and personality.

She was made official representative of the Red Cross after which she felt herself in a better position to push her relief work. She was presented with a medal by the Italian Red Cross; and later President Taft presented her with a medal especially engraved, on behalf of the American Red Cross, in recognition of her splendid work. All honor to her, and to all women who give themselves to the wide maternity of humanitarianism, and whose heart-children are legion.

### II.

#### WOMAN IN SOCIETY.

##### Her Idea.

An enterprising club woman in Denver who has apparently been "clubbed" nearly into nervous prostration, arises to protest and to suggest that a new organization for women be formed in that city to be called "The Order of Those Who Sit in the Sun." The woman with tired lines around her eyes, the woman who looks upon "clubbing" as a profession, the mother of five whose children absorb all her time, the society devotee—all these are earnestly invited to become members of this club which will have no officers, no committees, no constitution, no by-laws, no dues, no meetings, no banquets or receptions. The member must merely sit in the sun in her back yard for an hour on all the pleasant mornings that dawn on Denver in the coming spring days and ponder profitably over the question: "How many gaps can one tired woman fill at the same time?"

The advocate of this idea, Helen Ring Robinson, declares that there is nothing in the world like sitting in the sun for correcting the error people make in confusing noise with achievement—in deciding between the essentials of life and the non-essentials. The motto offered by the originator of this novel club is adapted from Lord Chesterton: "Members of the Order of Those Who Sit in the Sun are Never in a Hurry."

##### Where Are the Fathers?

At the National League for the Civic Education of Women in New York the other day, several prominent educators expressed the idea that the average mother

of the day is not a good disciplinarian. The complaint was that while mothers know how to deal with infancy, when it comes to coping with the boy of 14 or 15 they are woefully deficient. One of the women school principals declared that there is a strong disposition among parents of the twentieth century to foist upon the teacher the work that ought to be done at home, and advocated training mothers to look after their boys. One of the men principals suggested that a closer relation between the mother and the teacher might help to solve the problem of the growing child. "If the mother would look upon the teacher as a specialist, and consult her as she would a physician," he said, "her experience and training would be of infinite value to the mother." Miss Jane Day, who is a visiting teacher in New York schools, observed that women have become overwhelmed and submerged by modern life.

No one of these learned educators, so far as one could learn by published reports of the convention, remotely suggested the father's responsibility for the training of the growing boy. But then, we know the old saw: "Everybody works but father."

##### The Seductive Simple Life.

Kate Douglas Wiggin put in a plea before the Woman's Professional League in New York, the other day, for the literature of romance. Commenting on this the Philadelphia-Press observes that the time is past when one would aspire to make the songs of a nation, for the minstrel has given place to the story teller.

Every one knows perfectly well that there never was on land or sea such people in real life as "Rebecca," whose "Sunnybrook Farm" now basks in the intense, if artificial, sunshine of the theater, but the fact remains that these alluring illustrations tend to clothe the simple pastoral life in such seductive colors that they cannot fail to create a healthy desire to get back to nature and away from the artificialities of our modern life. The pictures of a rehabilitated farmhouse, of the relations of mother and child, home education and home influence, community life in the small town that needs uplift—for concrete illustrations of these and dozens of similar timely propositions, one has but to open a book by Mrs. Wiggin or an author on kindred subjects. It is a healthy literature in that it elevates the ideals of the simple life.

#### FASHIONS.

SOME TOUCHES THAT MAY BE GIVEN TO LAST SPRING'S GOWNS.

NOW that plaits, and a little added fullness of skirt and overdress are coming into vogue, the nifty little hobble—that we have all secretly enjoyed wearing, while we ostensibly deprecated such extremity of fashion—must necessarily undergo modification. If we would be strictly up-to-date, we must bring forth our last spring's gowns, and see what touches we can give them to rescue them from public identification. It was far easier to fit the full skirt down to the scant proportions of the hobble, than it will be to amplify the hobble to the easier swing of the latest style.

A very pretty alteration of the pongee silk, which is not worn save in a few places that may be hidden with slight alteration, is to buy ecru insertion of not too harsh finish, about two and a half inches wide. If the skirt is plain, lay a strip of insertion down either side, about two and a half inches from the center, and pin them down with the fall of the skirt to reach the hem, and then under the hem's width, being careful to use the measuring line so as to keep the two equally distant from the center. Then baste the inner edge of the insertion strongly to the skirt, and cut the silk beneath the insertion close enough to the basted edge so as to leave only enough to turn in. Then the outer edge of the insertion may be sewed firmly to the edge of the piece ripped or cut a way. When the other side is treated in the same way, an extra fullness of over four inches has been gained. If more fullness is needed, the operation may be repeated in the back, with two insertions equally distant from the center. The few extra gathers that may be taken where the skirt joins the waist, will give an entirely new effect. The insertions may also be used in remodeling the waist. It might be laid on a bolero pattern, with peasant sleeves, and carefully pieced together so as to form a bolero that will hang free to the short waist line, and cover any places where it might have been necessary to mend the waist.

If it seems desirable, strands of small bright beads may be sewed criss-cross over the bolero, with a very pretty effect.

The waist of last spring's cloth dress may be trimmed with fresh satin bands, and a similar bolero made of lace of strong mesh, such as Irish point. The skirt may be opened down the left side, shortened, and made to fall as an overdress to a fresh satin underdress, plaited at the opening on the left. A silk fringe to match the color of the gown, about the bottom of the overdress, will form a pretty finish, and a silk cord may be brought about the waist, and allowed to fall from short loops almost to the bottom of the overdress on the left side.

## Fresh Review

### Two Studies of Maeterlinck.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK. A STUDY. Maurice Duffield & Co., New York. (Price 1.00.)  
MAURICE MAETERLINCK. A BIOGRAPHY. Comments Upon His Works. By Edward Mead & Co., New York. (Price \$1.44.)

OF CONTEMPORARY French authors Maeterlinck is by far the best known. His appeal is stronger to his co-lingualists. He is a moralist, and speaking nations like moralists. He is the Americans, submerged in mental cultism, like mystics. He is an apostle and the Americans are feminists. For and also because he formed himself so in English literature, this Franco-Belgian is popular in America and England.

Whether or not Maeterlinck will inherit the fact remains that he is one of the world figures of today's literature; he dealing satisfactorily with his character of value. It is to be regretted, therefore, that J. Mosen's "Maurice Maeterlinck," a not prove adequate to its subject. Maeterlinck as the man, the poet, the moralist, and the philosopher, but says new, and nothing striking. His chief fault own tendency to moralistic digression. hinted at on the jacket of the volume, the book described as: "An analysis of the significance, and of his evolution from philosophy to one wherein life is triumphant not governed by the caprice of Fate."

Edward Thomas, who comes forward with Maeterlinck: A Biography, has achieved a from sentiment than that of Mosen, more more systematic, more thorough. Thomas concerned with theories and doctrines of his content to state facts, to give unbiased criticism.

Maeterlinck's life is here briefly outlined. First poems are discussed—those noteworthy familiar verses of decadence, "Serres Chauds" are the poems that in days ago aroused Max Nordau, in "Degeneration." After the deals with the early plays, beginning with "Le Malin," which, thanks to the flagrant egregious misconception of Octave Mirbeau's reputation of Maeterlinck, Mirbeau's fame article, in which he hailed Maeterlinck as the Shakespeare, exemplifies well of what folly gent critic is capable when he goes astray. play of Maeterlinck was not at all Shakespeare only an imitation, an anthology of striking from Shakespeare.

Follows then a discussion of Maeterlinck's poems, the "Fifteen Songs," his essays, and dramas, including "The Blue Bird." Thomas Maeterlinck's activity as translator of Machiavelli by John Ford, of a book by Novallis, and Ruysbroeck. The mere list of Maeterlinck's the various subjects of his essays, which range from automobiles to destiny, from apiculture to box one an idea of the Flemish poet's versatility.

Most interesting is the change that came Maeterlinck's philosophy between the years 1896. His writings up to 1896 are thick with a resignation; but after 1898 they become less choly, more and more buoyant. This is sentiment explained sometimes as being the result of Leblanc's influence. But more probable is the nation of the French critic, quoted by Thomas "Le Tresor des Humbles" (published in "Sagesse et Destinée" (published 1898), as Maeterlinck met "Life and Nietzsche"—two very influences.

Thomas's well-indexed and well-illustrated phy., though not without faults, is the best English on the subject of Maeterlinck and his various literary activities.

### A Worthless History of Woman's Rights.

THE MODERN WOMAN'S RIGHTS MOVEMENT. Kaethe Schirmacher. The MacMillan Company, New York.

THERE is a need for a book such as "The Woman's Rights Movement" proposes to do. There is no need for a book such as "The Modern Woman's Rights Movement" actually is. As an economic and social treatise, it would be well to have a quite historical survey of the woman's rights movement the world over; and while such a book could be definite at this present transitional state, it form a foundation upon which other books might and give an adequate idea of the activities of the movement to date. Dr. Kaethe Schirmacher, the author (or, as she calls herself in the introduction, "authoress") is probably too close to the movement and too intimately associated with it to qualify for undertaking.

The book to be valuable must be impartial; historical it must be unprejudiced; to be of any whatever as an economic document it must be useful. Dr. Schirmacher is neither impartial, prejudiced nor unemotional. She halts continually in her work to air her opinions; a question of undoubted authenticity she is ways on the side of the suffragettes, feminists, woman movementists. There are times when one that she has strained at statistics in favor of her cause.



# Fresh Reviews: New Books and Books

By Willard Huntington Wright.



## Two Studies of Maeterlinck.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK. A STUDY. By Montrose J. Moses. Duffield & Co., New York. (Price \$1.25.)  
MAURICE MAETERLINCK. A BIOGRAPHY. With Critical Comments Upon His Works. By Edward Thomas Dodd. Mead & Co., New York. (Price \$1.66.)

OF CONTEMPORARY French authors Maurice Maeterlinck is by far the best known outside of France. His appeal is stronger to foreigners than to his co-linguists. He is a moralist, and the English-speaking nations like moralists. He is a mystic, and the Americans, submerged in mental healing, and occultism, like mystics. He is an apostle of feminism, and the Americans are feminists. For these reasons, and also because he formed himself so largely on English literature, this Franco-Belgian is popular in America and England.

Whether or not Maeterlinck will inherit the future, the fact remains that he is one of the three or four world figures of today's literature; hence any book dealing satisfactorily with his character and works is of value. It is to be regretted, therefore, that Montrose J. Moses's "Maurice Maeterlinck, a Study," does not prove adequate to its subject. Moses discusses Maeterlinck as the man, the poet, the dramatist, the moralist, and the philosopher, but says little that is new, and nothing striking. His chief fault lies in his own tendency to moralistic digression. This fault is hinted at on the jacket of the volume, where we find the book described as: "An analysis of the poet's social significance, and of his evolution from a morbid philosophy to one wherein life is triumphant, and will not be governed by the caprice of Fate."

Edward Thomas, who comes forward with "Maurice Maeterlinck: A Biography," has achieved a work freer from sentiment than that of Moses, more condensed, more systematic, more thorough. Thomas is not concerned with theories and doctrines of his own; he is content to state facts, to give unbiased criticisms.

Maeterlinck's life is here briefly outlined; then his first poems are discussed—those noteworthy and unfamiliar verses of decadence, "Serres Chaudes." These are the poems that in days ago aroused the ire of Max Nordau, in "Degeneration." After these, Thomas deals with the early plays, beginning with "The Princess Maleine," which, thanks to the flagrant praise and egregious misconception of Octave Mirbeau, made the reputation of Maeterlinck. Mirbeau's famous Figaro article, in which he hailed Maeterlinck as the "Belgian Shakespeare," exemplifies well of what folly an intelligent critic is capable when he goes astray. This first play of Maeterlinck was not at all Shakespearean, but only an imitation, an anthology of striking passages from Shakespeare.

Follows then a discussion of Maeterlinck's later poems, the "Fifteen Songs," his essays, and his later dramas, including "The Blue Bird." Thomas notes also Maeterlinck's activity as translator of Macbeth, of a play by John Ford, of a book by Novalis, and one by Ruyabroek. The mere list of Maeterlinck's works, of the various subjects of his essays, which range from automobiles to destiny, from apiculture to boxing, gives one an idea of the Flemish poet's versatility.

Most interesting is the change that came over Maeterlinck's philosophy between the years 1896 and 1898. His writings up to 1896 are thick with a melancholy resignation; but after 1898 they become less melancholy, more and more buoyant. This is sentimentally explained sometimes as being the result of Georgette Leblanc's influence. But more probable is the explanation of the French critic, quoted by Thomas. Between "Le Tresor des Humbles" (published 1896) and "Sagesse et Destinée" (published 1898), says Gide, Maeterlinck met "life and Nietzsche"—two very salutary influences.

Thomas's well-indexed and well-illustrated "Biography," though not without faults, is the best work in English on the subject of Maeterlinck and his multifarious literary activities.

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The book to be valuable must be impartial; to be historical it must be unprejudiced; to be of any worth whatever as an economic document it must be unemotional. Dr. Schirmacher is neither impartial, unprejudiced nor unemotional. She halts continually in her work to air her opinions; on a question of undoubted authenticity she is always on the side of the suffragettes, feminists, and woman movementists. There are times when one feels that she has strained at statistics in favor of her cause,

that she has painted into her canvas the roseate hues of success, and omitted the somber tones of defeat. When she attempts to give a statement of woman's position in the Orient or even in the Germanic countries, she pauses in her tabulating while she melts to tears, or indulges in sarcasm.

Let us take one sentence to show the tone of the book. The sentence is characteristic; prototypes appear on nearly every page. It will show the worthlessness of the book as an actual history of the modern woman's rights movement. Behold: "From the remotest time man has tried to rule her who ought to be a comrade and colleague to him." It is obvious even to the most superficial intelligence that a historian's privilege would have stopped at the end of the word "her." That is to say, the sentence would have read: "From the remotest time man has tried to rule her." The tacked-on phrase, "who ought to be a comrade and colleague to him," is altogether outside of the rights of a historian, being the expression of a personal opinion. Whether this opinion is right or wrong, whether it is universally accepted or not, does not alter the fact.

The book is of such gratuitous information and individual sentiment all compact; and because of this fact, it is worthless except as a tract for the avowed emancipator of the feminine sex.

## A Musical Survey for the Young.

A LITTLE HISTORY OF MUSIC. By Annette Hullah. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

ANNETTE HULLAH has performed a constantly needed service in her "A Little History of Music." To trace the development of musical composition from primeval days, from single hunting sounds to intricate modern symphonies, and to make this history understandable to children, is no small task. Especially is it difficult to make the juvenile mind comprehend the relationship of the scale and a tune and to understand the effects of the one on the other. And it is no small matter to trace the development of melody and harmony from the simplicity of ancient times to the contraptions of the moderns. But these difficulties have been overcome by Miss Hullah. She has reduced her technical information to simple and comprehensible English, and while she does not go deeply into the psychology of musical history, or even into the physics of tonalities, I have seen no book which will give the child a better conception of musical evolution than this one.

To be sure, there are competent musical histories in English. Our literature on that subject is rich, and the best books of other countries have been translated into the vulgar, but they are all out of reach of the juvenile intelligence. Here, however, the main facts of musical history are brought together adequately. The book, moreover, is of interest to the mature layman who cares for a brief survey of the history of music.

There has been no attempt in this book to give full biographies of the greater composers who have stood at the turning points of symphonic development, but rather has the effort been made to give the evolutionary changes of music outside of the composers themselves. The history is brought down to the present time, and no chapter in the book shows Miss Hullah's catholicity of attitude, her freedom of prejudice, and her broad, impersonal, critical acumen to better advantage than the last, which deals with the late nineteenth-century opera. Her estimate of Wagner is sensible, and she avoids all the metaphysical flubdub which usually accompanies such an appreciation. In this chapter such names as d'Indy, Debussy, Mascagni, Leoncavallo and Richard Strauss are treated with sanity and understanding.

The book, being written by an Englishwoman and published in England, happily does not overestimate the musical productions of America. It is free from that provincialism which would have inevitably been demanded had the book been conceived on American soil. She tells the truth of America when she says: "America has had a small musical record so far. Art comes late in the life of a nation, and she is young still." Barely one page of the 217 which go to make up this book is devoted to America—an ample allotment.

## Mush for Mabel.

HE COMES UP SMILING. By Charles Sherman. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

THE startling and mind-staggering incidents which go to make up Charles Sherman's story, "He Comes Up Smiling," read like a description of the dream of an Iowa spinster after her first visit to a metropolitan lobster palace.

A virtuous hobo, young and handsome, called the Watermelon, appropriates by accident the automobile and personal effects of William Hargrave Batchelor, a multimillionaire of Wall street. He fully intends to return the spoils, but Fate steps in, and our hero finds himself mingling with elite society, under the name of Mr. Batchelor himself. Thus begins the absurd adventures of Sherman's story. While hobnobbing with the aristocrats, the pseudo Batchelor falls in with one Bartlett, also a Wall-street multimillionaire, who at the time is being hard pressed on the street by the genuine Batchelor. Bartlett conceives the idea of enticing the intruder from the financial district for a critical week

by means of the sibilant helmina.

CH 3, 1912.

The Watermelon accepts thereupon plunge headlong in of adventure. One of the first the Watermelon's rescue of Wilhelmina by the Limited express, which, flowery verbiage, "came tearing its way evening calm like some terrible passion sea."

But this is not the only rescue effected hero. Later, while bathing au naturel, he snatches marriageable widow's poodle from a watery grave, as is dragged aboard the yacht in the most embarrassing condition. Other surprising adventures overtake the Watermelon, but they are too numerous for tabulating. They would only lose their charm in the retelling. At the end of the book, you may be sure, the roseate spotlight is turned on the hobo and Wilhelmina. That cardinal doctrine of novelists, that all immortalites are cured by love, is brought to the front, and we find the hobo confessing to his opulent innamorata that he is not Mr. Batchelor at all, but an intruder. Does Wilhelmina love him, in spite of all? You bet your life!

"Oh, kid, I love you," whispers the hobo. Whereupon Wilhelmina sobs.

Then the Watermelon drinks her in with hungry eyes, and they cling together.

## Books and Book-Writers.

"The House of Harper—1817-1912," by J. Henry Harper, is published this week. The book, a large octavo, is much more than a history of the publishing house, for the founders were men of affairs and associated with all the activities of their time. There is a picture of early New York life, the beginnings of American literature, the great spread of Methodism in America, and inside views of several momentous political campaigns. The author, grandson of one of the founders, has had access to many private letters and other sources of information and contributes a wealth of anecdotes and personal reminiscences of Dickens, Thackeray, Charles Reside, Wilkie Collins, William Black, Abbey, Sargent, Mark Twain, Thomas Nast, and a host of others.

Louis Rhead, the artist who spent the summer in Rugby making drawings for the new edition of "Tom Brown's School Days" which he has illustrated, notes some new customs of the school and others that have fallen into disuse since Tom Brown's days. Nowadays, "if a boy is in his first term, he must keep his hands out of his pockets. If you see a boy with one hand in he will perhaps be in the second term; after that both may be put into the pockets. The duties of fags are less irksome than they once were. The old 'tuck shops' have been replaced by expensive pastry and fruit stores. No longer do the boys go down to the 'Plinks and Swifts' on the River Avon. Self-appointed swimming bath is quite near in the close. New boys are no longer cloddish, coddled or chaired. According to old documents and prints, the boys in early days wore white ducks, short or Eton jackets, and tall hats. Today the jacket for the small boy is longer, or what is known as the Marlborough jacket, over which is worn the broad white collar, and the bigger boys wear a cutaway. All are in black, including the tall hat, which is worn at the present time by young and old on Sundays only."

Harry A. Franck's popular travel book, "A Vagabond Journey Around the World," has been sent to press for the sixth printing. Mr. Franck is wandering through South America this winter, happily making plans only as the spirit moves.

In connection with the very general observance of the Dickens Centennial last week, an interesting announcement comes from Houghton, Mifflin Co., that they are preparing to bring out next month, in their series of limited Riverside Press editions, two volumes on "Charles Dickens: His Life and Works," by Edward Percy Whipple. Forty years ago Mr. Whipple prepared a series of introductions for a notable edition of the novelist's works. These introductions have hitherto been held strictly as an integral part of that aid of a succeeding edition, but now, in order that they shall be even more fully appreciated at their true value, they have been collected in two volumes, where they will constitute an important addition to Dickens literature and to the body of American criticism. Not the least interesting feature of the work is the autobiographical and appreciative introduction on Whipple by Arlo Bates.

Theodore Dreiser's novel, "Sister Carrie," has been republished by the Harper's in a definitive edition uniform with his latest novel, "Jennie Gerhardt," issued in the autumn. "Sister Carrie," which first made its appearance a decade ago, has been much discussed both in this country and England.

Mrs. Foerster-Nietzsche has written a biography of her famous brother. She was his lifelong companion and his faithful nurse during the clouded closing days of his life. The English version, in two volumes, will be published by the Sturgis & Walton Company. The first volume will appear in the spring.

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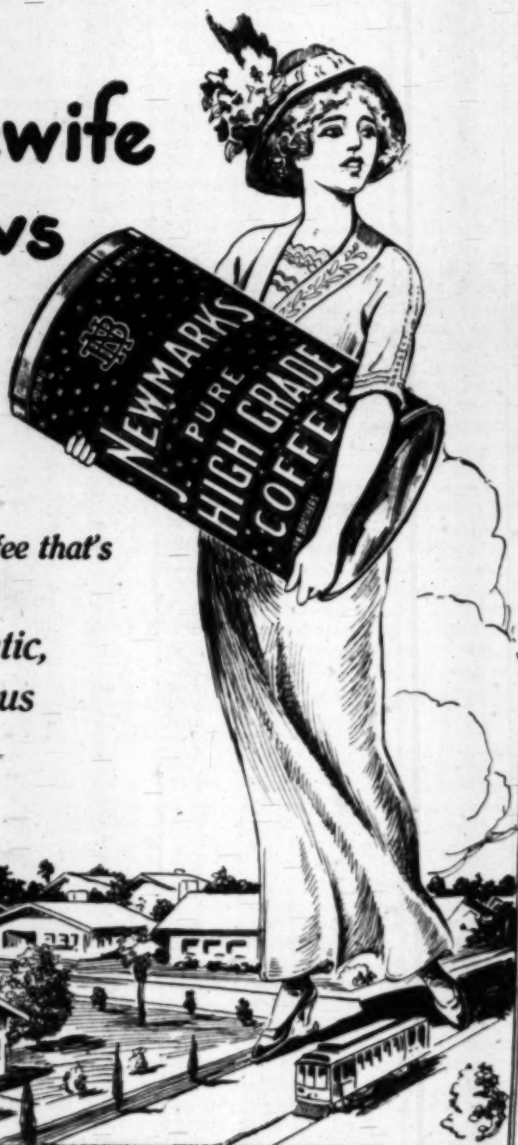
# Bishop's Graham Crackers

—Tasty  
—Tempting  
—Tender

—Ask for them  
—and ask often



## The Housewife Knows



The Coffee that's  
Rich,  
Aromatic,  
Delicious



[\*End of Part I. See Part II.]



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50,000 feet of our famous brands of

**Dolphin, Koo-Chook  
& Reel Garden Hose**

The kind of HOSE that gives perfect  
satisfaction. Our PRICES are RIGHT  
and we GUARANTEE every INCH of it.

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BY THE YEAR, \$9.00. One Three

## ALL AME

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**TAFT HAS A  
GOOD LEAD.**

*Is Winner in Battle  
for Delegates.*

*All Chosen Thus Far by Reg-  
ular Conventions Are In-  
structed for Him.*

*Fight Growing Livelier Each  
Week and New Head-  
quarters Opened.*

*Democrats Will Come to Life  
Now and Mix in the Po-  
litical Game.*

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

**N**EW YORK, March 2.—[Exclu-  
sive Dispatch.] Livelier each  
week grows the battle for dele-  
gates to the national conventions.  
New headquarters are being opened  
and representatives of the various  
candidates—Republican and Demo-  
cratic—are circling the entire coun-  
try in their quest for supporters.  
The Republicans occupied the  
limelight during the week just  
passed. The Democrats were quiet,  
but they will be keenly active  
during the coming week.  
On the Republican side President  
Taft easily has the best of it. All  
the delegates thus far chosen by the  
regular district or State conventions  
bear instructions for him. In three  
districts "Rump" conventions were  
held and the delegates instructed for

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## The News in The Times

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7. In the Public Schools.  
8. The Helping Hand.  
9. Mrs. Gile M. James.  
**PART IV.**  
Classified Advertising.  
**PART V.**  
1. Follow New York Style.  
2. Fact and Comment.  
3. Record Sales Day.  
4. Auction Page.  
5. Business and Trade.  
6. Weather and Markets.  
7. Show Ahead of Schedule.  
**PART VI.**  
1. Civic Center Idea.  
2. Colony Reason Record.  
3. New Pasadena School.  
4. Liberty's Iron Works.  
5. Building Permits.  
6. Free Workers' Page.  
7. Talley's Headache.  
8. Mining in Southwest.  
9. News Miners.  
10. Professor vs. Rancher.  
11. In the Oil Fields.  
**PART VII.**  
Automobiles and Sports.  
**PART VIII.**  
Colored Supplement.

Mullen & Bluett